THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXIX. — MAY, 1872. — NO. CLXXV.

JEFFERSON IN THE SERVICE OF REVOLUTIONARY VIRGINIA.

THE slow pace at which the two great revolutions of the last century marched surprises anew every new inquirer. In our own day, a Louis Philippe slips across the Channel at the imminent risk of catching a cold, or a Louis Napoleon eagerly surrenders a sword he never used, and finds safety in an enchanting chateau; and, behold, the revolution is accomplished! No one misses them. No one regrets them. They vanish from the scene like player kings, — as they are, — and if a movement is made for their return it is by men who take their wages for doing it. So completely have we outgrown that mighty illusion of the past, the divinity that hedged a king.

Mr. Carlyle opens his series of pictures of the French Revolution with the death of Louis XV. To have made the series complete, he might have begun with the execution of poor crazy Damiens, who pierced the skin of that monarch with a penknife in 1757, and was put to death with tortures inconceivable. Nothing could recall to the modern reader more forcibly the spell that once surrounded the kingly office. Nothing could better show what the French people had to overcome before they could *think* of a king as the mere chief magistrate of a nation, existing only for the nation's convenience. The apology and explanation of the frenzies of the French Revolution was the awful majesty with which policy and religion had conspired to invest the name and person of the monarch.

It was not merely that the king had the power to inflict upon an irresponsible fanatic all the anguish which the frame of a powerful young man could endure. It was not merely that the wretch was burned with red-hot tongs by the parasites who arrested him; that his eighty-two days of detention and trial were all days of keenest suffering; that the art of torture was exhausted to wring from his lips the names of imaginary confederates; that his right hand was slowly burnt off; that he was torn with red-hot pincers, and melted lead and boiling pitch poured into his wounds; that he was

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulled to pieces by four horses; that his body was burned to ashes, his house levelled with the dust, his innocent family banished, and his relations forbidden to bear his name. The cowardice of kings has done or permitted such cruelty many times. The instructive fact in this case is, that France, Europe, the civilized world, looked on, and saw all that done, without disapproval! The king was hailed with unaccustomed acclamations when next he appeared in public. When he pensioned or otherwise rewarded every man concerned in the trial and execution, from the judges to the torturers, he evidently did what France thought was becoming. A dozen diarists of the time have left minute narratives of the whole fell business; but who intimates disapproval? The woman of rank who expressed pity for the *horses*, as she watched their struggles to accomplish their part of the programme was supposed to have uttered a gay, sprightly thing, suited to the occasion. Even Voltaire, the chief opponent of the system of torture, made a jest of this victim's agony; for he held that torture, though absurd and monstrous in ordinary cases, might properly be employed when the life of a king had been aimed at.

In England and in English colonies king-worship was as much more profound and solemn as the character of the Saxon is deeper than that of the Celt. How else can we account for the submission of such an empire as that of Great Britain to such kings as the Four Georges, from whom it derived immense evils, and no good? Whoever or whatever, during the last two centuries, has been right in England, the king has always been wrong. Whoever has been wise in England, the king has always been foolish. Whoever has assisted progress in England, the king has always obstructed it. During the reign of the first two of these royal Georges, the interests of a great empire were made subordinate to those of a petty continental state. The third spent his long life in warring upon that in the government of his country which constitutes a great part of Britain's claim to the gratitude of our race. The fourth, so far as the finite mind of man can discern, lived but to show how nearly a man can resemble a brute, without undergoing an Ovid's metamorphosis, and falling upon four legs.

But, being called by the name of KING, it was enough. From imperial Chatham, through all gradations of intelligence and power, down, past Dr. Johnson, to the lowest flunky that ever aired his "quivering calves" behind a carriage, Englishmen were proud to be called their subjects, and could not hold their souls upright in their presence. This is one of the mysteries of human nature for some future Darwin to investigate; for it is something which we appear to have in common with the bees, the ants, some migratory birds, and some gregarious beasts.

Jefferson had one of the most radical of minds, superior to the illusions in which most men pass their lives; but when, in the summer of 1774, he sat down to prepare a draft of Instructions for Virginia's delegates to the Congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia in September, he thought of nothing more revolutionary than this: The Congress should unite in a most solemn and elaborate Address to the King! The case had been argued, one would think, often enough. For nine years the separate Colonies had been petitioning and resolving. The press of both countries had teemed with the subject. Franklin had been elucidating it, and flashing wit upon it. If a gracious king did not understand the matter yet, there was small reason to hope that any further expenditure of mere ink would avail. Nevertheless, this young radical of Monticello deemed it the chief duty of the Continental Congress to argue the matter once more, and make another appeal to the justice of the king. The delegates from Virginia, he thought, should be instructed to propose to the Congress to present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"a humble and dutiful Address to his Majesty," as the chief magistrate of the Empire, — an Empire governed by many legislatures, — informing him, that one of those legislatures, namely, the British Parliament, had encroached upon the rights of others, namely, those of the Thirteen American Colonies, and calling upon the king to interfere.

A humble and dutiful address! One who is familiar with the character of George III. can scarcely read Jefferson's draft of Instructions with a serious countenance, so ludicrously remote was it from the king's conception of the humble and the dutiful.

It was a frightfully radical way of opening the case to speak of the mighty British Parliament as the legislature of *one* portion of the king's dominions. That was the point in dispute. It is not probable that, in 1774, Thomas Jefferson, a provincial lawyer, knew the secrets of the Court of St. James; nor could it have been his intention to inflame the wrath of the British lion; but if he had known George III. from his childhood, and heard every Tory sentiment which his Scotch tutors had instilled into his unformed mind, he could not have produced a piece of writing better calculated to exasperate the king. In almost every sentence there was a sting, — the bitter sting of truth and good sense. Jefferson learned, by and by, to be a politician; and he acquired the art of uttering offensive truths with the minimum of offence. Just as some noblemen, bigoted tories in theory, are most courteous democrats in practice, giving to every human creature they know or meet his due of consideration; so he, a democrat in theory, became conciliatory and conservative in giving utterance to his opinions, anxious to narrow the breach between himself and his opponents. But in this paper he accumulated offence; careless of everything but to get roughly upon paper the substantial truth of the matter, leaving it to the convention to invest that truth with becoming words.

The Congress, he thought, should address the king in a frank and manly manner, devoid of those servile expressions "which would persuade his Majesty that we are asking favors and not rights." The king was to be invited to reflect "that he is no more than the chief officer of the people, appointed by the laws, and circumscribed with definite powers, to assist in working the great machine of government, erected for their use, and, consequently, subject to their superintendence." This sentence bluntly asked George III. to unlearn his whole education. The king was to be reminded, also, that the Colonies had been planted, and defended for a hundred and fifty years without costing the king's treasury a shilling. Recently, since the commerce of America had become important to Great Britain, the home government had assisted to expel the French. For the same reason England had given aid to Portugal, and other allies, commercially important to her; but the British Parliament did not claim, in consequence, a right to tax the Portuguese!

But this was inoffensive compared with his next point. In alluding to the oppressions suffered by the Colonies in the time of the Stuarts, the uncompromising radical held language that no king has ever been able to hear with patience: "A family of princes was then upon the British throne, whose treasonable crimes against their people brought on them afterwards the exertion of those sacred and sovereign rights of punishment, reserved in the hands of the people for cases of extreme necessity, and judged by the constitution unsafe to be delegated to any other judicature"!! He spoke familiarly, too, of "the late deposition of his Majesty, King Charles, by the Commonwealth of England," as a thing too obviously right to be defended. Equally right was it for some of the Colonies to choose to remain under Charles II. It was wholly *their* business; they could have any king they liked, or no king. The people were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sovereign; the king was their head servant!

With regard to the various legislatures in the Empire, all of them were equally independent and equally sovereign. The parliament of Virginia had no right to pass laws for the government of the people of England, and the British legislature had no right to pass laws for the government of the people of Virginia. Hence, the whole series of absurd and iniquitous acts of the British legislature regulating the commerce and restricting the industry of the Colonies were VOID! "Can any one reason be assigned, why one hundred and sixty thousand electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to four millions in the States of America, every individual of whom is equal to every individual of *them*, in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength?" He enumerated the long catalogue of monstrous acts, from the amazing laws which forbade an American to make a hat or a nail, to the malignant tyranny which would drag an accused American three thousand miles to his trial. "The cowards who would suffer a countryman to be torn from the bowels of their society, in order to be thus offered a sacrifice to Parliamentary tyranny, would merit that everlasting infamy now fixed on the authors of the act."

The burden of these Instructions is decentralization. Already Jefferson saw the necessity of local government, the impossibility of a power on the banks of the Thames acting wisely for a Province on the shores of the James, the certainty that the momentary interests of a class near the law-making power would outweigh the permanent interests of the distant Province. The abolition of slavery, he remarked, was "*the great object of desire in the Colonies*"; and, as a step towards that, Virginia had tried, again and again, to stop all further importations of slaves; but every such law had been vetoed by the king himself, who thus preferred the advantage of "a few British corsairs, to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature deeply wounded by this infamous practice."

In asserting that the *great* object of desire in the Colonies was the abolition of slavery, he expressed rather the feeling of his own set — the educated and high-bred young Whigs of the Southern Colonies — than the sentiments of the great body of slaveholders. He could boast that the first act of his own public life had been an attempt in that direction; and he knew that his friend and ally, Richard Henry Lee, had opened his brilliant career by a motion to put an end to "the iniquitous and disgraceful traffic" in slaves. Virginia, this orator observed, was falling behind younger Colonies, because, "with their whites, they import arts and agriculture, whilst we, with our blacks, exclude both." Every man with whom Jefferson associated felt and spoke in this spirit. Wythe, R. H. Lee, Madison, Jefferson, and the flower of the young men of South Carolina, were all abolitionists; and all of them used in 1774 the arguments which were so familiar to us in 1860.

Jefferson made a clean breast of it in these Instructions. He went to the root of the matter on every topic that he touched. He paid the king the extravagant homage of assuming, that, if a thing could be shown to be wrong or unlawful, his Majesty would refrain from doing it, as a matter of course. Hence, in descanting upon the odious presence of British troops in Massachusetts, he desired the king to be informed that he had "no right to land a single armed man upon these shores"; and that those regiments in Boston were subject to the laws of Massachusetts, *like all other emigrants!* The king's grandfather, George II., in the Seven Years' War, found it convenient to bring over a body of his own Hanoverian troops to assist in the defence of England; but he could not land a man of them till Parliament had given its consent, and specified the precise number that might be brought in. The States of America had the same right.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Every State must judge for itself the number of armed men which they may safely trust among them, of whom they are to consist, and under what restrictions they are to be laid."

Every State! The word "Colonies" seldom occurs in this document. The word "States" supplies its place.

The wrongs of Boston, when he came to speak upon them, kindled his usually tranquil mind. He wanted it put to the king with all the force of which language was capable, that, while only a few men had been concerned in throwing the tea into the harbor, the closing of the port had reduced "an ancient and wealthy town, in a moment, from opulence to beggary." Men who had spent their lives in extending the commerce of the Empire, men who were absent in distant countries, men who sided with the king, all, all were involved in one indiscriminate ruin. This might be revenge; it could not be justice.

Toward the close of his draft the author dropped the tone of a burgess instructing his representative, and talked directly to the king himself: "Open your breast, sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the name of George III. be a blot on the page of history..... The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit when you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the Empire to the inordinate desires of another." With several other brotherly observations equally suited to soothe the mind of a proud, ignorant, obstinate, and misguided king.

These radical doctrines found free acceptance among the planters of Jefferson's own county of Albemarle. At least, Jefferson's ascendency was such, that he was able to procure for them the support of the freeholders of the county.

It is interesting to notice that the details of politics were managed a hundred years ago very much as they are now. May we not say, as they were twenty centuries ago? Who has forgotten the shock of surprise which he experienced upon opening for the first time a volume of Demosthenes's speeches, to discover that WHEREAS and RESOLVED were forms as familiar to an Athenian audience as they are to us; and that when, on a memorable occasion, Daniel Webster called for the reading of the resolution, he practised a device which Demosthenes used almost every time he spoke? Thomas Jefferson wrote this draft of Instructions before he had been chosen a member of the convention which was to elect delegates to the Congress. But politics had already the character which we sometimes describe as "cut and dried." He knew he was to be elected. The freeholders of Albemarle were to meet on the 26th of July, in order to choose two gentlemen to serve them in the double capacity of burgesses and members of the Williamsburg Convention. Those two gentlemen would also require Instructions, which should accord with the ponderous document that one of them intended to carry in his pocket to the convention. How could that conformity be better secured than by employing the same mind to execute both? In the resolutions passed by the freeholders of Albemarle, Jefferson caused himself and his colleague to be notified that no foreign legislature could rightfully exercise authority in an American Colony. This was the leading idea of his draft, which Franklin had promulgated seven years before.

Being duly elected and instructed, he left his home for Williamsburg some days before the time appointed for the meeting of the convention. How cold are words to express the tumult of desire with which this ardent young radical looked forward to meeting his friends on this occasion! Everything we have of him belonging to this period shows a degree of excitement to which he was little accustomed. He knew well that Virginia was not yet prepared for such extreme good sense as he had inserted in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roll of manuscript which he carried with him. He had himself held the Franklinian theory for several years; but, as yet, he knew but one other member of the House of Burgesses who fully accepted it, and that was his old friend and mentor, George Wythe. There was something revolting to the patriotic pride of Virginians in the doctrine that the political tie between Virginia and England was the same as that which connected England and Hanover, — only a king in common! He wished to be promptly on the ground to talk the matter over with members, and, above all, with Patrick Henry, the idol of the people, whose irresistible eloquence alone could reconcile the public mind to novel or unwelcome ideas. It would not be the first time that Henry's morning speech had conveyed to Virginia the results of a conference with Jefferson the evening before. An orator is never so potent as when he gives wings to truth which minds more patient than his own have evolved.

But Jefferson was not destined to sit in the Williamsburg Convention. On the road he was taken sick; he could not continue his journey; and, for the only time in his life, he was unable to perform a public duty from mere bodily inability. The intense mental excitement under which he had labored, the toil of composing in haste so extensive a piece, and the sudden change from the airy height of Monticello to the August heats of the lower country, proved too much even for his excellent constitution. But an author is strongly attached to the offspring of his brain. He sent forward to Williamsburg two copies of his work, one addressed to Peyton Randolph, who was to preside over the convention, and the other to Patrick Henry.

Mr. Henry was an idle, disorderly man of genius, — "the laziest man in reading," says Jefferson, "I ever knew." Whether he ever read this mass of manuscript (sixty or seventy pages of ordinary writing) will never be known; for nothing was ever heard of the copy sent to him. But the chairman, Mr. Randolph, took public notice of his copy. He announced to the convention that he had received such a document from a member who was prevented from attending by sickness, and he laid it on the table for members to read if they chose. Most of them read it, and many approved it, though aware of its unsuitableness to the existing state of things. Probably not one member would have given it the stamp of his official approbation. It occurred to some, however, that it would make a timely pamphlet, and in that form it was published and extensively circulated with this title, "A Summary View of the Rights of America." Copies were sent to England. Mr. Burke, who saw in it a weapon of offence against the Ministry, changed it here and there, added sentences, and caused it to be published in England, where it ran through edition after edition. It procured for the author, to use his own language, "the honor of having his name inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the Houses of Parliament, but suppressed in embryo by the hasty step of events." The list included about twenty names, among which were John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Peyton Randolph, and Patrick Henry.

In this pamphlet, the truth concerning both the nature and the history of the connection between the Colonies and Great Britain — the truth, without any reserves whatever — was stated for the first time; and it was so fully stated, that no one was ever able to add anything to it. The Declaration of Independence was only the substance of this pamphlet given in a moderate, brief, official form.

What anguish, what humiliation, to be laid aside at such a time, by a ridiculous summer disease, such as children get from eating green apples! Such is man, high and mighty as he fancies himself to be. It must be owned, however, that the convention accomplished its work exceedingly well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without Jefferson. Let us mark well the prodigious fact, that Virginia, in 1774, knew how to choose from her people, or, as Colonel Washington expressed it, her "ten thousand taxables," the seven men who best represented her, who could best serve her, and reflect most honor upon her. All the Colonies could do as much. We cannot. It is one of the Lost Arts. These seven were all members of the House of Burgesses, and hence were familiarly known to the members of the convention. Mr. Jefferson used to say that every individual of them was chosen for a particular reason. "Ben Harrison," as he styled him, was a jolly, self-indulgent, wealthy planter, without much knowledge of principles, or capacity for business; but he perfectly represented his class, long the ruling class of the Colony; and, therefore, he was chosen one of the deputies. He had at home a son, eighteen months old, who was destined to preside over the nation, which the meeting of the Congress was to create. Richard Bland was chosen because he was considered the best writer in Virginia. Edmund Pendleton was regarded in the light of ballast; since, besides possessing a vast fund of legal knowledge, he was prudence personified. Peyton Randolph had a genius for presiding over an assembly, — a man of weighty presence and imperturbable courtesy. Richard Henry Lee, the fluent and ornate orator, was sent to add argument, fact, and persuasion to Patrick Henry's awakening peals. Henry himself was not selected for his eloquence alone, but also because he was the man of the people. He was the first eminent American instance of a certain combination of qualities that renders a man resistless before an unlettered people, — a common mind, uncommon talents, and the instinct of being popular. To these six the convention added the shining figure of Colonel Washington, now forty-two years of age, who united in himself the three possessions that captivate the greatest number of persons, — military glory, great wealth, and a fine person.

Virginia, I repeat, could choose her seven best and fittest, in 1774. But she could no more have done it then than New York can do it now, if her grossly ignorant laborers of foreign lineage had been admitted to the suffrage.

Seldom has an assembly so sedulously veiled a radical purpose under conservative forms, as this Williamsburg Convention of 1774. Still protesting "inviolable and unshaken fidelity and attachment to our most gracious sovereign," still professing regard and affection for their friends and fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire, still declaring that they opposed everything which might have "the most distant tendency to interrupt or in any wise disturb his Majesty's peace," they nevertheless instructed their delegates that if that "despotic viceroy," General Gage, should presume to attempt to execute his threats against Massachusetts, such conduct would "justify resistance and reprisal." This might be termed a conditional declaration of war, and went far beyond anything in Jefferson's draft of Instructions. The convention also pledged Virginia to a suspension of her business as a tobacco-producing State, if the home government persisted in its system of oppression. No more exportation of produce, no more importation of merchandise! The convention only restrained their deputies in one particular. As it was then the first week of August, the tobacco crop was, to use the planters' term, "nearly made"; and, what was of more weight in their honest minds, it was eaten up, spent, pledged to London merchants for goods had and consumed. *That* crop, therefore, must go forward. Honor and necessity demanded it. But no more! Unless American grievances were redressed by August 10, 1775, not a pound of Virginia tobacco should go to England; and Virginia would find some other way of earning her subsistence. As for tea, "we view

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it with horror!" From this day, this very 6th of August, 1774, we will neither import it nor buy it; no, nor even use the little we have on hand!

It is interesting to view the action of this convention, in connection with Jefferson's paper. He, the philosopher, the man of books and thoughts, was chiefly concerned to get on paper the correct theory of the situation; but the practical, English-minded men of the convention, who shrunk from the theory, had the clearest view of what was to be *done*. If General Gage stirs to carry out his proclamations, give him Lexington! Meanwhile, we will retort the starvation of Boston upon British merchants and manufacturers! Nothing could be better than Jefferson's theory, except this exquisite practice; and it was part of that practice to give the theory wings and so communicate it to the intelligence of both countries.

Colonel Washington, a very practical head, conceived the idea that the Congress might desire to know something exact respecting the population, commerce, and resources of each Colony. If it should come to a fight, it would certainly be desirable to know what means the central power would have at command. He took care to ascertain from George Wythe, Secretary of the House of Burgesses, how many men Virginia contained who were subject to taxation. Before leaving Williamsburg for Mount Vernon, he sent off a despatch to Richard Henry Lee, who had gone home, to ask him to lend his aid toward getting from the four custom-houses (one at the mouth of each river, York, James, Rappahannock, and Potomac) a statement of Virginia's annual exports and imports. "P. S. If you should travel to Philadelphia by land, I should be glad of your company. Mr. Henry is to be at my house on his way, Tuesday, the 30th instant."

In those electric days people were too full of the great business in hand to make any record of their feelings; and, hence, it is only trifles recorded by chance that betray how vivid and universal was the interest in the subjects the Congress were to discuss. One Sunday morning, in this very August, 1774, an obnoxious tool of the Ministry went to church in Plymouth, Massachusetts. As soon as he entered, a large number of the congregation rose, left the building, and went home! An act of this nature, which might not mean much in some communities, indicated in New England a deep and unchangeable resolve. Journalism was then an infant art. Interviewing — its latest acquisition, and one of its best, though liable to abuse — had not yet been borrowed from that great, first interviewer, James Boswell. Often, in those primitive days, the press could only reveal an intense and general excitement by silence. We know, from many sources, that Philadelphia was profoundly moved at the gathering of this Congress; that the whole population was astir; that two continents had followed with attentive minds those little groups of horsemen making their way through the woods from the various Colonies to this central city; that kings, courts, ministries, politicians, philosophers, and peoples, in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Ferney (capital of Voltaire's Empire), were speculating upon what might come of this unique proceeding. But when we look into the Philadelphia newspapers of the week, we find that they mentioned, in a quiet paragraph of three lines, that "the gentlemen appointed to meet in the General Congress are arrived." Nothing more! Now and then, during the session of fifty-two days, some paper presented to the Congress was published without comment; but no indication appears in the press either of the unusual nature of the assembly, or of the peculiar interest felt in its proceedings, or of the measures it discussed.

The king employed a similar device, it seems; for when he received, at length, the eloquent and pathetic petition which the Congress addressed to him in the name of the Colonies, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent it down to Parliament, as Franklin records, among a great heap of letters, handbills, newspapers, and pamphlets from America, and it was laid upon the table undistinguished by any recommendation, and unnoticed in the royal speech.

The sick Jefferson, while the deputies to the Congress were making their way to Philadelphia, resumed his journey, as it seems, and reached Williamsburg a few days after the convention adjourned. There he performed an important act. The courts had been closed throughout Virginia for several months, which left the lawyers little to do. The law fixing the fees of the various officers attached to the courts having expired by its own limitation, an act renewing the fees was pending in the House of Burgesses when Lord Dunmore abruptly dismissed the House in May, 1774; and hence, no courts had since been held. The people, not unwilling to bring home to their governor a sense of the absurd precipitancy of his conduct, appear to have submitted with pleasure to the deprivation. Jefferson never resumed practice. At thirty-one, after seven years' successful exercise of his profession, he gave up his unfinished business into the hands of his friend and kinsman, Edmund Randolph, and so withdrew from the law, as it proved, forever.

His marriage, as we have seen, had doubled his estate, increasing the number of his slaves to more than eighty; and the profits of his profession had added three thousand acres to his paternal farm. There had gathered about him, too, on his mountain-top, including his own family, his sister's brood, his mother and brother, his Italian gardeners, the mechanics employed on his house, and his overseers, a patriarchal household of thirty-four persons. His presence at home was peculiarly needed at all times; for his wife was not one of those robust ladies of the Old Dominion who could conduct a plantation as well as their husbands; and she was generally absorbed in nourishing a life more feeble than her own. It was for such reasons, as we may presume, that he now withdrew from a profession that compelled him to be long absent from Albemarle. He felt himself strong enough to trust his future to glorious agriculture and the manly, homely arts that facilitate agriculture. He might build a mill for his own and his neighbors' grain; he might keep a few boys at work, making nails for his county; he might convert some of his wood into timber and a little of his clay into bricks; but, henceforth to the end of his days he derived the greatest part of his revenue from the culture of the soil. He was a farmer, as his fathers had been before him.

At a time when busy and capable men shrink from public office with a feeling resembling horror, it may be well to note that few persons have ever performed public duty at such a sacrifice of personal feeling and private interest as Thomas Jefferson. Even in old and highly organized communities, the head of such a household can be ill spared; but in Virginia, in a remote county, in a region where trained labor did not exist, and where men of much capacity could seldom be hired at all, and never for long, where rudest men tilled a new soil with rudest implements, and those men were slaves, nothing but the master's eye could prevent the most reckless waste and ruinous mismanagement. Every frontier plantation was, of necessity, a little kingdom, in which the master had to furnish the whole daily requirement of authority and guidance. If a wood-chopper broke a leg or a blood-vessel, it was Jefferson who was summoned; and if the baby had the measles, it was Jefferson who must prescribe. When the dam gave way, or a wheelbarrow broke down; if a shop caught fire, or the lettuce was nipped by the frost; if the cattle got into the wheat, or the small-pox into the negro quarter; — it was still the master who had to furnish brain and nerve for the emergency. There was never a period, during his public life, when he had not reasons for remaining at home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which most men would have felt to be sufficient.

An incident of this period shows the temper of the times and of the man. A copy of the non-importation agreement having reached him in August, 1774, he wrote to London to countermand the order which he had despatched in June for fourteen pairs of sashes ready glazed, and a little glass to mend with. Despatched, do I say? Jefferson's way of getting a letter across the ocean at this time had nothing in it that could be called despatch. When he had written his letter, the next thing was to find some one going into the lower country, who would take the trouble to get it on board a ship lying in one of the rivers, bound for London. A letter could be many a long day reaching salt water by this method. Before his letter had been long gone, word came that his sashes were finished, but the putty was not hard enough yet to brave the perils of the deep. It must harden "about a month." Hence, the sashes, which were ordered on the first of June, before the non-importation agreement had been contemplated, threatened to arrive about Christmas, when that agreement had become the main hope of a roused and patriotic continent. In these circumstances, he explained the matter to the committee in charge of the county where the sashes would be landed, and placed them at their disposal. "As I mean," said he, "to be a conscientious observer of the measures generally thought requisite for the preservation of our independent rights, so I think myself bound to account to my country for any act of mine which might wear an appearance of contravening them."

His own county was to have its Committee of Safety, elected, as in all the counties, by the freeholders, with due form and solemnity; for, if the worst came to the worst, the Committees of Safety would wield, during an interregnum, the sovereign power. On New-Year's day, 1775, this great business was done in Albemarle. A committee of fifteen was elected, with Thomas Jefferson at its head. For him, two hundred and eleven votes were cast, which was eleven more than any one else received; one member getting but sixty-four.

A public duty of eminent importance called him away from home in the early days of the spring of 1775. The Williamsburg Convention of August, 1774, which had elected deputies to the first Congress, had adjourned to meet March 20, 1775. But not at Williamsburg! Not at the capital of the *Old* Dominion! Not under the eye of Dunmore, nor within easy reach of the marines of the men-of-war that lay in York River. During these years of agitation, a village had been slowly gathering upon the site of Virginia's future capital, — its natural capital, — where the navigation of the James is interrupted, about midway between the ocean and the mountains, by islands and impassable rapids. Sea-going vessels of a hundred and fifty tons can ascend the winding river a hundred and fifty miles, as far as these rapids; and, above them, for two hundred miles farther, barges could be poled and towed. Here, then, at this "carrying-place," was the spot, of all others in Virginia, for Virginia's mart, store-house, and counting-room. The banks of the river rise here into commanding heights, which afford a site as peculiar and picturesque as that of Edinburgh. Richmond was still but a straggling village, when the convention met there in March, 1775; and there was only one building in it fit for such an assembly, — the parish church of St. John, — which is still standing, little changed, surrounded by its spacious, ill-kept churchyard. It shows to what a point of excitement the Province had been wrought, that a parish church should have been used for such a purpose.

The convention sat eight days, — long enough to give an impulse to the course of events, and to decide the future career of Thomas Jefferson.

When we read of Patrick Henry's wonderful displays of eloquence, we naturally figure to ourselves a spacious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interior and a great crowd of rapt listeners. But, in truth, those of his orations which quickened or changed the march of events, and the thrill of which has been felt in the nerves of four generations, were all delivered in small rooms and to few hearers, never more than one hundred and fifty. The first thought of the visitor to St. John's Church in Richmond is: Could it have been *here*, in this oaken chapel of fifty or sixty pews, that Patrick Henry delivered the greatest and best known of all his speeches? Was it here that he uttered those words of doom, so unexpected, so unwelcome, "We must fight"? Even here. And the words were spoken in a tone and manner worthy of the men to whom they were addressed, — with quiet and profound solemnity. The mere outline of the speech which we possess (with, here and there, a sentence or a phrase of such concentrated power that their every syllable is stamped indelibly upon the mind) shows that this untaught orator practised all the *art* of Demosthenes, while exhibiting all his genius. How strangely prophetic the sentence, "The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms"! These words were spoken on the 23d of March, 1775, while the people were joyously repeating the news that the king had been so good as to *receive* the petition of the Congress. Nothing at the moment foretold the coming conflict, except the intuitive sense of this inspired yeoman.

He carried the convention with him. It was agreed that Virginia should arm; and a committee of thirteen — a magical number henceforth — was named to concert a plan. Along with Patrick Henry, George Washington, R. H. Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, and others, the young member from Albemarle was appointed to serve on this committee. They agreed upon this: The more densely peopled counties should enroll, equip, supply, and drill companies of infantry; the other counties should raise troops of horsemen; all should wear the hunting-shirt, which, Colonel Washington told them, was the best possible uniform; and all should set about the work of preparation at once.

On the last day of the session the convention performed the act which proved momentous to Mr. Jefferson. Lord Dunmore was governing Virginia without the assistance of its Legislature, but the necessities of the Province were such that it was thought he might be induced or compelled to summon it. Peyton Randolph, the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, had presided over the deliberations of the Congress; and it accorded with the spirit and custom of that age (as with justice and good sense) never to change public servants except for a good reason. Hence it was certain he would be elected chairman of the next Congress, to meet on the 10th of May. The convention, not disposed to give a royal governor any fair occasion to complain, provided for his return to Virginia by voting that, in case Peyton Randolph should be obliged to leave the Congress before its adjournment, Thomas Jefferson should supply his place.

How graciously the king had received the Congress petition the members of this convention may have learned before they left Richmond. Perhaps, in the very hour when Patrick Henry was warning them not to indulge in the illusions of hope, nor suffer themselves to be betrayed by a kiss, Lord Dunmore was penning a ridiculous proclamation, which showed the king's antipathy to the Congress, and to everything that emanated from it: "Whereas certain persons have presumed, without his Majesty's authority or consent, to assemble together at Philadelphia," and have called another and similar meeting for May next, "I am commanded by the king to require all magistrates and other officers to use their utmost endeavors to prevent any such appointment of deputies, and to exhort all persons whatever within this government to desist from such an unjustifiable proceeding as highly displeasing to his Majesty."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This document provoked derision only. But the governor's next act was an act of war, which every man in Virginia felt like a blow. In one of the public squares of Williamsburg, in the very middle of the town, was the powder-magazine containing twenty barrels of gunpowder, the property of the Colony, and part of its usual means of defence against the Indians. This store, always precious, had now become an object of intense and even morbid interest. It was not merely that the Province was arming, and that everything relating to arms had acquired new value; but, in times of public commotion, a community maintained by the labor of slaves is haunted by a dread of insurrection. Conscience makes cowards of us all. This fear, always latent, had recently become omnipresent in Virginia, and every man shuddered to think of the deluge of mischief and horror a rash coward like Dunmore could bring upon the Province by luring the negroes to his aid with the promise of freedom. To Dunmore, too, that powder had become interesting; for he was one man in a community that looked upon him as the enemy of all which they most prized. True, it was a community in which regard for law had become an instinct; and he was, if possible, the more safe in their midst *because* he was their enemy. But conscience made a coward of him also. He, too, feared the people he had wronged, as they feared the people whom they were always wronging.

In the dead of night, April 20th, a small party of marines filed from "the palace" grounds, followed by a small wagon belonging to Dunmore himself, and marched toward the magazine. For some time past a patrol of patriotic citizens had guarded the magazine at night, but, as no alarm occurred, they had gone home a little earlier every night, until, on this occasion, the streets of Williamsburg were silent an hour after midnight. The noble governor had apparently been watching for such a chance to steal the public property; for, like General Gage, he wished to disarm his Province in a quiet way. That very night, Gage in Boston was reckoning up the cost of *his* attempt, in British dead and wounded. Dunmore had the key of the Williamsburg magazine. About three in the morning of the day after the battle of Lexington, Dunmore's wagon, loaded with fifteen half-barrels of Virginia's powder, was driven out of town, guarded by marines, and, soon after daylight, was conveyed on board of an English man-of-war, that lay in the James River, seven miles distant. The rest of the powder, which the noble Lord's "little wagon" would not hold, was buried, as it seems, in the magazine itself.

In the morning, as soon as this puerile act was known, there arose a contest, not between the robbed and the robber, but between the Cool Heads and the Hot Heads of the town. The people filled the streets, excited and angry; the patrol resumed their arms and gathered in the public square; and everything was ripe for tumult. But the elders and chief men of the place, above all others Peyton Randolph, chairman of the Congress, and Mr. Nicholas, the head of the bar, moved about among the people, advising moderation and order; and, early in the day, a safety-valve was found. Williamsburg, small as it was, was a city blessed with a mayor, recorder, aldermen, and councilmen, who, on great emergencies, met in "common hall," and acted as one body. They met on this wild day, and agreed to present an humble address to his Excellency, the Right Honorable John, Earl of Dunmore, asking him why the Colony's powder was taken away from its proper repository, and asking him to have it brought back. In his reply, this Right Honorable personage lied. He said he had heard of an insurrection in a neighboring county, and had thought it best to remove the powder to a place of greater safety. Having uttered this falsehood, he proceeded to show that it was a falsehood by promising, upon his word and honor, that if the powder should be wanted for an insurrection,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it should be brought back in half an hour. But the Cool Heads succeeded in dispersing the people, and leaving the town for the night in charge of the patrol.

Dreadful rumors were in the air. The news of the plunder of the magazine sped from county to county, inflaming minds which no considerations of abstract tea could reach. He has taken our powder, our own powder, bought with our money, and stored for our common defence! The dullest mind could feel all the wrong and much of the complex indignity of the act. In the night, too, while honest men were asleep!

And what tidings were on their way from the North! Gage, also in the dead of night, had sent an armed force to disarm Massachusetts! Her yeomen had risen upon them and driven them back again, a chase of thirty miles, and they had left a dead or wounded soldier on every furlong of the road! This intelligence, following so quick upon the news of Dunmore's exploit, startled every one into the conviction that the plunder of the magazine and the march of Gage's troops were parts of a general scheme to deprive the Colonies of the means of defence. The newly formed companies seized such arms as they had, and rushed to their several rendezvous without waiting for orders, demanding to be led to the capital and recover their stolen powder. Never was a widely scattered community so instantly kindled; for, before the news of Lexington had been in Virginia four days, there were assembled at Fredericksburg fourteen companies of horsemen ready to march to Williamsburg, seventy miles distant. And yet the Cool Heads triumphed once more. A letter from Peyton Randolph arrived in the nick of time, informing them that the governor had engaged to arrange the affair of the powder in a manner satisfactory to the Colony, and entreating the troops to return to their homes. By one majority, in a meeting of one hundred and two officers, this advice was accepted, and the troopers rode homeward. The Congress was to meet again in eleven days. It seemed best not to precipitate the Colony into war.

There was a man in Virginia, the king of Virginia, we may call him, Patrick Henry, who saw in this affair of the powder the best opportunity that had yet occurred of bringing home the controversy to the minds of the unthinking. "You may talk in vain to them," said he, to his friends, "about the duties upon tea; but tell them of the robbery of the magazine, and that the next step will be to disarm *them*, and you bring the subject home to their bosoms." He called together the horsemen of his county of Hanover, harangued them, and began his march toward Williamsburg, joined as he advanced by squads of other companies; until his band amounted to a hundred and fifty men. By the time the news of this movement reached the capital, rumor had swelled his force to five thousand infuriate patriots, armed to the teeth. Consternation filled the palace of the governor. He sent his wife and daughters on board the Fowey, man-of-war. The captain of that famous vessel garrisoned the palace with marines, and threatened, in case of an outbreak, to fire upon the town. Several of Patrick Henry's friends rode in hot haste to induce him to turn back, but he held to his purpose, until, at the close of the second day's march, he halted, sixteen miles from Williamsburg.

Lord Dunmore, in this extremity, called his Council together, — that select body whom the governor himself nominated and the king appointed. Being summoned, they repaired to the Council Chamber in the Capitol, their invariable place of meeting; but the governor, panic-stricken, would not venture out, and commanded the Council to attend him in the palace. When they were seated in his presence, he stated the case, and said he was afraid the excited troopers who were approaching might, in their frenzy, seize

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon a public magazine, which would infallibly bring down upon the Province the direst vengeance of an insulted king. To ward off this fearful peril from Virginia, he suggested that panacea of falling governments, — a proclamation. The youngest member of this Council of seven, and the only Whig among them, was John Page, the college friend of Jefferson and the confidant of his youthful love for Belinda. It was he who broke the long and awkward pause that followed the governor's address by asking whether, in case the Council should agree to advise a proclamation, his Lordship would consent to restore the powder. The removal of the powder, continued Mr. Page, having caused the present tumult, tranquillity would be instantly restored by its restoration. "Mr. Page," exclaimed the governor, with the fury natural to such a brain at the reception of advice so simple and so wise, — "Mr. Page, I am astonished at you!" And he brought down his lordly fist upon the table with a prodigious thump. To which the young councillor quietly replied, that, in giving his opinion, he had done his duty, and he had no other advice to give.

The curtain falls upon this scene. The next morning at sunrise, a messenger from the capital sought an interview with Patrick Henry in the tavern where he had passed the night. When the messenger left the tavern, he bore with him a written paper, of which the following is a copy: —

"Doncastle's Ordinary, New Kent, May 4, 1775. Received from the Honorable Richard Corbin, Esq., his Majesty's Receiver-General, 330 pounds, as a compensation for the gunpowder lately taken out of the public magazine by the governor's order; which money I promise to convey to the Virginia delegates at the General Congress, to be, under their direction, laid out in gunpowder for the Colony's use, and to be stored as they shall direct, until the next Colony Convention or General Assembly, unless it shall be necessary, in the mean time, to use the same in defence of the Colony. It is agreed that, in case the next convention shall determine that any part of the said money ought to be returned to the said Receiver-General, that the same shall be done accordingly. Patrick Henry, Jun." *

Such was Virginia's bloodless Lexington. The volunteers returned to their homes at once, and their leader, a few days after, set out for the Congress, escorted by a great retinue of horsemen, as far as the Potomac River. There was a neatness and finish to this triumph that captivated the continent, and made Patrick Henry inexpressibly dear to Virginia. The Province would have at once resumed its tranquillity, but for the incredible folly of the governor, who, totally bereft of sense and judgment, and emboldened by the presence of a royal squadron, still kept the peninsula in a broil.

From the distant summit of Monticello Jefferson watched the course of events with the interest natural to such a person, ever longing for a restoration of the ancient harmony and goodwill between the two countries. Lord Chatham's bill of January, 1775, inspired by Franklin, which conceded everything the Colonies deemed essential, had given him hope, until the next ship brought the tidings of its summary and contemptuous rejection.

* The sum received for the powder proved to be too much. The following is an extract from the Journal of the convention held at Richmond in August, 1775: —

"It appearing to this convention, by a receipt of Patrick Henry, Esq., and other testimony, that it was referred to them at this meeting to determine how much of the three hundred and thirty pounds which had been received by the Receiver-General, on the 4th of May last, to compensate for the powder taken out of the magazine by the governor's orders, should be restored to the said Receiver-General, RESOLVED, as the opinion of this convention, that sufficient proof being had of there being only fifteen half-barrels of powder so taken by Lord Dunmore's order, that no more money should be retained than one hundred and twelve pounds ten shillings, which we judge fully adequate to the payment of the said powder, and that the residue of the said three hundred and thirty pounds ought to be returned to the said Receiver-General, and it is hereby directed to be paid to him by the treasurer of this Colony."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The news of Lexington was fourteen days in reaching Albemarle, and then it arrived loaded with exaggeration, — "five hundred of the king's troops slain." In writing, a few days after, to the honored instructor of his youth, Professor Small, then physician and man of science in Birmingham, he spoke of Lexington as an "accident" that had "cut off our last hope of reconciliation"; since "a frenzy of revenge seemed to have seized all ranks of people." We may judge of the strength of the tie between the mother-country and the Colonies, by the fact that so un-English a mind as Jefferson's clung with sentimental fondness to the union long after there was any reasonable hope of their preserving it. "My first wish," he still wrote, late in 1775, "is a restoration of our just rights." His second wish was to be able, consistently with honor and duty, to "withdraw totally from the public stage, and pass the rest of his days in domestic ease and tranquillity." He did not claim to possess a disinterested patriotism, but avowed that the warmth of his wish for reconciliation with England was increased by his intense desire to stay at home. His pride as a citizen, too, was involved. He saw as clearly as the imperial-minded Chatham, that Britain's chance of remaining imperial lay in America. This truth was hidden from the world during England's contest with Bonaparte, because she was able to waste in twenty years the revenue of three centuries, keeping a thousand ships in commission and subsidizing a continent. That *looked* imperial; but it *was* mere reckless waste. The whole world now perceives that, when Great Britain threw her American Colonies away, she lapsed into insularity; or, to use Jefferson's words of 1775, she "returned to her original station in the political scale of Europe." With the fond pride natural to the citizen, he desired his country to be vast, imposing, and powerful.

Brooding over Lexington and its consequences, he was startled by the intelligence that the contingency which would oblige him to become a member of the Congress was actually to occur: Lord Dunmore, in his panic and distraction, had been induced to summon the House of Burgesses. This would recall Peyton Randolph from Philadelphia, and send Thomas Jefferson thither to supply his place. The rash insolence of the captains of the king's ships lying in the York River having roused the people of the peninsula nearly to the point of investing the capital with an armed force, Lord Dunmore called together the Council and asked their advice. Summon the Burgesses, suggested a member. His Lordship, as usual with him when he was well advised, broke into a furious and senseless harangue; and when he had finished, John Page calmly replied to him, point by point, his best argument being this: If you deprive the people of their usual, legal, constitutional representation, they will resort to conventions, which itself is revolution. The whole Council joined in this sentiment, and, at length, the governor accepted their advice, the writs were issued, and the 1st of June named as the day of meeting.

The air was highly electric. These rural Virginians had been slow to kindle; for, until the foolish Dunmore and his naval captains had joined hands to threaten and insult them, Virginia's part had been to sympathize with the victims of distant oppression, and resent wrongs done to a sister Colony. But these vessels of war in their own rivers were now as maddening to them as Gage's regiments were to Massachusetts. How welcome English men-of-war had been in other days, when, under an awning, Virginian beauty had delighted to tread a spotless quarter-deck, and when at the balls in the Apollo no partners could be so agreeable as naval officers, splendid in the cumbrous uniform of the time! All that was over forever. Williamsburg had ever been most lavish of politeness and hospitality to the king's navy; but at the mere rumor of Patrick Henry's approach,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain Montague had threatened to fire, not upon *him*, but upon the *town*. In making this threat, the captain, in the language of a Williamsburg Committee, "had discovered the most hellish principles that can actuate a human mind"; and they advised the people to show him no "other mark of civility besides what common decency and absolute necessity require." Captain Montague was cut in Williamsburg by every Whig.

The 1st of June arrived. It had been a question with distant constituencies whether it would be safe for patriotic burgesses to venture down into that narrow peninsula, with men-of-war in both rivers, and bodies of marines at the beck of a savage governor; particularly as some members — Peyton Randolph, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson — had been menaced with a prosecution for treason. A paragraph advised every member to come "prepared as an American"; and, accordingly, many members arrived at the capital clad in the hunting-shirt, and carrying the rifle, to which they had become accustomed in the training-field. Jefferson, now a member both of the Legislature of Virginia and of the General Congress, took Williamsburg on his way to Philadelphia, and there he met Peyton Randolph, fresh from the Congress. The Speaker asked him to delay his journey, and remain for a short time in his seat in the House of Burgesses. Lord North's conciliatory proposition, as it was called, had been Dunmore's pretext for summoning the House, and the Speaker desired the aid of Jefferson's pen in drawing up Virginia's answer to the same.

On Thursday, the 1st of June, for the last time, a royal governor and a loyal House of Virginian Burgesses exchanged the elaborate civilities usual on the first day of a session. The usual committee was appointed to reply to the governor's courteous, conciliatory speech. Jefferson was a member of this committee, but he was charged to make a separate reply to the part of it which related to Lord North's proposition; and to this important duty he addressed himself. The duty, indeed, was doubly important, since the document he was to prepare would not only be the reply of Virginia to the ministerial scheme, but it would be America's first response to it, as no other colonial legislature had been in session since its arrival.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the first days of the session, passed harmoniously enough. If the House was less humble than usual in the tone of its communications with the governor, it still protested its unshaken attachment to the king; and there seemed a fair prospect of the session proceeding agreeably to its close. But, as I have observed, the air was electric. There was a revolution in the clouds. On Monday evening several young men went to the magazine in Williamsburg, intending to supply themselves with arms from the few weapons still remaining in the public store. Arms, at the moment, were in extreme request, and only he was happy who had a good weapon. On opening the door of the magazine, a spring-gun was discharged, loaded deep with swan-shot, and two of the young men were badly wounded. One of them received two balls in his shoulder and another in his wrist; the other had one finger cut off and another shattered. Upon examining the magazine, the party discovered that other spring-guns were set in it, and that no notice had been written up, warning intruders of the danger. The setting of these guns, it was immediately ascertained, was Dunmore's work, done by his orders soon after Patrick Henry had disbanded his troop.

The cloud burst. The revolution had come. The Williamsburg companies seized their arms and rushed to the public squares. The indignation of the people at this dastardly act of their governor was not lessened by the consideration that the young men had been wounded while they were breaking the law. They might have fallen dead under the coward fire of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those guns; and the insult of fighting a patriotic and loyal people with weapons usually employed against poachers and trespassers was felt by every creature. Curses both loud and deep were hurled at the palace and its inmates; and though the Cool Heads again contrived to prevent anything like a breach of the peace, yet, at such a time, no potentate can so wall himself in, that the hatred and contempt of the people cannot reach him. The next morning, two hours before the early June dawn, the governor, his family, his abhorred secretary, and his chief servants, all fled in silence from the palace, and were driven ten miles down the peninsula to Yorktown, whence they were rowed off to the flag-ship of the armed squadron anchored there. He was governor of Virginia never again. He had still some savage mischief to do in the Province, as a mere marauder; but when, at daybreak on the 8th of June, Lord Dunmore stepped on the quarter-deck of the king's ship, George III. ceased to reign over Virginia. His governor had run away.

The House of Burgesses, with inexhaustible patience and courtesy, attempted to woo him back by assuring him that he would be, as he ever had been, safe in his palace, and that his residence on board a distant ship was in the highest degree inconvenient to them and irritating to the people. His reply amounted to this: Let the House frankly accept Lord North's proposition, dismiss the militia companies, and rescind the non-importation agreement, and he would not only return to Williamsburg, but do all in his power to soothe the just anger of a gracious king against a rebellious Province.

Mr. Jefferson, meanwhile, had completed his paper upon Lord North's scheme. That scheme merely proposed to let the Colonies tax themselves for the general expenses of the Empire, instead of being taxed by Parliament; Parliament to fix the amount to be raised, and to have the spending of the money. Mr. Jefferson's answer was courteous, clear, and decided. It was incomparably the best paper he had yet drawn, and it was adopted by the House with only a few verbal changes; or, as the author expresses it, with "a dash of cold water on it here and there, enfeebling it somewhat." His paper may be summed up in two sentences: 1. The ministerial scheme "changes the form of oppression, without lightening its burden"; 2. It leaves our other wrongs unredressed. Having duly elaborated these points, he closed with a paragraph which, we may presume, he meant to be tender and conciliatory, but which, we know, was the quintessence of exasperation to the king and his party; since it referred the subject for "final determination to the General Congress now sitting, before whom we shall lay the papers your lordship has communicated to us."

"For ourselves," he continued, "we have exhausted every mode of application which our invention could suggest as proper and promising. We have decently remonstrated with Parliament; they have added new injuries to the old. We have wearied our king with supplications; he has not deigned to answer us. We have appealed to the native honor and justice of the British nation; their efforts in our favor have hitherto been ineffectual. What, then, remains to be done? That we commit our injuries to the even-handed justice of that Being who doeth no wrong, earnestly beseeching him to illuminate the councils and prosper the endeavors of those to whom America hath confided her hopes; that, through their wise directions, we may again see reunited the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and harmony with Great Britain."

The governor's reply to this eloquent and most reasonable address was in these words: "Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, it is with real concern that I can discover nothing in your address that I think manifests the smallest inclination to, or will be productive of, a reconciliation with the mother-country."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jefferson did not wait to learn the governor's opinion. The document which he had composed was accepted by the House, on the 10th of June, as Virginia's reply to Lord North's proposition; and the next morning, in a one-horse chaise, with a copy of his address duly signed and certified in his pocket, he left Williamsburg for Philadelphia. With the assistance of two led horses to change with, he could not average more than twenty-two miles a day; and so imperfectly marked were some parts of the road, that twice he employed a guide. He reached Philadelphia on that memorable 20th of June when George Washington received his commission from the Congress; and we may be sure that, before the General slept that night, Jefferson had communicated to him the substance of Virginia's response to the Parliamentary scheme. He could not have let the General depart for Massachusetts, without letting him know that his own native Province was at his back. The next morning, before taking his seat with the Congress, he could not but have seen Washington review the military companies of Philadelphia, and then ride away on his long journey, accompanied by General Schuyler and Charles Lee, and escorted by a Philadelphia troop of horsemen.

Twenty miles from Philadelphia General Washington met a messenger from the North, spurring forward to bear to Congress the news of Bunker Hill. Jefferson heard it before night. He was himself the bearer of tidings for which Congress had waited with solicitude; but *this* was news to cast into the shade all bloodless events. How he gloried in the Yankees! What a warmth of affection there was *then* — and will be again — between Massachusetts and Virginia! "The adventurous genius and intrepidity of those people is amazing," Jefferson wrote to his brother-in-law, 'when the details of the action were known. They were fitting out, he said, light vessels, armed, with which they expected to clear the coast of "everything below the size of a ship of war." So magnanimous, too! "They are now intent on burning Boston as a hive which gives cover to Regulars; and none are more bent on it than the very people who come out of it, and whose whole prosperity lies there."

America did not feel it necessary or becoming, in those days, to scrimp her public men in the matter of salary. It was not, indeed, supposed possible to *compensate* an eminent public servant by any amount of money whatever; but it was considered proper to *facilitate his labors* so far as money could do it. Virginia allowed her representatives in the Continental Congress forty-five shillings a day each, and a shilling a mile for their travelling expenses, besides "all ferriages," then no small item; and the treasurer was authorized to advance a member two hundred pounds, if it would be convenient to him, before he left Virginia, the member to refund on his return home, if the sum advanced "shall happen to exceed his allowance."

James Parton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO WON THE PRETTY WIDOW.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I.

PROLOGUE.

THIS is a story of the times of the Great Rebellion. It does not discuss political questions, but only presents an inside picture of the trials and sufferings of one who shared and sympathized with the misfortunes of a lost cause.

A thousand stories, much better told, have delineated the hardships of the Northern wife in that period of desolation; may this one serve to illustrate the trials and endurance of her Southern sister.

CHAPTER I.

ANNO CONFEDERATIONIS 1, and in the interregnum of Jefferson Davis, and the consulship of J. Davis and A. Stephens, there lived in the Province of Mississippi, and not far from a gentle stream that finds its devious way to a neighboring bayou, a very pretty orphan girl. Her household consisted of an ancient maiden lady, and, occasionally, her uncle. To dispose of these at once, let us say, that the ancient maiden lady soon found her wise way through the lines of the two armies; and the uncle, who was also her guardian, fell at the battle of Mill Springs, under General Zollicoffer.

As to the dwelling of our heroine, it was built, as many other Southern residences are, apparently on a succession of afterthoughts. Isolated rooms and curious cupboards suddenly developed themselves on the unwary, about the main building, or were stumbled over, in the surrounding enclosure, as if set out to cool. At a greater distance were the out-houses; with the negro quarters, gin and sugar houses, and barn beyond them.

This pretty little orphan may be said to have been quite advanced in years, as she was exactly nineteen years older than the country in which she lived at the time our story commences. Perhaps her fame ought to be considered equal to her years, inasmuch as two great sections spent three or four hundred thousand lives, and endless dollars, to show that she was not just as old as the record in the family Bible testified. But, as her name is not found in any of the protocols and proclamations of that eventful period of proclamations, the temptation to compare her with Helen of Troy is resisted. Let us be satisfied with the fact that she was a very pretty girl indeed.

She was accomplished, and could play on the piano a great many selections from opera, and almost as many sweet old-fashioned-airs, in which the elder generation took great delight. She knew French, so as not to speak it correctly, and a little drawing, and a little botany, and a great deal of school chemistry of a very confusing nature to the learned and unlearned. She was a skilful dress-maker, too, and knew how to adorn that perishable little body of hers in a manner perfectly maddening. Then she could card and spin and weave, and her nimble fingers made up many a suit of homespun and plaid cotton for the negroes. With these she was a great favorite, and "Miss Lucy says so," or "Miss Lucy won't like," was conclusive.

In this list of domestic accomplishments it would be scandalous to omit one upon which the lady prided herself not a little. She was mistress of the great art of providing savory viands for the delectation of the appetite; not only the delicate dishes I shall not rashly undertake to name, but also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the wholesome sturdy staves of life, so to speak, that fill the body comfortably. In the matter of coffee she was just perfect. Once try it, and forswear all weak decoctions of inferior artists, lest memory lose the flavor from the palate. The black cook pretended to explain it in the phrase, "You can't make Miss Lucy skimpy * to de coffee-mill," but I think she failed. The little maid became a domestic witch around the coffee-boiler, and seemed to infuse some of her own spicy freshness into the beverage.

She was also intensely and fearfully medical, but an All-wise Providence had tempered her rashness with a strong faith in homœopathy and little pills. Added to this, however, was an abiding confidence, in all acute cases, in calomel and quinine; which last she pronounced *kee-neen*, as was her duty to her preceptors. It was medicine to a sick man just to see that brisk little figure step in, draw together the arched brows, as if they had been called into the consultation, and so pop a little pellet on the furred tongue, and depart, leaving many injunctions against coffee, tea, spices, and the like.

In the matter of religious instruction, no theologian of the new or old school could rival her. To see her at the cabins of a Sunday morning with Aunt Sarah, Aunt Lucy, and the cloud of monkey-like little blacks, with the Big Book before her, was a text, ay, and a sermon, of itself. She would read in a clear, fresh voice, with slight inflections of boarding-school taste, that could not spoil it, the parables of Our Lord. Her own nature so loved his sweet humanities, she mostly fell upon those that revealed his sympathies with childhood and youth; and The Feast at Cana, The Prodigal Son, The Raising of Jairus's Daughter, came round very often in her loving pictures of a Saviour. Hearing these simple lectures, in that wise childlike voice, you would agree with Uncle Ben, as he stood listening at his cabin door, to the holiness within. "She 's an angel of de Lord," said Ben, throwing up a black brawny arm as he spoke, — "she 's an angel of de Lord; dat jes what she is." Some months later he added, in his rough way, words she had read, "When I forgits her, may dis right hand forgit his cunnin', and de tongue cleave to de roof of my mouf." But he did forget her for all that. Do not let us condemn him. The charity his little teacher taught was ample to cover this.

When the long political differences culminated in action, our little heroine found the opinions crystallized into a common sentiment, and she shared and sympathized with it in every fibre of her earnest, positive being. She was a very resolute, active little Rebel indeed, and thought her thought and spoke her speech, without the least awe of the Great Giant hid in the gloom. It was her duty, she believed, and she went into Rebellion just as briskly and resolutely as she went into other duties, associating them with her faith and religion.

She liked a good many things, however, besides duty. She liked a nice pony to ride, and a nice beau to ride with her; she liked a flower-garden, and to dibble a little in it every morning; she liked pretty curtains to her room, pretty dresses, pretty and pleasant companions about her when she could get them; and then she would rob the pickle-jar, and sit with such boon companions in frightful cucumber dissipation till ever so much o'clock. She liked to have the biddable young men of the county around her, and to please them, and, yes, she did like to nibble sugar-biscuit and sweet-cakes, behind the cupboard door, between meals.

The beaux came, in spite of these notorious faults in our heroine. Gay fellows from the city, in gray oval hats, and stark riders from the plantations, in broad felt, hung their tiles on the hall rack, beside the ridiculous rims of suitors from the far North. But come as they might, and roofed in as they

* *Skimpy*, equivalent to *scanty* and *stingy*; the radical meaning of both words entering into the signification of the provincialism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might, they had a pleasant visit till the end, and went to come no more. Yes, for, if Lucy was not in love, she had at least taken a strange inclination that way.

This was to a neighbor, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His paternal farm adjoined Lucy's greater possessions, and the two had grown up together. His father had been a man of promise in the neighborhood, and was once chosen to the State Legislature. He thought it an honor, but it was his ruin. It spoiled him as a planter, and he fell into the hands of the country store-keeper. This is the veritable dragon of the small planter, which no Saint George has yet overcome. Cotton, like other monarchs, favors those only who see much of him. The man of a hundred bales ships to his factor, and receives the return less a moderate commission. The great busy world watches over his interest; rival looms bid for the staple, rival factors keep down the commission, but the world's huge spectacles cannot see microscopic crops, and the dragon eats up the small planter. The crop is hypothecated to the country merchant as soon as it is in the ground. He will supply necessaries on no other terms, for the dragons are pawnbrokers to a man. The planter has no individual credit, and the crop so pawned is paid for at a price set by the country merchant, in goods on which he sets his own price.

The father of Lucy's lover got in this mill of the country merchants, and it ground him exceeding fine indeed. He fell into low ways and hung about the village cotton-gin, blacksmith-shop, and hideous country store with its dilute alcohol, and one day he was taken home starting and trembling in a sad way. He recovered a little before he died, and made a will, leaving all he had to his wife, and afterwards to his son; or, in the event of his son's death, to his nephew, a poor lame man of the neighborhood. Then urging that son to avoid his errors, he made his peace with God, and rested.

This advice the son was like to follow. He had taught school at seventeen, and farmed a little and traded a little, till he had a small capital of his own at his father's death. With this he paid off immediate encumbrances, and by economy was slowly escaping the dragon's fangs, when the war came between his work and his love for his pretty neighbor, Lucy Lanfranc.

CHAPTER II.

THE fall of Sumter committed the South irrevocably to the struggle. The success, the singular escape from the effusion of blood, seemed to foreshow a brilliant victory and bloodless independence. It stirred the gay and gallant spirits of the neighborhood; a company was raised, and Lucy made a little speech and presented a flag; and the captain made his little speech; his two little speeches, in fact, and did n't seem satisfied, altogether, with their effect. But he went his way as others before him, and after.

Then Manassas followed, and the enthusiasm became furious. The cry was, "The Yankees will be whipped before we can get there"; and the leopards scented blood and were eager to be off. A regiment was raised, one of Lucy's favorites was the colonel, and then came the speeches. Lucy, presenting the flag, was charming and eloquent, and gave no symptom of breaking down; but the colonel did break down wofully, both in private and in public, and so followed the captain.

In none of these gayeties and gallantries did the widow's son take part. The fife and drum and the barbecue and picnic rejoiced in the grand Southern woods, as merry as if behind the day and balmy night the long ranks of the to-morrows did not march in Confederate gray and Union blue; but these allured him in vain. Lucy was vexed and uneasy. Could he tarry? The war would be over, and all the glory harvested, and this *preux chevalier* of hers not be even at the gleaning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She made up her mind to do something, and did it.

She lured him at the village church, and bore him captive. It was very sweet, she felt, after all, to have this recreant knight at her bridle-rein; but duty was duty, and she would have her word, cost what it may.

He explained, frankly enough, that, knowing her heart was in this cause, and not seeing his way clear to go, he had refrained from visiting her.

"But why?" she asked; "is it not your country? Even Moses, when the Lord was angry with the Jews, chose to be blotted out of His book, rather than desert his countrymen."

"Yes," said Victor Shandy, "but a later apostle, under a better dispensation, said that 'he who does not provide for his own household is worse than a heathen.' My mother's affairs are so embarrassed, I cannot afford to leave her to struggle alone."

That was all he said. She understood now how this man who stayed was braver than all who had gone. He had sacrificed his ambition, his eager desire to be well with men, and risked even her love, upon the altar of filial affection. "I did n't know; I did n't think," she said; "but I — Could n't I take care of your mother?"

It was enough, and although she protested that he and his mother were different persons, and she had never offered to take care of *him*, yet it was somehow arranged that way, and there was a quiet wedding soon after. We can suppose Victor Shandy allowed his wife to assist him, in the matter of his mother's embarrassments, for he went soon after to the wars.

The little wife remained quietly at her home, busy with her household duties, for perhaps a year. One morning, however, she lost her head man, her overseer, a canny Scot. "He could na just see his way," he said, "to bide at hame when sae mony braw men were i'. th' field. His conscience gied him sair twinges there anent, and the slave boddies were a' gude laddies; belike the lady could sted the place alane." So Lucy praised his resolution, and was left her own overseer and manager.

How did she get on? Let her speak for herself. She wrote many letters to her soldier husband, in those days, — odd mixtures of practical sense, unpractical advice, and pious exhortations. Some of them are preserved, and we quote extracts.

"I am no end of a planter," she said. "Up by day, I breakfast at sunrise, and mount Kitty Clyde for a morning ride over the fields where the men are at work. This keeps me till ten o'clock. Then for domestic duties until the afternoon, when I go again to look at the work and see that it is done right. . . . . That unlucky South Field wanted manure. Of course fertilizers were impossible, the blockade is so bad. But I ground the cotton-seed to a meal, and put it on, a thousand pounds to the acre, and vegetation comes out wonderfully. The stock eat the meal, but it is not good, because it spoils the milk, unless you mix other things with it. . . . . Your little wife has become a great spinster. Jane and Lucy and I carded, spun, and wove, not only stuffs for the hands, but heaps beside. The blockade is so bad, as I said, and the poor people just starving and in rags. McCandless, at the store, is so hard, I just thought I would try a little plan. I sold the soldiers' wives the cloth *very cheap*. Why not give? O, that is so like a silly man! Because I took the little money, and Mr. Melden the preacher, who is a very good man, and not at all like the last you disliked so much, and — O yes! Mr. Melden's brother got me some sugar, coffee, etc., for the poor people with the money. I declare, what a funny sentence that is! Never mind. You know what I mean, and I am in a hurry now. But McCandless is as mad about it, you *don't know;* and the poor creatures seem to think I am making money at it somehow. . . . . As to the sale of cotton, the business — I don't know how to spell 'business,' no more than I do 'receive' and 'believe,' or which letter is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first. So I crook the 's' just the least little bit, and the 'i' the least little bit, and put the dot above the middle of them. If you don't fix it right, it is your bad spelling, not mine."

Then she instructed him about the care of his health, in which, we may know, the quinine and little pills were not forgotten. "I know," she said, "that soldiers must get wet; but whenever you do, as soon as you get to your tent, *change everything to the skin*, and have Floyd rub you *hard* with a *coarse dry towel. Don't neglect this.*" She was glad to hear "he had been promoted for gallantry, and was a sergeant"; then she closed in simple expressions of love and prayers, so dear to the yearning absent.

At rare intervals letters came from him. Sometimes a batch, and then one or two stragglers, and then silence till the next opportunity. The mail facilities (?) in the Confederacy were a ridiculous failure at the best. Once old Mr. Sambre, a neighbor, found her frowning over a piece of information in one of these letters. He was a licensed grumbler, and went on, as usual, this morning till he attracted her attention.

"I am afraid," said he, hitching his discontent to some disconnected remarks, — "I am afraid we have not gained much by this cruel Rebellion."

At another time she would have rebuked the expression and argued the point; but she had her own private wrong to brood over. "This cruel Rebellion," he continued. "We are taxed this side and t' other. We did n't usen to have it, and had n't ought to now. Now the government," with a stress on the last syllable, "is a goin' for to take our cotton, callin' of it a loan. Loan indeed! it 's mighty like old-fashioned stealin'. I heered say this is the rich man's war, an' the poor man's fight. It 's a sight wuss. It 's the poor man's pay, too."

"Mr. Sambre," said Lucy, rallying, "suppose you were to ask Mr. McCandless, down at the store, to buy you a certain article in New Orleans, and he did so, but the bill he presented for the goods was larger than you expected; would you refuse to pay?"

"That I would," said he, triumphantly. "I tell you, Miss Lanfranc, — Mrs. Shandy, I mean, — I would n't trust that thar McCandless furder 'n you could throw a bull by the tail."

"But," said Lucy, trying to save her illustration, "if McCandless was an honest man, would n't you pay?"

"I dunno; more 'n likely I 'd have to. But," he added stoutly, "I 'd grumble like the Devil."

"Well, well," said Lucy, "we 'll just have to let you and such as you grumble and pay."

"But I want to be gittin' what I done told McCandless to git. He may have went * and spent it for somethin' else, like that dern lickin' our government 's done got up in Kantuck," growled the irrepressible.

"What do you mean?" said Lucy. "Have you any late news?"

"You done heered how Zollicoffer 's got licked, an' we got licked at Donelson, and somebody 's done got licked som'er's else I dunno whar. They ain't none of 'em wuth a cuss, them ginirals. Ginrl Jackson 'd tie the whole of 'em up in a bag and lick the hindsights off 'n 'em. They don't put up the right min as officers; that 's what 's the matter," said the old man.

"I do not doubt you are right," said Lucy. "Would you believe it, there is my husband, Victor Shandy, only a sergeant? I don't know what that is, but it is neither suited to his position in society, nor abilities." And she believed this neglect was fruitful of all the disasters.

"A sergeant, more partickler, a ordurely sergeant," replied the old man, with a Southern softening of the vowel, "ain't bad. I was a ordurely sergeant myself once 't at the mustah."

But Lucy did not hear him. She had gone to order the pony carriage, for a

* In the South, the lower classes have no use for the participle "gone" except as an auxiliary in such a string of pearls as "done been gone done it." "Might have went" is the common expression.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visit to the post-office, and was soon on her way.

The storekeeper was lounging with the customary idlers of such a place when she entered, and he showed his insolent dislike by the tardiness of his answer to her call.

"My mail," said she, impatiently.

He lounged over the counter, reaching one arm blindly to the letter-boxes, as he spoke.

"And so Sandy 's left you, ma'am."

"My mail," she said.

"Sandy was a forehanded man with craps. It 's moighty tight ye bin wid him, when you drav him aff," said he, with familiar impertinence.

"Sandy is a true man," said Lucy, flushing. "He went to share the dangers, as he shared the bread of this people. He would have scorned to make a profit out of their hardships. It is more than you can say of yourself, I fear, Mr. McCandless."

It provoked the wretch to a last piece of cruel impertinence. "Sure an' ye did n't see your husband's cousin, Misther John Shandy, as is come to take possission av the estate, now poor Vicky 's dead."

"You lie, McCandless," said a mild voice at variance with the words; "but, ma'am, I am your husband's cousin."

She turned, and saw a small man with one leg much distorted, that rested on a crutch. He was sallow and homely, quite a common-looking man, but the face, Lucy thought, was not a bad face, as he stood looking straight at her.

"I have heard my husband speak of you," she said. "What does this man mean?"

"Never mind his meaning," said he. "What he says of Victor, as well as of me, is, no doubt, false. If you will bring your mail into Mrs. McCandless's sitting-room, I will explain."

He asked her, when they were seated, if her mail contained any letter from her husband; and, being answered in the negative, he explained that there had been a great battle at Shiloh, near Pittsburg Landing, by which the enemy's advance was checked, but at the expense of a heavy loss in officers and men. A partial list of the casualties had been published, and Victor's name was not included in it; and he showed her the paper. "I am very thankful," said she, "both for the victory, and that my husband has been spared. What, then, did that man mean?"

"O, nothing," said he; "only it had been suggested that one name, 'W. Sanders, sergeant,' might be a misprint for 'V. Shandy,' as the former name was not remembered among the roll of the company that was familiar to the neighborhood."

"It is true, Victor is a sergeant," said the wife.

"Very true; but such a mistake is not probable. Sanders is a common name; the regiment has been out eighteen months or more, and has doubtless recruited much. I would be willing to bet," said he, "that it has picked up half a dozen Sanders in that time, and this poor fellow is one of them. It would be a very morbid feeling, ma'am, from the very list that assures you that your husband is not hurt, to infer that he actually has been killed."

In this way, reasoning and explaining, he assured the wife, till she was happy.

"Come," said she, "you must go with me to 'The Bucks,' and explain this to his mother as kindly as you have to me, and then dine with me at Malvoisee. Victor used to talk a great deal of you, and I almost seem to know you well."

CHAPTER III.

As the two, Lucy and her cousin, came through the shop, McCandless half lounged over his counter, and leered, mocking, at the contrasted couple; she was so straight, slender, and graceful; and he so deformed and ungainly, as he labored and rattled on his crutch at her side.

"A purty sight to see pride have a fall, and fast Lou Longfrank with no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beau but a damn lame fiddler," said the storekeeper, as they passed out to the carriage. It was gross and offensive. John Shandy, after assisting his cousin into her carriage, had turned, when she spoke.

"Come in," she said; "you are to go with me to ma, you know. Never mind that wretch. La! do you think I would break my parasol at Mrs. McCandless's poodle, — it is an ugly little vermin, and so is he, — because it barks at me? Remember Dr. Watts's

> 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite;
> It is their nature too.'"

"And — and," hesitated he, "these poor limbs were never made to tear his eyes; but I think my heart is ready to wish it."

"O yes, come on; and we'll wish him all to pieces, if you like! No harm in that, I hope. But seeing ma is the first thing."

"Yes," said he, following; "that is first. We will go." And he followed her. The subject was not immediately dropped after they drove off, and he, hesitatingly, referred to his lameness, upon which McCandless had presumed.

"Very like," said she; "I did n't think of that." And the remark soothed and pleased him.

One of the most painful reflections to the deformed must be the thought that their defect is in the mind of others with them; and so Lucy's casual rejoinder was pleasant to him.

In the store, old Mr. Sambre, who had followed Lucy to the post-office, spoke a word of caution.

"Now you've done been gone done it."

"Done what?" said McCandless.

"Jist sowed a crap o' hell-fire in the best sile in —— County, I reckon," replied the old man.

"What, that gal? Divil a bit do I care," said McCandless.

"Mebbe not," said the other; "but 't ain't the gal this time. Them Shandys is gunpowder. Mighty cool and shiny ef you let 'em alone, but a spark sets 'em all off."

"What, the lame fiddler! I 'd straighten his cruked leg aisier than moy little finger," said the storekeeper, contemptuously.

"Yes, an' git a mahogany bedstead in a doing of it," said Sambre. And with this figurative description of our last narrow couch, the conversation closed.

But John Shandy did not dine at Malvoisee that day. He went to his humble apartments, and, after writing some letters, he sat and thought. That day a lady had been grossly insulted in his presence and through him, and he had suffered the insult to pass unrebuked. He wished now he had spoken in reply; the matter might have ended in words, but it was too late for that. It was hard that this should come upon him. He had never felt his physical defects so keenly. His life, as he reviewed it, had been one of trial, but nothing like this. His new cousin was so kind to him, and her cool, fresh voice like water-brooks in a dry and thirsty land. Others of her sex had been kind; they were all kind in their way; but the way was out of pity for his lameness, and because he was something different and less than other men. Lucy had been kind, forgetful of his physical defects, and because she seemed to regard him as one different and better than his kind; something near to herself, and to be cherished accordingly. And this one woman of all the world had been repeatedly, and at last brutally, insulted in his presence, and by a reflection that aspersed his manhood.

He took a pistol from his trunk, cleaned and oiled it, and then reloaded it carefully, after trying the lock. He then sent out and got a bottle of liquor, of which he drank once, as a feverish man drinks water. He then dressed himself with great care, and sat down to think. His thoughts were very, very painful, for he soon lay on the bed crying like a child; but he arose afterwards, resolved.

He was about to leave the room, when his violin-case caught his eye. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned back, and taking the instrument tenderly, as if he loved it, he began to play. An inspiration, such as musicians will recognize as coming strangely at times, was upon him, and the strings yielded a soft bugle-like melody, so low and sweet, to his wish. Dear old farewell airs, suggested less, he thought, by himself than the violin, came marvellously to him, though he had not played them before for years. The music wailed and sobbed, and clung like a child to the bow and strings, as if loath to part. He heard the whispering voices of little children at the door, listening to the low, charmed melody, and he remembered his own sad, solitary childhood. Then the tender violin seemed to whisper rebukingly its early love and companionship. Yes, it had been his only friend, his only adviser, his only comforter. He remembered when his small hand could scarcely enclose the neck and finger the strings, and how he had struggled and toiled to learn that mysterious language, the melodious tongue spoken in the violin. He had learned it; and he and the old violin, growing sweeter in companionship as the years rolled on, had talked many whispered secrets together, in the sweet, sad times. But it would never be so again; and the violin wailed its sorrow with unspeakable tenderness. He tried again and again to put it down, but again and again the pleading old love conquered, in increasing melody. But it must be done. This violin was to him a pure, angelic spirit. It was the voice of innocence out of the heavens, enclosed in the dry wood and tender strings. He might do what he was resolved to do, what he knew he had to do; but he could not return and lay his stained hand upon his violin again.

It was with a great effort he ceased, and, beginning at the treble, turned and stretched each string till it snapped with ringing jar; and, laying the violin in its case, like a poor babe in its little coffin, he burst into a passion of tears. All was over. All ties to the past were broken with the sweet strings, and the future purpose was fixed. He gave a lingering look at the room and its furniture. He felt that, though he should see it a thousand times hereafter, it would never again look to him as now, never as it had looked to him in the past. His life there had not been happy, but it made him inexpressibly sad to know that he was parting with that life forever.

Strange to say, in all these meditations over what he was resolved to do, and its consequences, no thought of danger to himself had occurred to him. Weak, deformed, and unused to events requiring prompt and decisive action, and with an impossibly chivalrous conduct for his guidance, planned beforehand, the thought of any fatal result to himself never crossed his mind. Under these influences, therefore, he paused once more, pistol in hand, at the door, and looked back. It was John Shandy's farewell to his old life.

He crossed the street, walking straight to McCandless's door. The bully stood on the stoop, but turned hastily and went in, as he saw the lame man, and passed round the counter to his desk. By it stood his double-barrelled gun, heavily loaded. His hand was on it, but Shandy spoke: "You scoundrel, do you insult a lady?" And the pistol cracked, McCandless dropped, and a crowd rushed around. John Shandy surrendered, and was held in custody, waiting the result of the wound, reported critical and very dangerous.

In the mean while Lucy, unconscious of the desperate resolution taken by the lame man, thought only of his kindness to her. "Just like Victor," she said to herself, "and his voice is like Victor's; just that pitch of pliant, watchful tenderness, as if it had been schooled in soothing little children, and yet the words so calm, wise, and firm, so cool and reasonable. It would have been hard to receive the mean stab of that wretch McCandless, had not he been there." And then she thought indignantly of the offensive manner and last studied insult of the storekeeper, and,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clinching her little hands, she thought of her absent protector.

Then, at the moment, she heard the news that she was avenged. It shocked her. It seemed as if some evil power had granted the last wicked wish in her mind; and then she thought of her avenger less kindly than before he did this deed, or than if it had been undone Still she thought of him, and remembered that duty, perhaps, required something of her. She went to her mother, Mrs. Shandy, and the two visited the prisoner.

As McCandless recovered, Shandy was admitted to bail, on the bond of his aunt and cousin, and was free, but not the same man as before. He had received a great shock, and kept aloof more than ever. When his cousin saw it, she endeavored to comfort and cheer him, but he remained silent and depressed.

But a sorrow was coming to his comforter. John Shandy one day recognized an old schoolmate in a disabled soldier, and inquired the news.

"Nothing since Shiloh," said he. "I suppose you heard of your cousin Victor's death. Poor fellow! he got his lieutenancy the day before he fell."

"Victor dead! I will not believe it," said John Shandy.

"He 's dead, all the same. I saw him. We fell together. I left this other fellow," pointing to his leg, "and poor Vic got a charge o' grape right here," pointing to his breast, said the soldier.

"Was he killed instantly?" asked Shandy.

"Well, no; we fell near together, I said. He sent some words of love and that sort of thing to his wife, and then went off. Indeed, I can't say I saw him die, exactly, for this cursed bone was grinding me, and I sort o' fainted; but that was the last o' him," was the reply.

"Poor Vic! and have you told his wife?" said Shandy.

"Ne'er a time, at least not yet; want you to go 'long and sort o' reinforce me. It 's a bad job," said the other.

"No," said John, "you must go. It is better. She has been very good to me, and it will break her heart. I may see aunt, and break it to her. That is bad enough."

Poor Lucy! To lose the beloved in the waning years is hard; but then the comfort is in the brief separation. One has only gone before to prepare a place for the other that will soon come. But to lose such, in the green and bourgeon of wedded life, is the fulness of woe. She thought of her youth and vigor pityingly, as another might lament old age and feebleness. It must be so long, so long bef re she saw him again. But yesterday, she vainly thought, she was living for him, and all she did was for him; but now, her work was done! If it only could be for an instant; if she could only close his eyes, and perform the last offices of love for him, that would be sweet; but she could do nothing for him any more. It was all done now, and ended.

Yesterday, and for him, she loved this life with its hardships and trials, for it was Victor's life. She had loved to adorn her person and cherish it for his sake. Now it wearied her. This corporeal frame had been her servant, to do her will, to please her husband. She had loved its beauty, and cherished and cultivated its endowments, for his sake. Now this servant had become her terrible master. It willed for her to live, and she lived. It willed for her to toil and suffer, and she toiled and suffered unrewarded. Nothing she did was for herself; nothing she ever did hereafter could be for herself; all was for this stern, relentless body. It made her live, when she would be away and at rest. It made her toil and plan and suffer; it hungered and thirsted; it froze and burned; it was never satisfied. She came to think of it as her deadly enemy; cruel, relentless, and persecuting, fastened upon her by chains she dared not break. She prayed to be released from it; prayed also, poor child, that she might be able to see God's love still shining from his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cross. We will not doubt the Comforter came.

A second sorrow, for a time, did her good, in raising her out of the selfishness of grief. Poor Mrs. Shandy, Victor's mother, did not long survive the shock of her son's death. She lived to bless her daughter and her nephew, at her bedside, and, smiling recognition of the loved in heaven, she passed away and was at peace.

After his aunt's funeral, John Shandy, oppressed with his own sorrows, and driven by the sordid cares of earning a hard living, kept away from the widow, his cousin. She had borne up well in the care of her mother-in-law, and John Shandy was unaware of the extent of her dejection. He chanced, however, to meet the village physician, and learned with a shock of her condition.

"Does she talk much," at last Shandy asked, "I mean about Victor?"

"Victor? oh! ah! yes! No, that topic is forbidden. It is dwelling upon that which saps her vital energies. Possibly we cannot minister to a mind diseased; but avoiding injurious topics, we can afford the light, cheerful food of gossip, the news of the day, and so enable the mind to achieve its own cure."

"Throw physic to the dogs," muttered John Shandy, as he thought of the doctors talking gossip and twaddle to such a patient, and he hobbled off.

Black Lucy,* the maid of the poor little widow, admitted him. "How is your mistress?" asked John Shandy.

"Lord! Mass John, she 's jis a peekin' and a pinin' away; dat she is!" answered the maid.

"Does she talk much about her husband?" he asked.

"'Bout Mass Vic; bress de Lord, no! Doctor done said, not. She jis lay on de bed a lookin' and a lookin' at Mass Vic's picter oba de mankel-shel all de time"; and so leading to the sitting-room, she announced, "Mass John done come."

Lucy was lying on a little sociable, or sofa, as he entered. She rose to meet him, and spoke indifferent words of welcome. She had thought of John Shandy, in an idle way, in her grief, even wondering that, as her husband's nearest relative, he had not come to her. With the curious selfishness of sorrow, she had even taken a little comfort in the thought that he had deserted her. Grief does so like to multiply and isolate itself sometimes. But now he had come and was welcome.

He gradually and easily led the conversation to Victor Shandy, bringing up reminiscences of his school-days and his generosity and kindness. Then he told of his earlier manhood and struggles, and how bravely he had faced misfortune and borne it down. He spoke of his love for his mother, and finally of his love and devotion to Lucy. Her memory and her love responded in the story of his enlistment, and of his generous love. So the two twined threads of tender recollection around the gallantry and gentleness of the dead; and when the thought of the noble close of that brief precious life was reached, Lucy could whisper of it,

> "It is not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

She realized how rich she was in having won so precious a love, and worn it, and she was comforted. When John Shandy arose to go she thanked him, expressing her gratitude in few and simple words. She asked him to remain, at least a few days, and act for her on the farm. He consented, and finally it was settled that he was to live at "The Bucks," which place, Lucy, backed by her lawyer, declared to be his. On this point he resisted, but Victor's death preceding his mother's, the estate had never vested in Victor, but had gone directly to John Shandy. So John Shandy took "The Bucks," and assisted in the management of both places.

* It was amusing, on a large plantation, to observe the curious cognomens arising from the habit of the negroes of naming their offspring after a favorite in the planter's family. There would be, for example, a "Black Lucy," "Yellow Lucy," "Jane's Lucy," "Sarah's Lucy," and so *ad infinitum*. But this was more amusing when a "Little Jim" stood before you, six feet and over, and heavy in proportion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR with its alleviations passed slowly over the two in their new relations, adjusting them in their habits and peculiarities, each to the other. The widow felt that John Shandy's presence was under the providential will of Him who cares for the widow; and John Shandy acknowledged a growth and purpose in life that made it valuable. A very dear secret had formed itself slowly in his heart, and diffused its delicious poison over the feeble frame of the lame man; but he never spoke of it or hinted it to a creature in the world, not even to the long-neglected violin. If it was known at all, it was marred; if it was told to one other, it was converted into a pain. It was his own and only his, and of its existence the widow was as unconscious as are the living of the good angels guarding them.

One morning these two were in consultation, when Black Lucy announced, in customary phrase, "Miss Lucy, de sogers done come."

It proved to be an agent of the Confederate government, levying the cotton loan. When Lucy understood, she said, "Mr. Shandy will wait upon you; take what you please, or all, if you please, and God prosper the cause that has the widow's offering."

Others were not so liberal. McCandless, defeated in the prosecution of John Shandy, had gone on prospering in other affairs, as such men did during the war. He now owned one or two large plantations, and had a large stock of cotton on hand, collected in his business. He tried various artifices to escape the levy, but to no purpose.

"I am a subject of Quane Victory's," said he, as if the name of that mighty potentate was enough.

"Confound 'Quane Victory,' she 's been a little too much on the other side. We don't want you, but the cotton." And the cotton he would have; and it was duly taken and placed under a small guard for removal the following week.

McCandless, however, did not give up so readily. It is supposed, from events, that he betrayed the seizure to the Federal forces hovering near, and also that he sought, at the same time, other revenges on those he hated.

A few nights later Lucy was wakened by a loud knocking, and Lucy, her maid, entered and said, "Bress de Lord, miss, de Yankees done come." These were visitors that would not take denial. She rose and went to the small drawing-room. A soldier in blue entered and bowed, speaking at once, coldly and clearly: "My name is E——. I am an officer in the Union Army, detailed to protect the seizure of certain confiscated cotton on your premises. I have taken your teams, and employed your farm-hands in its removal. It is also my painful duty to arrest one John Shandy, a Rebel spy, harbored or concealed about these premises."

"Did you arouse me, sir, to tell me you had robbed me of my cotton, stock, and slaves, and intended to murder my cousin?" said the widow, coldly.

"I waked you to let you know my duty so far as it affected you. Deliver up the spy, and it may be in your favor at head-quarters," said he.

"I reject your bribe; do your worst," said she, stoutly.

The officer turned to the maid, that stood looking ashy pale at the scene. "Where is John Shandy?" he asked, sharply.

"Don't you tell," said Lucy to her.

"Lord, miss, how 'd I know, ef he ain't down at De Bucks," stammered the maid.

"We will find him," said the officer; and, as Lucy prayerfully hoped he would not, she heard the threats of the soldiery, as they searched, to hang her cousin at her door-porch. She would have spoken again bitterly, but just then, rising over the tramp of feet and the shouting, she heard the musical droll of a fiddle, and an irresistibly comical voice singing, —

"He who hath any peanuts
And giveth his neighbor none,
Sha' n't have none o' my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the violin drolly re-echoed "pea-ea-ea-nuts", in mocking treble. The house shook with the shouts and laughter of the delighted soldiery. As the violinist entered the room his instrument concluded with the long yawn and dissatisfied growl of a person newly aroused.

"Humph!" said the officer, trying to appear grave amid the clamor, and looking at the player's feet. "We have got the Devil here, hoofs and all; who else are you, sir? Come, you seem to be a jolly dog. What 's this McCandless has told about you? You don't look like a dangerous spy, at all events," said the officer.

An explanation followed; and the officer remained for some time, and John Shandy touched his violin in a different strain. Such sweet old airs as "Bonnie Doon," the "Braes of Balquhidder," "Dumbarton's Belle," and "Annie Laurie" softened the heart towards the singer. "Let me speak to Mrs. Shandy a moment," said the officer; and, when Shandy had left the room, he added, "This is a bad business. I don't like it. It will not hurt Shandy. I will take care of that, but it will cost him some trouble. Of course, I must put him in custody as soon as he returns."

Lucy smiled and said nothing; but I think she and the Federal soldier had one thought in common, — that John Shandy would not fall in the way again that night.

It vexed her, therefore, to meet her cousin, after the officer had gone out. "What are you doing here?" she said. "Why don't you go?"

He replied, "Go! where am I to go? I heard, down in the village, of your danger and I came. I must stay till it is over." He did stay, but the party left without seeing him again. Perhaps purposely.

She censured his rashness the next morning, and more when she understood that he had information, at the time, of bribes and whiskey given by McCandless to the men, to inflame them to execute him at her door. "You might have been killed, and what could I do without you?" she said, piteously.

The words thrilled him inexpressibly. Nor was his devotion lost upon Lucy. He was so brave, so rash, and yet so ready in resource; his violin, so long neglected, had doubtless saved him. But there were other matters to demand attention.

It was found, the next morning, that a great part of the able-bodied slaves had gone off with the Federal soldiers. Part of the teams were taken, but with what remained, and the negroes, Lucy and John Shandy thought they could still manage to save the crop. It was the first shock of the battery against the "peculiar institution," and it was felt severely there as elsewhere; the first crumbling of that huge fabric whose ruin crushed, for a time, beneath its weight, the energy and productive wealth of the South.

But the disorder among the slaves was not the only evil of this period. A bandit of the neighborhood had spread a terror that the false security of a home-guard company had increased. This holiday troop, having feasted and frolicked as "our defenders," and having been petted by the girls, who, poor creatures, in the absence of the real article, were fain to amuse themselves playing with these wooden soldiers, was one day bagged by the bandit, and ridiculously paroled "not to take up arms." After this, the violence and terror increased until John Shandy could bear it no more, and set out for the nearest Confederate military post to obtain efficient protection.

Very many things of another character had occurred to try John Shandy's spirit at this time. While his fair mistress did not absolutely "go into society," she began to receive attentions. Sturdy widowers came and talked crops and the difficulty of conducting a plantation without proper female guidance. Gay Confederate soldiers at home on leave courted her desperately, with professional audacity, for twenty-four hours on a stretch. Lucy would say,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after such visits, how wretched she was, and do a sort of "hour's penance" before poor Victor Shandy's picture. One day the maid rebuked her in this way: —

"Why is you wretched? You 's got everything. Everybody jis say, Poor Lucy! 'cause Mass Vic done gone and got hisself shot, and dey all fusses oba you. I think I 'se a heap wretcheder." And the maid mightily bemoaned herself.

"You!" said Lucy, opening her eyes, "why, what makes you wretched?"

"All 'cause o' dat nigger Floyd, went off wid Mass Vic," said the girl.

"Floyd! Victor's servant! Why, he is not killed too, is he?" asked the mistress.

"No, miss, and dat 's jis what 's de matter. Ef Floyd done got hisself killed, everybody 'd say, 'See dat po' brack chile! Her beau done got hisself shot,' and de wimmen, and de brack genelem too, be a-comin' mighty sorry for dis po' gal. But now, Lord bress ye! dey say, 'See dat little nigga mopin' da, jis 'cause Mass Vic's Floyd done gone off an' lef' her, an' got married to some white gal up Norf.'" And the maid sobbed with honest vexation.

"You need n't fear," said Lucy, "the Northern ladies are very far from marrying one of your color."

"Yes," sobbed the maid, "but dem niggas ses it all de same. Bet dat nigga Floyd done run de fus' gun," she added fiercely.

Lucy slightly modified her conduct after this. She no longer received suitors as such; but her pastor began to be particular in his attentions, the gossips said. This was the Mr. Melden mentioned in one of Lucy's letters. He was a quiet, scholarly young man, living with his widowed mother in the village parsonage. He had been driven from New Orleans, and had found his way to this quiet retreat. As an accomplished, though rather pedantic student, but more especially as her pastor, he was made welcome to Lucy's house and table, and many a symposium was spread for him. His mother sometimes accompanied him, and quiet tea-drinkings took place, at which there was some serious love-making of a very proper character.

One of these pleasant repasts was suddenly interrupted by a shocking occurrence of imminent peril to the pretty widow, as well as to her serious lover. They were just seated and the usual grace pronounced, when there came a violent knocking, and the maid burst in, pale as ashes. "Lord! miss," she screamed, "dem debbils done come."

No need of further announcement. A stalwart ruffian, girt with pistols, stood in the door.*

"Sorry I 'm so dern late; knowed I was expected to grub too. O, don't mind me, I ain't petickler who I eats with! Jack, straighten that thar fellow, he 's a fallin' off 'n his cheer."

Mr. Melden looked scared, and drew back. Lucy looked cold and pale. "What does this mean?" she asked.

"Hell!" said he, briefly; "coffee, marm, and git out your liquor."

Lucy rose from the table. "Stop right thar; durs n't move out 'n your tracks," said the bandit, rising.

She attempted to escape. He caught her in his rude arms, and pressed her lips with coarse, hot kisses. "Mr. Melden," she screamed, "are you a man?"

"I — I am a minister of the Gospel. God alone can deliver us from this per-

* A villain capable of the acts narrated in the text operated, in Lower and Middle Mississippi, during the war, and actually captured and paroled a local guard, raised to repress his outrages. He was finally captured with his band by Major O. P. Preston, C. S. A. That gallant and wary officer avoided the imprudent snare furnished by the planters, which betrayed the unlucky local guard, by remaining in camp, steadfastly declining the hospitalities of the neighborhood, and pursuing the search through active and trusted scouts. In a few days two of these reported the discovery of the outlaw's retreat, in the dense thicket of a cane-brake, approachable by secret paths, known only to the outlaws. These had been discovered and threaded by the scouts, and by dawn, under their guidance, the Major and his men penetrated the secluded recesses of the jungle, and surprised the banditti, plunged in the lethargy sequent upon debauch. The Confederate laid his hand upon the throat of their leader, Price, as he lay with his concubines, his adjacent arms having been removed. The bandit's only remark, with an oath, on discovery of the situation, was, "Well, by ——, you got me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

il," said the startled priest. But Lucy at last broke away and fled.

"By Joe, she 's a game one. Jack, lock that outer door. She 's safe now, I reckon," said the ruffian. "Gal," to the colored girl, "go in to your missis, an' fix her up; she 's goin' to git married. I 've come a purpose, and so 's the preacher here." Then a scene took place between the minister and the bandit; the one swearing the other should perform a sort of ceremony over his horrid purpose; and the other, who had recovered his firmness, refusing, amid the coarse jests of the ruffians, and the frantic cries and appeals of the mother. The bandit persisted, swearing he "had had handmaids, like them patriarchs Jacob and Joseph and them," but now he was going to have a wife, "ef it was only to settle down, after fightin' and fun was over, and be a honest man."

This contest gave our heroine time. At first she was paralyzed with terror, and her womanly horror of the man.

"Lucy," she said to her maid, when she understood his purpose, "what shall we do? We must escape from this place."

"De Lord knows how! Dis door done locked; dey 's all in de dinin'-room, and dey ain't no udder," said the scared negress.

"Stay," said Lucy, "the Lord *will* provide." And she opened a third door, and went in, the maid following.

The house was originally constructed on the usual plan of Southern country houses, with a gallery in front, on which a small room had been closed in. This, in her school-days, had been Lucy's room; but the random addition of other apartments had made it superfluous as a chamber, and, for convenience, it had been converted into a clothes-room. The walls were hung with the garments of three generations. Opposite the door was a huge press, closing the window. The shutter was closed without, and likely to be overlooked; especially as the ruffians had complete information of the plan of the house and of the use to which the small room had been put. Lucy tore out the clothing, and shook the loose, thin backing of the press, till it fell out, to one side. There was no sash, and the half-rotted shutter yielded to a steady push. Lucy peeped out. A large live-oak obscured the opening, and the figures, plainly visible by the torches that blinded the bearers, were distinctly to be seen. "Fasten the outer and inner door, while I get two cloaks. Throw them out, now be quiet." And the two were without.

The torches of the ruffians were an advantage. Avoiding the light, they reached the garden. "Where shall we go now?" said Lucy; "I see a sentinel on the road above and below, and even one on the spring walk."

"Lord! miss, why d'n't I think," said the maid, excitedly, "we 's safe; come dissa way."

"Where are you going?" asked Lucy, following.

"Bress de Lord, jes to think, I 's been here a many a time when de niggas used to run away, totin' 'em vittles," said the maid, hurrying on.

"You, Lucy?" But it was no time to discuss the fugitive-slave question. The way was rough; through oak scrub and palmetto brush, and gradually descending. The earth grew moist under foot; and then the water rose over their shoes, over their ankles, up to their knees. Then the ground ascended a little, and they got among tangled jasmine-vines and green brier; they stumbled over the cypress knees, the foliage getting heavier and denser; and the long drapery of Spanish moss hung lower and lower, trailing the ground from the boughs above. They turned, and, with eyes used to the gloom, discovered themselves to be in a sort of hut, roofed with the broad fans of palmetto.

The maid, whose evening task of lighting lamps supplied her with matches, lighted a small fire of dried leaves and tinder. The girls sat trembling, hearing in the distance the shouts of the bandits. "Are n't you afraid the light will betray us?" asked Lucy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lord no! dey ain't nuffin kin fine us but dogs; and Massa Earle * done kill all dem," said the girl.

"That is true; I never expected to be glad that poor Tray and Blanche were shot," said Lucy, thankfully.

They sat for some time, and the night slowly waned. At length Lucy said with a yawn, "Are you sure we 're safe, Lucy? Do you know, I 'm right down sleepy."

"Dar 's de bed," said the maid, pointing to a low couch of Spanish moss, in one corner; "jis wrap up in ole mas'r's cloak. Lord, miss, you 's jis as safe as — as — "

"Don't say Lord, always Lucy," said her mistress. "When you don't say it in prayer, it sounds like — like it was in something else." And with this characteristic admonition, the tired little widow fell asleep.

* Earle was a gallant and daring officer belonging to the provost marshal's cavalry division of the United States Army, operating in the counties lying around New Orleans. He was of Scotch parentage, the son of a commission merchant of that city, and gave an earnest and active support to the Federal cause. His feats, as narrated to the writer by a valiant adversary in the Confederate Army, would read like the prowess of the pristine days of chivalry. Having at his command a small steamer, he moved with rapidity, and, hearing of detachments of Confederate troops within his reach and compass, he would land and burst upon them with all the vigor of freshness and surprise. Although much employed in the seizure of cotton, he coveted and sought the renown due to bold and martial deeds. One of these was a charge, with only twelve men, on Colonel Griffin's Battalion, C. S. A., lying in camp in Claiborne County, opposite Rodney, Mississippi. A vigorous pursuit by the whole command resulted, and Earle was, with difficulty, headed off and captured in a lane. Sent in charge of a squad to the provost marshal, he escaped on the way. But the following morning two of his pursuers came upon him breakfasting at a farm-house. Earle started to his feet as they entered, and, interposing a young lady attending between him and the guns of his pursuers, he made his escape. Dogs having been put upon his track, he was retaken, and upon this occasion he adopted the resolution that resulted in the circumstance mentioned in the text, and so faithfully kept the vow, after his escape, that for a region of two hundred miles the bark of a dog became as rare as the wolf's howl.

Sent with a double guard to the provost marshal's he accepted parole for the town of Clinton, but, his delivery at Richmond having been ordered, he jumped from the train between Branden and Meridian, Mississippi, and made his escape, to renew his activity and put in execution his resolution. At last he met a soldier's death in the town of Fayette, Jefferson County, Mississippi. He had heard of the presence of a rival Confederate partisan therein, and charged the town. His rival, Sergeant Smith, was there with a comrade, who fled. Smith awaited the charge, behind a street-corner, and fired as Earle rode down. The latter fell, and his command scattered. He was conveyed to a neighboring house, and lingered till evening, when the bold life closed, and he was laid to rest under the flowers of a little garden by his kindly enemies, enemies no more. Earle was about five feet ten inches in height, of sandy hair and complexion, and wore beard and mustache of like hue. His eyes were small and gray.

Will Wallace Harney.

DESTINY.

THREE roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like snow on snow, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

T. B. Aldrich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK DOGS.

WATERTON, the traveller, writing in 1824, says that he observed very few dogs in the streets of New York. Had he lived to visit us in these later days, he might rather have expressed his surprise at the number and variety of canine specimens with which the city is overstocked. From the aristocratic Italian greyhound of the fashionable avenues, to the mongrel cur of Mackerelville, nearly every kind of dog known to fanciers of the canine race is here represented. Dogs are so numerous in New York, indeed, that they have already become a nuisance. Not long since, a cry was raised against them in the newspapers. The presence of dogs in large numbers was said to be deleterious to health in large cities, and the matter was deemed of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the Board of Health, though it does not appear that any steps in regard to it have yet been taken by that body. In addition to the heinous crime of hydrophobia, for which the four-legged "friend of man" has long been an object of mistrust, sundry new charges were brought against him, some detractors averring that an effluvium exhaling from dogs bears disease upon its wings, so that, at last, weak-minded people began to look upon Ponto's kennel in the back yard as a very Pandora's box of maladies too numerous and appalling to be contemplated without terror.

Although there is nothing that can properly be called pastoral in the features of New York, yet it is a fact that dwellers in that city have sometimes opportunities afforded them of studying the habits of one of the most pastoral as well as sagacious of the canine family, — the "colley," or Scotch sheep-dog. Through certain streets of the city drovers are allowed to pass with their cattle and sheep, on their way from rural districts to city slaughter-houses. Long before dawn of morning the stentorian "Hi! hi!" of the cattle-drovers and the shrill "Yap! yap!" of the ungentle shepherds, who urge their flocks onward to inevitable perdition by thus imitating the yelping of dogs, wake from their slumbers the vexed inhabitants of these streets. In some cases, though not often, the sheep-drovers are accompanied by genuine colleys, and it repays one (in summer at least) to travel from couch to window, and watch the intelligence and tact with which these sagacious creatures aid their masters in keeping the sheep together. Now one of them will run ahead to a cross-street, to prevent the sheep from straying from the right path. Another will busy himself with bringing up stragglers from the rear, — a duty in which he is of more use than half a dozen boys. A common feat with them, when a sheep bolts from the farther side of the flock, is to jump upon the backs of the sheep and run nimbly across upon what is, in fact, a cleverly improvised pontoon of mutton, although the drover probably never dreams of comparing it to any such thing. The pranks of these most professional of dogs call to mind the heath-clad hills of Scotia and her misty vales. Fancy easily conjures up the distant droning of bagpipes on the breeze. Deer-stalkers are dimly seen stalking along the distant ridge that cuts against the gray sky. Children of the mist gambol among the gorse and whins on the brae-side, while, naturally, a conspicuous figure in the foreground is the Ettrick shepherd, wrapped in his plaidie, and accompanied by that eccentric colley of his, who, when the family used to kneel down to prayer before retiring for the night, would gravely arise from his allotted place near the chimney-nook and place himself in the position of point-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the cat, that being, as he supposed, the act in which the other members of the family were engaged.

While walking in Central Park, a short time since, near one of the wide ranges over which sheep roam, my attention was attracted to the movements of a dog crouched in a rather suspicious attitude under a wayside seat a little in advance. As I approached he made several short *sorties* from his stronghold, barking furiously at me, and showing a determination to maintain his position or perish in the attempt. Passing on, without appearing to notice him, I could see that he was a Scotch sheep-dog, although somewhat singularly marked, his head and forequarters being white, and his hindquarters black. Another glance showed me a shepherd's crook leaning against the seat, and this at once accounted for the action of the dog, who had been left to watch it. A little farther on I met the shepherd himself, a small old Irishman, who was much pleased when I related the incident. "No one man," said he, "no, nor two, could take away that crook, nor anything else, from wherever I left it, so long as the colley was there to watch it."

Within a few years past huge Russian wolf-hounds are frequently to be seen in the streets of New York. The breed is said to have been brought originally from the Ural Mountains, where it is used for the protection of the sheepfolds. Some fine animals of this kind were kept, a few years since, by the proprietor of a cobwebby old drinking-cave in the lower part of the city. This place was a curiosity in its way. On the floor, which was covered with sawdust, barrels lay promiscuously about, as if helpless after a night's debauch, and these served as benches for sundry unaccountable men of the "loafer" class, who lounged there, apparently for a chance of being invited to drink. In a dusky room at the farther end of the bar, a more respectable class of customers was accommodated. In summer and winter alike, hot Scotch whiskey-punch, served in large goblets, was the staple of the place, and, as a sort of guaranty that one of the materials of that seductive beverage, at least, should be ready when called for, there was always a man seated upon a chair in the middle of the room, engaged in breaking into lumps a loaf of sugar placed upon another chair. In the bar-room, near the entrance door, a placard was posted, inscribed with the warning, "Do not speak to the Dog." This referred to a great wolf-hound of the Siberian breed, belonging to the proprietor of the place, who generally kept loose on the premises one of several maintained by him. Among them was a black and white one of immense size and remarkable symmetry. This animal was an especial terror to the loafers who used to lounge among the whiskey-barrels. If any of them indulged in loud talk, or showed a disposition to quarrel, the great watch-dog would rise from his lair by the stove, and saluting them with a growl suggestive of an approaching earthquake, and a show of teeth that might cover with humiliation a royal tiger of Bengal, would reduce them at once to silence, without any interference on the part of the proprietor or his assistants.

Like most overgrown creatures, many dogs of this variety, indeed most of them, are very deficient in symmetry, weakness of the hind-quarters especially being often observable in them. They are much esteemed by German butchers and beer-house keepers of sporting tendencies, who make money by breeding them for sale. A German brewery in the upper part of the city is guarded by several of these animals, which impart to it a very feudal and imposing appearance. Dogs of ordinary size display much terror when confronted by the Russian hounds. One morning, when passing through a city park, I saw a good-sized dog — a sort of mongrel setter — carrying a market-basket for a young woman. From a distance there came bounding down upon him one of the terrible hounds, four or five yards at a jump.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Immediately upon catching sight of him the dog with the basket let it drop, and fled howling away toward remote purlieus, while his assailant attacked the plunder, and would have made short work with the beefsteaks that formed a part of it, but for the strong wire muzzle with which his chops were confined. A dog of this breed is sometimes to be seen led about the streets of New York as an advertisement for a chiropodist or some such professional, whose name and address are marked upon the body-cloth worn by the animal.

In many parts of the city, and particularly along Broadway, dogs of several varieties are offered for sale. The regular dog-dealer of the sidewalk is usually, perhaps from association, a man of cynical expression, the inroads upon whose garments appear to have been made by rats or some such rodent vermin, rather than by the gentle though pernicious moth. He delivers himself of no "patter," like that of the sidewalk dealer in sundry small wares, but seems to rely for notice upon his dumb charges, whose beseeching glances at the passers of the street often bespeak attention and lead to business. He usually takes his station at a corner in some busy street, where he props himself in a convenient angle of architecture, or takes a seat on the plinth of the railing. Perhaps he has a couple of Newfoundland pups for sale, and the drollest of all the kinds offered by street dog-fanciers are they. Even when only two or three months old they are very large; far too heavy to be hawked about in arms, like some of the smaller breeds. The dealer conveys them in a large basket to the spot selected by him. Arrived there, he takes them from the basket, which he arranges so as to form a pedestal upon which to display them to the best advantage, and upon this they are seated bolt upright, faces well to the front. The queer, half-laughing, half-sleepy expression on the faces of these pups is very amusing. Whenever one of the young Newfoundlanders grows very drowsy, and shows a disposition to lie down, the dealer whips him up by the tail, and, holding him head downwards for a while, rubs his hair briskly against the grain, and then plumps him down again upon the basket, chucks him under the chin to make him hold his head up, and raps his absurdly thick legs with a switch to bring them out into proper position. And the pups take all this very quietly, never uttering a cry.

Snow-white pups of the Esquimaux and Spitz breeds, decorated with blue neckties, are often hawked for sale in the streets. These attract much notice from women, whose sympathies with the little dogs are perhaps enhanced by the bit of bright ribbon. Sometimes a tender-hearted female, usually French or German, will stop to kiss and fondle them. Although these demoiselles seldom buy dogs, yet the dealers are shrewd enough to encourage them in caressing the animals, knowing that it is a cheap and effective advertisement, and will eventually lead swains to purchase. From seven to ten dollars is a common price for an Esquimaux or Spitz pup, a few weeks old. The prices of Spitz dogs, however, appear to be regulated by their color, which varies through several shades. Pure white is the color most prized. Here, for instance, comes a boy leading a half-grown Spitz dog of a yellow or drab hue, his price for which is ten dollars. Next you meet a man with a snow-white dog of the same breed and size under his arm, and fifteen dollars is the least he will take for it. Fancy dogs possessing first-rate points, however, are not usually to be found for sale in the street. The dealers who have regular establishments keep a sharp lookout for such, and the prices obtained for them are much greater than those mentioned. One morning, in the Bowery, I saw a large Spitz dog of the pure white variety trotting demurely after his master, a German of the mechanic class. This dog attracted much notice from the fact of his having a meerschaum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pipe in his mouth. He held the pipe firmly between his teeth, and exactly as if he were an old smoker. Every now and then he would stop to look wistfully about him, or would trot over to a shop door, which impelled a comic street-boy to suggest that "the cuss was looking for a light." A dog of such remarkable social qualities as this one would probably be worth fifty dollars.

Among the rarer kinds of dogs occasionally met with in the streets of New York, few seem to be more out of place than the English greyhound, specimens of which are sometimes to be observed accompanying men of fashionable garb and leisurely deportment. This noble kind of dog must be greatly disgusted with city life and associations. The sight of the dead hares hung out by game-dealers on their door-posts must bring premature crow's-feet to the corners of his vigilant eyes, as he recalls to mind the breezy downs over which, in the good times that are passed, he used to course the long-legged hare of his native land. Here, in the great thundering city, he feels that he is an encumbrance and a drone. He is not a watch-dog, like the formidable wolf-hound or the wakeful terrier. His size precludes him from holding the position of a lapdog or parlor pet; and, as he does not affect the society of horses, the stable has not for him the allurements to which he had been accustomed in his well-remembered kennel beyond the sea. On these accounts the English greyhound, wherever encountered in New York, wears usually a sad and reproachful expression on his long, slender visage. In crowded Broadway he keeps close to his master's heels, with drooping head, and tail the depression of which indicates that of his harassed mind. It is rare to see a dog of this kind for sale in the streets. Here, in a fashionable thoroughfare, however, is a large and beautiful one, of a slate-blue color, held by a boy, a card affixed to his collar announcing that he is in the market, price forty dollars. On questioning his attendant, I am informed that the dog is an educated one, performing a variety of tricks. To satisfy myself of this, I get the address of the dog's owner, who keeps a tavern for mechanics in the neighborhood of Central Park. Happening to be in that quarter of the city a day or two later, I visit the place and am introduced to "Prince," whom I find to be a very docile and intelligent creature, and more familiar than is usual with greyhounds, which are generally of a reserved, not to say snappish, disposition. His feats were chiefly of the acrobatic kind, and he appeared to take much pride in the performance of them. Among other things he leaped over a stick held by his master at a height of five feet, and he also walked about with facility on his hind legs, in which position he was as tall as a man of average height.

Some years ago a prominent object in the city was a notorious quack doctor, dashing along the thoroughfares on a spotted horse, and accompanied by a brace of fine English greyhounds. This, of course, was by way of an advertisement; though envious persons used to say that the greyhounds were emblematical of the speed with which the "doctor" used to run his patients to earth.

Throughout the city there are many men who live by dealing in and doctoring dogs, and it is interesting to visit their establishments, which are generally underground. Some of them also have "dog-farms" in the country, where they keep their choicest dogs, bringing certain of them to town every day for show; at these places sportsmen often keep their pointers and setters at board. The city establishment is usually a dark, close cellar, pervaded by a pungent odor of dog. When one's eyes grow accustomed to a place of the sort, they see that the walls are adorned with cheap pictures of various breeds of dogs. On the shelves are arranged bottles containing dog medicines. Here a poster sets forth the virtues of a nostrum for the cure of mange, while another announces that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"dog oil for the cure of consumption" is a leading article in the pharmacopœia of the place. Think of a consumptive bulldog, with a hectic flush upon its interesting face, and its regular doses of so many spoonfuls of cod-liver oil *per diem!* Dog-collars of all sorts and sizes, chains, couples, and trappings of every kind proper to the canine race, are suspended everywhere upon the walls. Stuffed specimens of dogs that had been famous for some specialty in their lifetime are invariably on show here. Bull-terriers, glaring ferociously through glass eyes, and painfully "out of drawing" as to their limbs, are sure to be among these. Moth-eaten black-and-tans are also common, the sawdust or tow with which they have been shapelessly set up by the taxidermist bursting forth at every fissure of their contracted skins. Some of these toy terriers are of wonderfully minute size, being manufactured from the skins of pups, and set up to represent dogs arrived at their full size. On a shelf skulls of dogs are arranged in rows, to give visitors an opportunity of studying canine craniology. The larger dogs are generally kept in an enclosure railed off at one side of the room. In one of these places I noticed a pointer dog chained up very short, and learned, on inquiry, that he was thus treated on account of his having killed two or three valuable fancy-dogs before his propensity for murder became known. This, in a pointer, was a rather unusual trait. Around the walls are several cages, in which the smaller dogs — Scotch terriers, Italian greyhounds, French and Spanish poodles, hairless Mexican dogs, and the like — are kept. These little prisoners sleep all the while, coiled up in corners, and in as small a space as possible, as if mortified at being thus caged up, like wild beasts in a menagerie.

From time to time regular dog-shows have been held in New York, and at these were represented nearly all the choicest kinds, from the Siberian giant to the dwarf terrier and drawing-room spaniel. At one of these shows there was exhibited a dun-colored bulldog, a label on whose cage set forth that he was the famous animal who, while his master, a ship-captain, lay in port somewhere on the coast of China, throttled and killed a Chinaman who had entered the ship's cabin in the dead of the night, and was engaged in plundering it. This dog was a mild-looking animal enough, though one might guess that he was capable of showing much fury when aroused, and that the expression of his face must have been anything but placid when he "went for that heathen Chinee."

The sense of duty seems to be very strong in dogs, and the perseverance with which a dog will perform a self-imposed task, day after day, fancying that it is his mission, is sometimes very amusing. There is a dog in New York that every day follows a Broadway omnibus plying between some uptown street and the Battery. His business is to keep as near that omnibus as possible, and this he does with wonderful zeal and often at the risk of his life. Sometimes, when the street is very much encumbered with vehicles, he takes to the sidewalk, along which he canters on three legs, — an affectation common to his kind, — stopping when the driver stops to take up passengers, and seeming to take as much interest in the business as though he were a stockholder of the line. This animal has frequently been run over, as is evident from his scars, as well as from his being sometimes coated all over with mud; but he continues to follow zealously the particular 'bus of his affections, the dog-star of the destinies of which he apparently considers himself to be.

While I am writing, a heavily loaded express-wagon, drawn by a team of powerful bay horses, goes lumbering by. Between the horses, and attached by a chain to the axle-tree of the wagon, runs one of those spotted coach-dogs now so common in New York. There are deep ruts in the roadway, and the horses have every now and then to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throw themselves well into their collars so as to pull the heavy load through. Whenever they give an extra tug the dog does the same, straining upon his chain until his nose almost touches the ground; and then, when the wagon once more runs smoothly along, he trots merrily between the horses as before, with his tongue lolling out, and an expression in his eyes that seems to say, "What splendid fellows to pull are we! I guess the three of us could pull a house!"

Nearly all the barking done in New York — and there is a good deal of it — is done by the terriers that keep watch in the bakers' carts. These fierce little animals are generally of the rough Scotch or common black-and-tan breeds. They are very aggressive, barking furiously at everybody and everything along the route, and thus "drawing the fire" of the town dogs, troops of which will sometimes follow a baker's cart for a long distance, in full yelp, as if demanding bread, though their only object is to resent the insulting and ribald language of the pampered animal who barks himself hoarse at them from the cart. These terriers are very vigilant while the baker is absent for a short while from his cart, engaged in delivering bread. If anybody stops to look at them they display the wildest fury, gnashing their teeth and barking with a frenzy peculiar to dogs having a mission to fulfil. Touch the cart with the tip of your cane, and immediately the fierce little guardian of the vehicle leaps from it and makes straight for your legs, to defend which from his vigorous assaults all your powers of fencing will be put to the test. The baker's dog is an object of general scurrility. Every street-boy makes faces and yells at him as he hurries past in the bread-cart. Every carter cracks his whip at him; and if canine statistics were fully made out, they would doubtless show that the baker's dog is a short-lived animal, his health broken by continual exasperation, and his death caused, in nine cases out of ten, by apoplexy arising from sudden ebullitions of temper.

The most thoroughly Bohemian of dogs are the nondescript ones maintained by the rag-pickers and cinder-sifters, who occupy feculent cellars in the vilest and most repellant byways of New York. Many people of this class are also to be found in that singular village of shanties perched upon the granite boulders just where Fifth Avenue touches Central Park, and it is here that the manners and customs of such dogs are to be studied to the best advantage. Lean, sneaking curs of no particular breed are to be seen foraging about everywhere in that vicinity. Many of them are large dogs, showing a dash of the Newfoundland, not unmixed with a suspicion of pointer or hound. The strongest of them are trained to draw the carts in which their owners carry home their unsavory pickings from the streets. Three of them, not often matched in color or size, are usually harnessed to the filthy vehicle. Unprincipled rascals as they are in other respects, the fidelity of these dogs to their masters is very remarkable. Watch a team of them apparently asleep under the shafts of the cart, and if you but touch it they will fire up directly and make for your legs. When not working they live in amity with the goats by which the splintered rocks are made picturesque, or indulge in dog-play with the half-savage children of the squatters who occupy the place.

One can tell when he is in a French quarter of the city by the numerous little curly poodle-dogs that cower about the areas and shop-doors. In these places slovenly old women are frequently to be seen attended by half a dozen dogs of this kind, which had originally been white, but have degenerated through smoke and dirt to a dingy gray. They are blear-eyed, shivering little wretches, the taste for which, one would think, like that for caviare and other not very nice things, must be an acquired one.

The fields and marshes beyond the suburbs of New York, especially on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the New Jersey side, are much infested by German tradesmen and beer-house keepers of the sporting kind, who may be seen crossing the ferries of a morning from the city, with fowling-pieces slung at their backs and attended by sundry dogs. Sometimes these sporting dogs are half-bred pointers or setters, but more often they are of kinds not usually associated with the fowler and his gun. I have seen a German gunner roaming the marshes in company with a St. Bernard dog, a Russian bloodhound, and a beagle. A couple of robins or other small birds would probably be the net result of beating up the country with this formidable array. When the sporting dog of a German dies, he usually has him stuffed and placed in a glass case. Here, in the window of a German tavern, is a spotted setter so exhibited, painfully rigid and out of shape in his attitude of pointing a brace of equally deformed quail that squat among some calico foliage in a defile of wooden rocks. In a German wayside house not far from the city I know a large yellow dog, one of the circumstances of whose life is very peculiar and painful. He is a companionable dog, very fond of conversation, which he keeps up fluently with his tail. But the peculiarity about him is that he has no name. The honest old tapster who owns him assures me that they have never called the animal anything but "the dog." The reason of this oversight he could not satisfactorily explain, but whenever he mentioned "the dog," that slighted animal would wag his tail convulsively, and express with his intelligent eyes his sense of the reference.

Invited to a private view of some pet bears, I go with an acquaintance to a very rickety wooden structure in a back street of the city, within five minutes' walk of Broadway. Entering through a crazy old gate made of planks gray with age and weather, we find ourselves in a badly paved enclosure that looks like something between a livery-stable alley and a farmyard. There is a strong odor of shambles about the place. The concern is one in which blood is put up for the use of sugar-refiners and for other purposes, and the atmosphere of the place is thoroughly impregnated with blood. The roofs of the sheds are studded with numerous pigeons, whose clean plumage makes pleasing contrast with the murky surroundings. About halfway up the yard, which is long and narrow, two well-grown black bears are chained to a post. The proprietor of the place, a rough-looking but very civil man of the sporting-butcher type, owns dogs, and he whistles for them to come. The first one that comes to his call is a small old bitch, one of a breed between a bull-terrier and a Spanish poodle, half blind with age and dissipation, nearly toothless, and much distorted as to her limbs by the wear and tear of a hundred fights. Suddenly and without the least preliminary skirmishing, the absurd little beast charges in on the bears, who are snuggling close together on their wet straw at the foot of the post. The fury of her attack, which is ludicrous enough in itself, is made more so by the apathy of the bears, who treat her as they would a mosquito, merely twitching their shaggy hides to shake her off. Presently, in shifting their positions, the bears accidentally get the fierce little creature squeezed in between them, and then a terrible shrieking and growling is heard, and the terrier, having extricated herself, gets away to a safe distance, from which she makes furious and noisy demonstrations against the unheeding bears. This attack, the owner tells us, is made several times a day, and generally with the same result, though sometimes the bears, when in bad humor, will strike their puny assailant with a fore-paw, and send her spinning away to a distance.

Another dog shown to us by the man of blood was a large black retriever, a cross, probably, between setter and Newfoundland dog. This dog was so much addicted to fetching, as his owner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told us, that his favorite pastime was fetching the cat off from the roof of a high shed, a feat which he would perform without in the least hurting her, and puss appeared, indeed, to be on the best of terms with her canine friend.

While we were looking at the bears, the proprietor remarked that bears are by no means the stupid animals that they are sometimes considered to be. "Watch them, now," said he in a whisper, "meal is what they like better than anything else, and when I say 'meal-tub,' see if they don't jump." Then, raising his voice, he said, "Well, I 'm going to the meal-tub." In a flash the bears, which seemed to have been fast asleep, reared themselves up on their hind legs, straining at their chains with all their might, and sniffing with their expressive noses in the direction of the tub. Taking a couple of handfuls of meal from it the proprietor placed it on the ground before the bears, who eagerly threw themselves upon it and began licking it up. Presently, however, the male bear, carried away by his gluttonous instinct, jostled his companion from the repast with a savage growl. It was interesting to see with what meekness the poor female bear took this hint from her ill-mannered lord and master, whom she suffered to finish the meal at his leisure, resting her chin upon his broad back, with a resigned look of subjection pervading her ursine features.

With the setting in of the first hot days, a *fiat* goes forth from the municipal authorities, ordering that all dogs running at large without muzzles are to be destroyed by the police. In connection with this arrangement is the institution called the dog-pound. On a piece of waste ground at the foot of a street ending at the East River, there juts out on piles over the lapping waters of the dock a rickety building of wood, unpainted, and mildewed with age and weather. Visitors to this crib are admitted by a policeman out of uniform. Along one side of the room a space is railed off with lathes, and within this are generally to be seen forty or fifty dogs of many varieties, some few of them animals of value, but the majority curs of evil associations and low degree. These dogs, for the most part, have been brought in by men who look as currish as the worst of them, and who profess to have found them running loose in the streets. A gratuity of fifty cents is given to these industrials for each dog brought in by them. The dogs are tied up within the enclosure with the bits of dirty string by which their captors have dragged them to their "vile dungeon." Most of them are coiled away in feverish sleep, shaking and whimpering in dream as though haunted by bodings of their approaching fate. At the farther end of the room there is a large tank. Fitted to this, in such a way that it can be pressed down into it, is a strong wooden grating, and the tank is further provided with a hose through which it can be filled from the river below. Two or three squalid young men, in dirty flannel shirts and cowskin boots, are loitering about the place. At a signal from the policeman in charge, these men go in among the dogs, and, selecting the commonest of them, seize them one after another by the necks and hind feet and pitch them into the tank, the sides of which are so steep and slippery that there is no possibility of the wretched animals scrambling out. And now the lamentations set up by them are pitiful to hear. From their tremulous whines one can tell that they are perfectly conscious of their impending doom. They seem to be as certain of the death at hand as are the passengers of a ship foundering at sea. It is curious to watch the terrified looks of the more valuable dogs (which are kept for claim by owners), while all this is going on. They shake all over like leaves in the wind, and, lifting their quivering muzzles towards the rafters, give utterance to howls that are most lugubrious and heart-rending. When dogs enough have been thrown into the tank, the water is let in by means of the hose;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grating is fitted to its place and pressed down upon them; and the "job," as the executioners call it, is done.

The eagerness with which the better class of dogs confined in the pound watch for visitors is very remarkable. At every footstep that approaches, the most intelligent of them will start up, spring to the end of their tethers, and eagerly scan the features of the comers. When an owner comes to reclaim a lost favorite, the joy of the creature on recognizing him is touching in the extreme. Some of the dogs try to ingratiate themselves with any strange visitors who may arrive. Once, on visiting the pound, I remarked a particularly bright-looking young terrier, very shaggy as to his coat and of unusually large size. The efforts made by this knowing fellow to conciliate visitors were very amusing. If his tongue did not speak, certainly his eyes did, and his tail was absolutely eloquent. On inquiring of the policeman, I learned that dogs of that class were not usually put to death, but were kept for a reasonable time, and then, if not claimed by owners, sold for a trifle to some person who would be sure to come in and take a fancy to them. It is in this way that the dealers often pick up presentable dogs; and so I am fain to hope that the young terrier with the vehement tail soon found a good master, and was installed in a comfortable home with first-rate ratting on the premises.

Among the applicants at the dog-pound, women are quite as often seen as men. The Frenchwomen of poodle-dog fancies, already referred to, are frequent visitors there, hopeful of being in time to find and save from execution some of their pets that have strayed away from home, or been spirited thence by speculative Arabs of the street. The last time I visited the place a tearful Frenchwoman came in, and cast eager glances among the prisoners tethered along the wall. In accents as broken as her English, she asked the attendants whether a small dog of which she gave a description had been brought to the pound within a day or two. She was informed that several dogs answering to that description had been disposed of by drowning within a few days past. Then the bereaved spinster's tears flowed copiously, and she tried to find consolation by caressing the smallest and ugliest of the dogs within her reach. One hideous little whity-brown poodle, with bleared eyes and a bald tail, seemed particularly to take her fancy, and this the guardian of the place, mollified by her intense grief, allowed her to carry away.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to suppress the diversions of the dog-pit, that kind of "sport" is yet one of the brutal features of the low social strata of New York. The best place in the city wherein to study its vilest and most depraved specimens of humanity are the dens in which dog-fights and rat-baiting are the attractions held out to "draw" custom to the whiskey-tap. Here the theory of "natural selection" is illustrated in a new and forcible manner; the bipeds who frequent the places bearing a wonderful resemblance to the quadrupeds in features and disposition. Among the men who find their diversion in the animosities of dogs and rats, two types of physiognomy are prevalent. Here, on the benches that surround the pit, are to be seen men with absolutely no facial angles. So flat are their features, that straight lines might easily be drawn with a ruler upon their faces. They might pass for half-brothers to their bull-terriers, though to the latter the imputation would be an insult and a gross wrong. Other men may be observed here with facial angles of the most acute mould, the recession of their foreheads and chins giving them strong claims to relationship with the rats of the place. All of them are scoundrels of the worst kind, more cruel than the dogs maintained by them, meaner than the rats. There is no mo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notony in the entertainments presented at these places. Sometimes two bull-terriers are pitted against each other, to fight for the championship of the canine ring. Sometimes a single dog is turned into the arena, to destroy a certain number of rats in a given time. There are instances in which ruffians of the flat-faced type have backed themselves to perform the same feat, plunging about the pit on all-fours and shaking the rats with their teeth. That plucky little pig, the peccary, or Mexican wild-boar, not unfrequently figures as a member of the company. They bait him with dogs, whose bowels he generally rips out with his tusk while they are biting off his ears. Sometimes a raccoon is placed in an oblong box having a door at one end of it, and the diversion is to have him dragged out by dogs.

With regard to dogs moving in the fashionable society of New York, little, if anything, need be said. Like their masters and mistresses, they have become so artificial in their lives and manners as to have but little either of canine sagacity or eccentricity to recommend them to notice.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

IN THE DARK.

RESTLESS, to-night, and ill at ease,
And finding every place too strait,
I leave the porch shut in with trees,
And wander through the garden-gate.

So dark at first, I have to feel
My way before me with my hands;
But soul-like fragrances reveal
My virgin Daphne, where she stands.

Her stars of blossom breathe aloft
Her worship to the stars above;
In wavering pulsations soft,
Climbs the sweet incense of her love;

Those far, celestial eyes can dart
Their glances down through leafy bars;
The spark that burns within her heart
Was dropped, in answer, from the stars.

She does not find the space too small,
The night too dark, for sweetest bloom;
Content within the garden wall,
Since upward there is always room.

Her spotless heart, through all the night,
Holds safe its little vestal spark.
O blessed, if the soul be white,
To breathe and blossom in the dark!

Louisa Bushnell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

THE number of political writers in France is out of all proportion to the number of reading and reflecting men who enter into the population of the state. This has been the case uninterruptedly since the Revolution; but it has become doubly apparent since the last great social and political convulsions. Those events serve at once to furnish the text and to point the moral. The Empire with its uncovered vices, the war with its hard and serious lessons, the Commune with its baffled purposes, keep the presses of Paris working day and night. Every writer has his theory; every theory has its printer. Renan leaves the Semitic languages and the battle-grounds of Biblical history, to write scholarly and thoughtful essays on the questions of the hour. Taine forsakes art and artists, and assails universal suffrage. Littré the lexicographer, Victor Hugo the poet, Alexandre Dumas the playwright, the Bishop of Orleans, and a great army of professors, soldiers, churchmen, and nobles, men of every profession and every rank in society, join in the great work of the patriot. It is the work of the patriot, because patriotism exacts of every man that he reflect on the affairs of his country, and that he give his neighbors the result of his reflections. In politics, as in every other department of life, the clashing of thought is sometimes a proof of disease, but always a promise of reform. But politics has this feature almost uniquely; it has relation to one of the most important concerns of practical life, and therefore its abstract principles are also rules for the conduct of men. It is at once a science and an art. Hence one of the most attractive of subjects may become one of the most pernicious, when carried too far or in the wrong direction. Now French political speculation is not free from either of these defects. The great body of French political literature contains much that is good and admirable; but after a few standard names are excepted, it will be found that the writers in that branch have loaded it with superficial virtues, which scarcely hide its deeper and graver vices. They have made it clever, fascinating, shallow, egotistic, and dangerous.

The fruitful parent of much of this activity is the French Academy. Founded by Richelieu, the type of clerical absolutism, and built up by Louis XIV., the type of royal absolutism, the French Academy has passed through the vicissitudes of politics with the calm dignity becoming its character, and without often losing sight of constitutional principles of government. It weighed the Second Empire boldly and accurately. During the whole term of that treacherous *régime*, the Academy was its fearless, implacable, and hated foe. The Emperor might banish particular members of the order, but the Academy itself, the pride of France and the admiration of Europe, he could neither bribe nor intimidate. Hence the venerable institution stood forth the champion of liberal principles in a country where so many thoughtful men seemed to believe that everything but the Empire led to anarchy. Without taking a formal part in governmental affairs, it came to represent a very distinct political creed. It rests itself on the traditions of the July Monarchy. The reign of Louis Philippe was the golden age of the French Academy, and, according to the Academy, the golden age of France itself. The Academy therefore presents hereditary monarchy with free parliamentary institutions as the true ideal of a political system for France. But doctrines which were liberal when the Empire was at Paris are conservative when the Empire is a fugitive in Europe; hence the Academy now lifts up its voice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against democracy, without at all changing its own creed. If individual differences be overlooked, and the sum of opinion on essential points be alone regarded, it will appear, we think, that the circle of writers of which the Academy is the centre reach their conclusions by the path which we proceed to indicate.

In the view of those amiable *bourgeois*, democracy and imperialism are the extremes of a scale, whereof the middle is the point of prudence and safety. Imperialism is a false system for reasons which all but imperialists now accept. But the reasons for rejecting democracy are quite different. Democracy is held to be out of place in France, because historically and philosophically France requires monarchical institutions. Her greatness was founded by Charlemagne, the most sagacious of kings, and the country pursued, under a long succession of monarchs, a career of growth and glory, until the Revolution, warring justly against a perversion of the kingly principle, imbued the people with hostility to the principle itself. From the moment at which the Revolution exceeded its proper limits dates the decline of France. When the Revolution planted in the popular mind the heresies of equality and self-government, it invited all the disasters which followed, from Waterloo to Sedan. The one glimpse of light in the century of darkness was afforded by the short reign of the house of Orleans. The house of Orleans founded a system which satisfied at once the monarchical traditions and the liberal aspirations of France. It centred the executive power of the state in a personal head, and it formulated the will of the people through an independent parliament. Theoretically the July Monarchy was perfect. But a popular revolt overthrew it.

The overthrow of the Orleans monarchy was the act of this extreme democratic spirit. The proceeding was strictly analogous to the later stages of the first Revolution. The first Revolution, carried too far, produced the First Empire; the Revolution of 1848 produced the Second Empire. In both cases the cause was the same. The democratic spirit of France is the source of all the difficulty, because, first, that spirit is at war with the traditions of the country, and hence can never realize its aim; second, it is unsuited to the slight discipline of the people, and must in all cases become the victim of demagogues or usurpers; third, because it is out of character with the situation of France in the great family of European powers. Most of the writers who share this belief hold that democracy is originally and always an evil; but out of deference to the stupidity of the age, they present the above among other practical reasons for opposing it in France.

In beginning an examination of this theory, it is proper to assume with its author that this democratic spirit does actually exist. The question then is, How shall that spirit be treated? How shall it be utilized, or how shall it be destroyed?

The student of French history will recall three systems which have tried to deal with this admitted passion of the French people. The Bourbons crushed it; the Orleanists snubbed it; the Bonapartes deceived it. We need not describe in detail these three series of tactics. We need not recall how the Bourbon princes trampled under foot till 1789 the growing spirit of democracy among their subjects; or how under Louis Philippe the *bourgeoisie* quietly absorbed all the powers and all the honors of the state; or how the Bonapartes flattered the people with *plébiscites* which bore false witness. The essential fact is that no one of these dynasties has made a sincere and intelligent effort to deal with democracy as something which can be fostered and utilized, but cannot be exterminated. Each has sought by its own method to destroy the indestructible. This fact is the key to French history of the past hundred years, — of the half-dozen revolutions, of the sham republics, and the spurious monarchies,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Directory and the Commune, of the series of harrowing events which stain with blood the records of a noble people. It has scarcely occurred to the elegant *doctrinaires* of the French Academy to accept democracy as a stubborn fact, and to mould it into an ally of sound constitutional government. Yet this was the problem which presented itself in 1789, and which has presented itself unceasingly ever since. How must one explain this failure?

No error is more common than to confound democracy as an element in national character with democracy as a form of government. The Academicians themselves fall into this error in arguing that the democratic spirit of France is an evil because it can never establish democratic institutions. Now the two are not only not identical, but they are not even necessarily coexistent. By the former we understand that spirit in a people which leads them to demand equality among citizens and a substantial control over their own affairs; by the latter, a system in which the people pronounce directly on all the details of government. Hence there may be democratic peoples without strictly democratic institutions; and there may be popular institutions with a very weak democratic spirit. No one can deny that the Americans are more democratic than the English; yet the government of England feels more directly than that of the United States the force of public opinion. Each has its check on the action of the popular will. In the United States the check is found in narrowing and lengthening the channels by which that will reaches the governing powers; in England it consists of an hereditary crown and an hereditary nobility, which can restrain but cannot thwart the people. But the latter system is much the weaker, and is slowly giving way. A perfect democracy is a creature of the fancy. It has never existed. Perhaps the nearest approach to it was reached in the free city of the Middle Ages, — an institution which is copied, though without the element of political independence, in the unit of our system, the township.

Another error in the use of terms is that which confounds democratic government with republican government. Even Montesquieu failed to draw clearly the distinction. His oft-quoted declaration that a republic is possible only in a small state, means really that a strict democracy is possible only in a small state, — a proposition obviously true. But a republic is a device for utilizing democracy in a large state. The three great evils of a democracy are these: it is too clumsy for convenience, it is imperfectly responsible, and it is too passionate for deliberate action. The republic grapples with all these defects. It relieves unwieldiness, it distributes responsibility, it checks precipitation. At the same time it carefully fosters the democratic spirit in a variety of ways, but chiefly by the institution of local self-government.

In this view the value of a republic is merely a question of utility, or, if one prefers, a question of relation. Given the democratic spirit, and the desire to afford it the best method of utterance, does or does not the republic combine the most features of excellence? With him who holds that democracy is an evil to be destroyed, we can, at this point, have no dispute. The only possible disputant is he who believes in democracy, but not in the republic as a means of conserving it. But the day for that species of controversy has nearly passed away. Thanks to Alexander Hamilton, America has shown how a free people can found a democracy shorn of all the terrors which for so many ages haunted the dreams of philosophers. The federative republic now finds few sceptics among those who truly believe that democracy is a healthy and beneficent spirit.

This digression brings us to one essential cause of the failure of free government in France. The profound democratic spirit of the country has heretofore failed of its mission because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no wise and comprehensive attempts have been made to organize it. No other people learn so little by example as the French. With the United States before them as the model of democracy crystallized into an effective system, the French invariably drift into anarchy or *coups d'état*. Their republics have had too little or too much cohesion among the parts, or they have had no parts at all; the executive has been made a cipher or a despot. They have been destroyed by the incapacity of the builders, and their ignorance of the principle of checks and balances. To establish these requires mutual sacrifices, and often a high degree of political skill; but a people who are unwilling to make sacrifices, and who can produce no statesmen, are preordained to failure. Now the French can rise to the conditions of a republic if they are permitted to do so. But the self-appointed leaders have never shown themselves equal to their part of the task. Once, indeed, there was a glimpse of the truth during the Revolution, when it was proposed to fix some intermediate steps between the elector and the delegate. Europe sneered at the plan, as a violation of the very democratic principle for which the Revolution contended. But the National Assembly was wiser than Europe. To-day an eminent writer has published an essay, in which, borrowing the plan without giving any credit to its authors, he recommends a similar graduation of the electoral process. The principle is so little understood among French democrats, that no one rebukes the plagiarist.

Quite as serious an error is the failure to provide for local self-government. As this lies at the bottom of republican institutions, and should be, moreover, the first concern of democracy, the blunder of the French is extraordinary. They have practically reversed the scale of powers. For an occasional *plébiscite*, bringing them closely into relation with the central authority, they have permitted the central authority to appoint their chief local officers, and to interfere in the most minute local affairs. Now it is scarcely possible that there should be a successful republic in which this species of centralization exists. It is perhaps more important that the people should select their own local officers, than that they should choose the general legislature; because, when the central government names the local officers, it can, to a great extent, shape the legislature itself. The converse does not hold true. While a centralized republic usually passes into a monarchy, a people who have full control of their local affairs generally manage not only to retain, but to extend, their liberties. This truth, also, has occasionally been seen in France; but on its last appearance it was so summarily crushed, that it must seem doubtful if it soon revive. The Commune, in spite of all the horrible deeds with which it is associated, aimed to establish a principle which Americans know how to prize, and which they would not surrender without a revolution. Under the greatest provocation, the Legislature has never dared to appoint a mayor for New York City. But the municipal officers of Paris are as little responsible to the people of Paris as to the people of Borovitchi. To correct this monstrous injustice, the Commune fought and fell. There was something heroic in its conduct, something worthy of the great principle for which it contended throughout its brief and bloody course, from the first bold movement at Montmartre until the hour when the bravest of its leaders walked out on the ramparts, folded their arms, and waited the approach of death. The Commune was not a protest against the Empire, but against a republic, — against a system which borrows the clothing of the Emperor and calls itself a republic. But the defects of the present system are not due so much to the ignorance, as to the duplicity, of its authors; they do not wish a durable republic. Yet the architects who have had their heart in the work have shown no better skill. They begin at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dome and build downward, resting at no stages, and finishing without a base. Veritable castles in the air, which vanish at the first rude wind of adversity!

It may be said that this ignorance of the conditions of a republic is one of the best reasons for believing a republic impossible. That would certainly be the natural inference, but it needs one important qualification. The republics have not miscarried because there are no men able to build them, but because they who have the ability lack the will. The *bourgeoisie*, the great middle class, the scholars and writers of the Academy, have stood by with folded arms, sneering at the patient awkwardness of the republican workmen, and waiting for the day when the slender edifice should tumble to the ground. They hate the republic cordially and openly. Their hopes all centre in a government of "gentlemen," and they have no patience with the vulgar theory which places a mind to think, and a heart to feel, in every human frame.

These elegant sceptics are no friends of the Empire. But there is only one step between democracy and the Empire; if any person doubts this, let him consider the enormous majorities which were deposited, over and over again, at the feet of Napoleon III. In throwing himself ostentatiously on the confidence of the masses, Louis Napoleon showed talents of the very highest order. He had the sagacity to perceive that it was easier to flatter French democracy than to crush or ignore it. He flattered it, and disarmed it, and betrayed it. He was a usurper and an irresponsible despot, but he knew a title sounder than inheritable legitimacy, and rested himself on universal suffrage and five million affirmative votes. Here is a profound lesson for the speculative politicians of the conservative party. Situations multiply themselves. The intelligent conservatives have the power to solve the difficulty by helping their illiterate neighbors found an enduring republic. Or they may for a time pursue an opposite course. They may subject their patriotism to their prejudices, and adopt the reactionary policy which wrecked the Republic of 1848. But like causes produce like effects. For a few hours they may fancy that they have killed democracy and saved France. But on the morrow they will be ordered to meet some stern horseman with dull gray eyes, who bears the emblems of his uncle and the banner of universal suffrage.

We do not underrate the difficulties which surround the problem. The profound and lamentable ignorance of the French people is the friend of no good system, but it is the peculiar foe of the democratic republic. France is at once the most cultivated and the most illiterate of nations. If her culture be measured by her art and her literature, by her scholars, orators, and philosophers, and by the brilliant society which throngs the *salons* of Paris, she may place herself high up in the scale of civilization. But if it be measured by the average capacity of the entire people, what rank can she claim of the kindest critic? M. Ernest Renan is distressed because America has produced no great original work of the human mind. But she has produced the American Republic, and by the side of that grand work how insignificant are all the trophies of France! The latter can look back over thirty generations of great kings. She has a language which makes friends in every part of the world. She has a literature a thousand years old. She has built a vast capital city, within whose walls all men can worship taste and beauty and comfort. She has the theatre and the opera in their highest form, the Academy with its severe scholastic dignity, the Louvre and its priceless treasures of art. But one half of the population can neither read nor write. Outside of the large cities, four sevenths of the men who make the government cannot prepare their own ballots. Some of them, in their simplicity, elected Louis Napoleon, because his wealth would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

render taxes unnecessary. Others chose the republic, because its nature renders taxes illegal. And in remote districts there are peasants to-day who have not learned that the Empire is dead, and that the Tuileries are a hollow spectre.

Certainly these are unpromising materials with which to renew the republican experiment. But the fact suggests the old, old question. Is monarchy the cause or the effect of this popular ignorance, and what is the part of the republic? Now be the cause what it may, we believe profoundly that the republic alone can correct that ignorance, because the republic alone has an interest in correcting it. The Empire is satisfied with a brutal constituency. Royalty can dispense with suffrage entirely. But the republic needs all the minds of the country as a numerical basis of authority, and it needs educated minds as an intelligent basis of action. To one who objects that general ignorance will defeat the republic, there can be but one answer. The republic alone can abolish general ignorance. If that is not the lesson of history, we have read blindly the records of ten centuries of monarchy and thirty years of imperialism. Contrast the measures proposed to-day by the rival parties. The monarchists point to the condition of things and propose to curtail the right of suffrage; the republicans point to the same great evil and propose universal and compulsory instruction. The one party would shut the patient up away from air and light; the other party would give him purer air and clearer light, diet and exercise and discipline. Who can compare these two remedies and repeat the stale formula, that a people must postpone the era of self-government till they reach the era of universal culture?

In the foregoing there is no question of the value of democracy. There is no inquiry into the nature of the spirit as it exists in France, nor as to the extent to which it has penetrated the popular heart. It is enough to agree with its enemies, that it is actually present as a factor in the political problem, and to accept their estimate of its dimensions. We part company with them only in inference and deduction. It is in the suggestion of remedies that they seem to wander into the tortuous paths which lead farther and farther from peace and stability. The outlines of the problem are very plain. A great people, little versed in the arts of statesmanship, demand a system which shall enable them at once to govern themselves, and to render themselves worthy of governing. Obviously the duty of all educated patriots is to put themselves in harmony with the inevitable, and to lend their superior capacity to their democratic compatriots. But this is not the policy of the French Academicians. They prefer to weep over facts which stare them in the face, and to speculate on the method by which those facts can be passed without being met.

The republic can be established, if the brain of the country lend itself to the heart in the work. The republic must be established, because there is no safe alternative. Eighty years' trifling with the subject has brought France, maimed, humbled, impoverished, to the year 1872. She has learned what it costs to tread on democracy with the Bourbons, and to betray it with the Bonapartes. Is it not time to try the effect of adopting it, even as an unwelcome necessity, and of training it up to reason and usefulness? Indeed, there is no safe alternative. When the spirit of democracy has once fused itself into the daily life of a nation, it may be curbed for brief periods by the military power; but the French Academy ought to know that it can be thoroughly exterminated only by a process which exterminates the national manhood.

Herbert Tuttle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

V.

"IT tastes as if it might have great potency in it, Aunt Keziah," said this unfortunate young man; "I wish you would tell me what it is made of, and how you brew it; for I have observed you are very strict and secret about it."

"Aha! you have seen that, have you?" said Aunt Keziah, taking a sip of her beloved liquid, and grinning at him with a face and eyes as yellow as that she was drinking. In fact, the idea struck him, that in temper, and all appreciable qualities, Aunt Keziah was a good deal like this drink of hers, having probably become saturated by them while she drank of it. And then, having drunk, she gloated over it, and tasted, and smelt of the cup of this hellish wine, as a wine-bibber does of that which is most fragrant and delicate. "And you want to know how I make it? But first, child, tell me honestly, do you love this drink of mine? Otherwise, here, and at once, we stop talking about it."

"I love it for its virtues," said Septimius, temporizing with his conscience, "and would prefer it on that account to the rarest wines."

"So far good," said Aunt Keziah, who could not well conceive that her liquor should be otherwise than delicious to the palate. "It is the most virtuous liquor that ever was; and therefore one need not fear drinking too much of it. And you want to know what it is made of? Well; I have often thought of telling you, Seppy, my boy, when you should come to be old enough; for I have no other inheritance to leave you, and you are all of my blood, unless I should happen to have some far-off uncle among the Cape Indians. But first, you must know how this good drink, and the faculty of making it, came down to me from the chiefs, and sachems, and Pow-wows, that were your ancestors and mine, Septimius, and from the old wizard who was my great-grandfather and yours, and who, they say, added the fire-water to the other ingredients, and so gave it the only one thing that it wanted to make it perfect."

And so Aunt Keziah, who had now put herself into a most comfortable and jolly state by sipping again, and after pressing Septimius to mind his draught (who declined, on the plea that one dram at a time was enough for a new beginner, its virtues being so strong, as well as admirable), the old woman told him a legend strangely wild and uncouth, and mixed up of savage and civilized life, and of the superstitions of both, but which yet had a certain analogy, that impressed Septimius much, to the story that the doctor had told him.

She said that, many ages ago, there had been a wild sachem in the forest, a king among the Indians, and from whom, the old lady said, with a look of pride, she and Septimius were lineally descended, and were probably the very last who inherited one drop of that royal, wise, and warlike blood. The sachem had lived very long, longer than anybody knew, for the Indians kept no record, and could only talk of a great number of moons; and they said he was as old, or older, than the oldest trees; as old as the hills almost, and could remember back to the days of godlike men, who had arts then forgotten. He was a wise and good man, and could foretell as far into the future as he could remember into the past; and he continued to live on, till his people were afraid that he would live forever, and so disturb the whole order of nature; and they thought it time that so good a man, and so great a warrior and wizard, should be gone to the happy hunting-grounds, and that so wise a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counsellor should go and tell his experience of life to the Great Father, and give him an account of matters here, and perhaps lead him to make some changes in the conduct of the lower world. And so, all these things duly considered, they very reverently assassinated the great never-dying sachem; for though safe against disease, and undecayable by age, he was capable of being killed by violence, though the hardness of his skull broke to fragments the stone tomahawk with which they at first tried to kill him.

So a deputation of the best and bravest of the tribe went to the great sachem, and told him their thought, and reverently desired his consent to be put out of the world; and the undying one agreed with them that it was better for his own comfort that he should die, and that he had long been weary of the world, having learned all that it could teach him, and having, chiefly, learned to despair of ever making the red race much better than they now were. So he cheerfully consented, and told them to kill him if they could; and first they tried the stone hatchet, which was broken against his skull; and then they shot arrows at him, which could not pierce the toughness of his skin; and finally they plastered up his nose and mouth with clay (which kept uttering wisdom to the last) and set him to bake in the sun; so at last his life burnt out of his breast, tearing his body to pieces, and he died.

[*Make this legend grotesque, and express the weariness of the tribe at the intolerable control the undying one had of them; his always bringing up precepts from his own experience, never consenting to anything new, so impeding progress; his habits hardening into him, his ascribing to himself all wisdom, and depriving everybody of his right to successive command; his endless talk, and dwelling on the past, so that the world could not bear him. Describe his ascetic and severe habits, his rigid calmness, etc.*]

But before the great sagamore died he imparted to a chosen one of his tribe, the next wisest to himself, the secret of a potent and delicious drink, the constant imbibing of which, together with his abstinence from luxury and passion, had kept him alive so long, and would doubtless have compelled him to live forever. This drink was compounded of many ingredients, all of which were remembered and handed down in tradition, save one, which, either because it was nowhere to be found, or for some other reason, was forgotten; so that the drink ceased to give immortal life as before. They say it was a beautiful purple flower. [*Perhaps the Devil taught him the drink, or else the Great Spirit, — doubtful which.*] But it still was a most excellent drink, and conducive to health, and the cure of all diseases; and the Indians had it at the time of the settlement by the English; and at one of those wizard meetings in the forest, where the Black Man used to meet his red children and his white ones, and be jolly with them, a great Indian wizard taught the secret to Septimius's great-grandfather, who was a wizard, and died for it; and he, in return, taught the Indians to mix it with rum, thinking that this might be the very ingredient that was missing, and that by adding it he might give endless life to himself and all his Indian friends, among whom he had taken a wife.

"But your great-grandfather, you know, had not a fair chance to test its virtues, having been hanged for a wizard; and as for the Indians, they probably mixed too much fire-water with their liquid, so that it burnt them up, and they all died; and my mother, and her mother, — who taught the drink to me, — and her mother afore her, thought it a sin to try to live longer than the Lord pleased, so they let themselves die. And though the drink is good, Septimius, and toothsome, as you see, yet I sometimes feel as if I were getting old like other people, and may die in the course of the next half-century; so perhaps the rum was not just the thing that was wanting to make up the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recipe. But it is very good! Take a drop more of it, dear."

"Not at present, I thank you, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, gravely; "but will you tell me what the ingredients are, and how you make it?"

"Yes, I will, my boy, and you shall write them down," said the old woman; "for it 's a good drink, and none the worse, it may be, for not making you live forever. I sometimes think I had as lief go to heaven as keep on living here."

Accordingly, making Septimius take pen and ink, she proceeded to tell him a list of plants and herbs, and forest productions, and he was surprised to find that it agreed most wonderfully with the recipe contained in the old manuscript, as he had puzzled it out, and as it had been explained by the doctor. There were a few variations, it is true; but even here there was a close analogy, plants indigenous to America being substituted for cognate productions, the growth of Europe. Then there was another difference in the mode of preparation, Aunt Keziah's nostrum being a concoction, whereas the old manuscript gave a process of distillation. This similarity had a strong effect on Septimius's imagination. Here was, in one case, a drink suggested, as might be supposed, to a primitive people by something similar to that instinct by which the brute creation recognizes the medicaments suited to its needs, so that they mixed up fragrant herbs for reasons wiser than they knew, and made them into a salutary potion; and here, again, was a drink contrived by the utmost skill of a great civilized philosopher, searching the whole field of science for his purpose; and these two drinks proved, in all essential particulars, to be identically the same.

"O Aunt Keziah," said he, with a longing earnestness, "are you sure that you cannot remember that one ingredient?"

"No, Septimius, I cannot possibly do it," said she. "I have tried many things, — skunk-cabbage, wormwood, and a thousand things; for it is truly a pity that the chief benefit of the thing should be lost for so little. But the only effect was, to spoil the good taste of the stuff, and two or three times to poison myself, so that I broke out all over blotches, and once lost the use of my left arm, and got a dizziness in the head, and a rheumatic twist in my knee, a hardness of hearing, and a dimness of sight, and the trembles; all of which I certainly believe to have been caused by my putting something else into this blessed drink besides the good New England rum. Stick to that, Seppy, my dear."

So saying, Aunt Keziah took yet another sip of the beloved liquid, after vainly pressing Septimius to do the like; and then lighting her old clay pipe, she sat down in the chimney-corner, meditating, dreaming, muttering pious prayers and ejaculations, and sometimes looking up the wide flue of the chimney, with thoughts, perhaps, how delightful it must have been to fly up there, in old times, on excursions by midnight into the forest, where was the Black Man, and the Puritan deacons and ladies, and those wild Indian ancestors of hers; and where the wildness of the forest was so grim and delightful, and so unlike the commonplaceness in which she spent her life. For thus did the savage strain of the woman, mixed up as it was with the other weird and religious parts of her composition, sometimes snatch her back into barbarian life and its instincts; and in Septimius, though further diluted, and modified likewise by higher cultivation, there was the same tendency.

Septimius escaped from the old woman, and was glad to breathe the free air again, so much had he been wrought upon by her wild legends and wild character, the more powerful by its analogy with his own; and perhaps, too, his brain had been a little bewildered by the draught of her diabolical concoction which she had compelled him to take. At any rate, he was glad to escape to his hill-top, the free air of which had doubtless contributed to keep him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in health through so long a course of morbid thought and estranged study as he had addicted himself to.

Here, as it happened, he found both Rose Garfield and Sybil Dacy, whom the pleasant summer evening had brought out. They had formed a friendship, or at least society, and there could not well be a pair more unlike: the one so natural, so healthy, so fit to live in the world; the other such a morbid, pale thing. So there they were, walking arm in arm, with one arm round each other's waist, as girls love to do. They greeted the young man in their several ways, and began to walk to and fro together, looking at the sunset as it came on, and talking of things on earth and in the clouds.

"When has Robert Hagburn been heard from?" asked Septimius, who, involved in his own pursuits, was altogether behindhand in the matters of the war, — shame to him for it!

"There came news two days past," said Rose, blushing. "He is on his way home with the remnant of General Arnold's command, and will be here soon."

"He is a brave fellow, Robert," said Septimius, carelessly, "and I know not, since life is so short, that anything better can be done with it than to risk it as he does."

"I truly think not," said Rose Garfield, composedly.

"What a blessing it is to mortals," said Sybil Dacy, "what a kindness of Providence, that life is made so uncertain; that death is thrown in among the possibilities of our being; that these awful mysteries are thrown around us, into which we may vanish! For, without it, how would it be possible to be heroic? How should we plod along in common places forever, never dreaming high things, never risking anything! For my part, I think man is more favored than the angels, and made capable of higher heroism, greater virtue, and of a more excellent spirit than they, because we have such a mystery of grief and terror around us; whereas they, being in a certainty of God's light, seeing his goodness and his purposes more perfectly than we, cannot be so brave as often poor weak man, and weaker woman, has the opportunity to be, and sometimes makes use of it. God gave the whole world to man, and if he is left alone with it, it will make a clod of him at last; but, to remedy that, God gave man a grave, and it redeems all, while it seems to destroy all, and makes an immortal spirit of him in the end."

"Dear Sybil, you are inspired," said Rose, gazing in her face.

"I think you ascribe a great deal too much potency to the grave," said Septimius, pausing involuntarily alone by the little hillock, whose contents he knew so well. "The grave seems to me a vile pitfall, put right in our pathway, and catching most of us, — all of us, — causing us to tumble in at the most inconvenient opportunities, so that all human life is a jest and a farce, just for the sake of this inopportune death; for I observe it never waits for us to accomplish anything; we may have the salvation of a country in hand, but we are none the less likely to die for that. So that, being a believer, on the whole, in the wisdom and graciousness of Providence, I am convinced that dying is a mistake, and that by and by we shall overcome it. I say there is no use in the grave."

"I still adhere to what I said," answered Sybil Dacy; "and besides, there is another use of a grave which I have often observed in old English graveyards, where the moss grows green and embosses the letters of the gravestones; and also graves are very good for flower-beds."

Nobody ever could tell when the strange girl was going to say what was laughable, when what was melancholy; and neither of Sybil's auditors knew quite what to make of this speech. Neither could Septimius fail to be a little startled by seeing her, as she spoke of the grave as a flower-bed, stoop down to the little hillock to examine the flowers, which, indeed, seemed to prove her words by growing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there in strange abundance, and of many sorts; so that, if they could all have bloomed at once, the spot would have looked like a bouquet by itself, or as if the earth were richest in beauty there, or as if seeds had been lavished by some florist. Septimius could not account for it; for though the hillside did produce certain flowers, — the aster, the golden-rod, the violet, and other such simple and common things, — yet this seemed as if a carpet of bright colors had been thrown down there, and covered the spot.

"This is very strange," said he.

"Yes," said Sybil Dacy, "there is some strange richness in this little spot of soil."

"Where could the seeds have come from? — that is the greatest wonder," said Rose. "You might almost teach me botany, methinks, on this one spot."

"Do you know this plant?" asked Sybil of Septimius, pointing to one not yet in flower, but of singular leaf, that was thrusting itself up out of the ground, on the very centre of the grave, over where the breast of the sleeper below might seem to be. "I think there is no other here like it."

Septimius stooped down to examine it, and was convinced that it was unlike anything he had seen of the flower kind; a leaf of a dark green, with purple veins traversing it, it had a sort of questionable aspect, as some plants have, so that you would think it very likely to be poison, and would not like to touch or smell very intimately, without first inquiring who would be its guarantee that it should do no mischief. That it had some richness or other, either baneful or beneficial, you could not doubt.

"I think it poisonous," said Rose Garfield, shuddering, for she was a person so natural she hated poisonous things, or anything speckled especially, and did not, indeed, love strangeness. "Yet I should not wonder if it bore a beautiful flower by and by. Nevertheless, if I were to do just as I feel inclined, I should root it up and fling it away."

"Shall she do so?" said Sybil to Septimius.

"Not for the world," said he hastily. "Above all things, I desire to see what will come of this plant."

"Be it as you please," said Sybil. "Meanwhile, if you like to sit down here and listen to me, I will tell you a story that happens to come into my mind just now, — I cannot tell why. It is a legend of an old hall that I know well, and have known from my childhood, in one of the northern counties of England where I was born. Would you like to hear it, Rose?"

"Yes, of all things," said she. "I like all stories of hall and cottage in the old country, though now we must not call it our country any more."

Sybil looked at Septimius, as if to inquire whether he, too, chose to listen to her story, and he made answer: —

"Yes, I shall like to hear the legend, if it is a genuine one that has been adopted into the popular belief, and came down in chimney-corners with the smoke and soot that gathers there; and incrusted over with humanity, by passing from one homely mind to another. Then, such stories get to be true, in a certain sense, and indeed in that sense may be called true throughout, for the very nucleus, the fiction in them, seems to have come out of the heart of man in a way that cannot be imitated of malice aforethought. Nobody can make a tradition; it takes a century to make it."

"I know not whether this legend has the character you mean," said Sybil, "but it has lived much more than a century; and here it is.

"On the threshold of one of the doors of —— Hall there is a bloody footstep impressed into the doorstep, and ruddy as if the bloody foot had just trodden there; and it is averred that, on a certain night of the year, and at a certain hour of the night, if you go and look at that doorstep you will see the mark wet with fresh blood. Some have pretended to say that this appearance of blood was but dew; but can dew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

redden a cambric handkerchief? Will it crimson the finger-tips when you touch it? And that is what the bloody footstep will surely do when the appointed night and hour come round, this very year, just as it would three hundred years ago.

"Well; but how did it come there? I know not precisely in what age it was, but long ago, — when light was beginning to shine into what was called the dark ages, there was a lord of —— Hall who applied himself deeply to knowledge and science, under the guidance of the wisest man of that age; a man so wise that he was thought to be a wizard; and, indeed, he may have been one, if to be a wizard consists in having command over secret powers of nature, that other men do not even suspect the existence of, and the control of which enables one to do feats that seem as wonderful as raising the dead. It is needless to tell you all the strange stories that have survived to this day about the old Hall; and how it is believed that the master of it, owing to his ancient science, has still a sort of residence there, and control of the place; and how, in one of the chambers, there is still his antique table, and his chair, and some rude old instruments and machinery, and a book, and everything in readiness, just as if he might still come back to finish some experiment. What it is important to say is, that one of the chief things to which the old lord applied himself was to discover the means of prolonging his own life, so that its duration should be indefinite, if not infinite; and such was his science, that he was believed to have attained this magnificent and awful purpose.

"So, as you may suppose, the man of science had great joy in having done this thing, both for the pride of it, and because it was so delightful a thing to have before him the prospect of endless time, which he might spend in adding more and more to his science, and so doing good to the world; for the chief obstruction to the improvement of the world and the growth of knowledge is, that mankind cannot go straight forward in it, but continually there have to be new beginnings, and it takes every new man half his life, if not the whole of it, to come up to the point where his predecessor left off. And so this noble man — this man of a noble purpose — spent many years in finding out this mighty secret; and at last, it is said, he succeeded. But on what terms?

"Well, it is said that the terms were dreadful and horrible; insomuch that the wise man hesitated whether it were lawful and desirable to take advantage of them, great as was the object in view.

"You see, the object of the lord of —— Hall was to take a life from the course of Nature, and Nature did not choose to be defrauded; so that, great as was the power of this scientific man over her, she would not consent that he should escape the necessity of dying at his proper time, except upon condition of sacrificing some other life for his; and this was to be done once for every thirty years that he chose to live, — thirty years being the account of a generation of man; and if in any way, in that time, this lord could be the death of a human being, that satisfied the requisition, and he might live on. There is a form of the legend which says, that one of the ingredients of the drink which the nobleman brewed by his science was the heart's blood of a pure young boy or girl. But this I reject, as too coarse an idea; and, indeed, I think, it may be taken to mean symbolically, that the person who desires to engross to himself more than his share of human life must do it by sacrificing to his selfishness some dearest interest of another person, who has a good right to life, and may be as useful in it as he.

"Now, this lord was a just man by nature, and if he had gone astray, it was greatly by reason of his earnest wish to do something for the poor, wicked, struggling, bloody, uncomfortable race of man, to which he belonged. He bethought himself whether he would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have a right to take the life of one of those creatures, without their own consent, in order to prolong his own; and after much arguing to and fro, he came to the conclusion that he should not have the right, unless it were a life over which he had control, and which was the next to his own. He looked round him; he was a lonely and abstracted man, secluded by his studies from human affections, and there was but one human being whom he cared for; that was a beautiful kinswoman, an orphan, whom his father had brought up, and, dying, left her to his care. There was great kindness and affection — as great as the abstracted nature of his pursuits would allow — on the part of this lord towards the beautiful young girl; but not what is called love, — at least, he never acknowledged it to himself. But, looking into his heart, he saw that she, if any one, was to be the person whom the sacrifice demanded, and that he might kill twenty others without effect, but if he took the life of this one, it would make the charm strong and good.

"My friends, I have meditated many a time on this ugly feature of my legend, and am unwilling to take it in the literal sense; so I conceive its spiritual meaning (for everything, you know, has its spiritual meaning, which to the literal meaning is what the soul is to the body), — its spiritual meaning was, that to the deep pursuit of science we must sacrifice great part of the joy of life; that nobody can be great and do great things, without giving up to death, so far as he regards his enjoyment of it, much that he would gladly enjoy; and in that sense I choose to take it. But the earthly old legend will have it, that this mad, high-minded, heroic, murderous lord did insist upon it with himself that he must murder this poor, loving, and beloved child.

"I do not wish to delay upon this horrible matter, and to tell you how he argued it with himself; and how, the more and more he argued it, the more reasonable it seemed, the more absolutely necessary, the more a duty that the terrible sacrifice should be made. Here was this great good to be done to mankind, and all that stood in the way of it was one little delicate life, so frail that it was likely enough to be blown out any day, by the mere rude blast that the rush of life creates, as it streams along, or by any slightest accident; so good and pure, too, that she was quite unfit for this world, and not capable of any happiness in it; and all that was asked of her was to allow herself to be transported to a place where she would be happy, and would find companions fit for her, — which he, her only present companion, certainly was not. In fine, he resolved to shed the sweet, fragrant blood of this little violet that loved him so.

"Well, let us hurry over this part of the story as fast as we can. He did slay this pure young girl; he took her into the wood near the house, an old wood that is standing yet, with some of its magnificent oaks; and then he plunged a dagger into her heart, after they had had a very tender and loving talk together, in which he had tried to open the matter tenderly to her, and make her understand that though he was to slay her, it was really for the very reason that he loved her better than anything else in the world, and that he would far rather die himself, if that would answer the purpose at all. Indeed, he is said to have offered her the alternative of slaying him, and taking upon herself the burden of indefinite life and the studies and pursuits by which he meant to benefit mankind. But she, it is said, — this noble, pure, loving child, — she looked up into his face and smiled sadly, and then snatching the dagger from him, she plunged it into her own heart. I cannot tell whether this be true or whether she waited to be killed by him; but this I know, that in the same circumstances I think I should have saved my lover, or my friend, the pain of killing me. There she lay dead, at any rate, and he buried her in the wood and returned to the house; and, as it happened, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had set his right foot in her blood, and his shoe was wet in it, and by some miraculous fate, it left a track all along the wood-path and into the house, and on the stone steps of the threshold and up into his chamber, all along; and the servants saw it the next day, and wondered and whispered, and missed the fair young girl, and looked askance at their lord's right foot, and turned pale, all of them, as death.

"And next, the legend says, that Sir Forrester was struck with horror at what he had done, and could not bear the laboratory where he had toiled so long, and was sick to death of the object that he had pursued, and was most miserable and fled from his old Hall, and was gone full many a day. But all the while he was gone there was the mark of a bloody footstep impressed upon the stone doorstep of the Hall. The track had lain all along through the wood-path, and across the lawn, to the old Gothic door of the Hall; but the rain, the English rain that is always falling, had come the next day, and washed it all away. The track had lain, too, across the broad hall and up the stairs and into the lord's study; but there it had lain on the rushes that were strewn there, and these the servants had gathered carefully up, and thrown them away and spread fresh ones. So that it was only on the threshold that the mark remained.

"But the legend says, that wherever Sir Forrester went, in his wanderings about the world, he left a bloody track behind him. It was wonderful and very inconvenient, this phenomenon. When he went into a church, you would see the track up the broad aisle, and a little red puddle in the place where he sat or knelt. Once he went to the king's court, and there being a track up to the very throne, the king frowned upon him, so that he never came there any more. Nobody could tell how it happened; his foot was not seen to bleed, only there was the bloody track behind him, wherever he went; and he was a horror-stricken man, always looking behind him to see the track, and then hurrying onward, as if to escape his own tracks; but always they followed him as fast.

"In the hall of feasting, there was the bloody track to his chair. The learned men whom he consulted about this strange difficulty, conferred with one another and with him, who was equal to any of them, and pished and pshawed, and said, 'O, there is nothing miraculous in this! it is only a natural infirmity, which can easily be put an end to, though, perhaps, the stoppage of such an evacuation will cause damage to other parts of the frame.' Sir Forrester always said, 'Stop it, my learned brethren, if you can; no matter what the consequences.' And they did their best, but without result; so that he was still compelled to leave his bloody track on their college-rooms and combination-rooms, the same as elsewhere; and in street and in wilderness, yes, and in the battle-field, they say, his track looked freshest and reddest of all. So at last, finding the notice he attracted inconvenient, this unfortunate lord deemed it best to go back to his own Hall, where, living among faithful old servants born in the family, he could hush the matter up better than elsewhere, and not be stared at continually, or, glancing round, see people holding up their hands in terror at seeing a bloody track behind him. And so home he came, and there he saw the bloody track on the doorstep, and dolefully went into the hall, and up the stairs, an old servant ushering him into his chamber, and half a dozen others following behind, gazing, shuddering, pointing with quivering fingers, looking horror-stricken in one another's pale faces, and the moment he had passed, running to get fresh rushes, and to scour the stairs. The next day, Sir Forrester went into the wood, and by the aged oak he found a grave, and on the grave he beheld a beautiful crimson flower; the most gorgeous and beautiful, surely, that ever grew; so rich it looked, so full of potent juice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That flower he gathered; and the spirit of his scientific pursuits coming upon him, he knew that this was the flower, produced out of a human life, that was essential to the perfection of his recipe for immortal life; and he made the drink, and drank it, and became immortal in woe and agony, still studying, still growing wiser and more wretched in every age. By and by he vanished from the old Hall, but not by death; for from generation to generation, they say that a bloody track is seen around that house, and sometimes it is tracked up into the chambers, so freshly that you see he must have passed a short time before; and he grows wiser and wiser, and lonelier and lonelier from age to age. And this is the legend of the bloody footstep, which I myself have seen at the Hall door. As to the flower, the plant of it continued for several years to grow out of the grave; and after a while, perhaps a century ago, it was transplanted into the garden of —— Hall, and preserved with great care, and is so still. And as the family attribute a kind of sacredness or cursedness to the flower, they can hardly be prevailed upon to give any of the seeds, or allow it to be propagated elsewhere, though the king should send to ask it. It is said, too, that there is still in the family the old lord's recipe for immortality, and that several of his collateral descendants have tried to concoct it, and instil the flower into it, and so give indefinite life; but unsuccessfully, because the seeds of the flower must be planted in a fresh grave of bloody death, in order to make it effectual."

So ended Sybil's legend; in which Septimius was struck by a certain analogy to Aunt Keziah's Indian legend, — both referring to a flower growing out of a grave; and also he did not fail to be impressed with the wild coincidence of this disappearance of an ancestor of the family long ago, and the appearance, at about the same epoch, of the first known ancestor of his own family, the man with wizard's attributes, with the bloody footstep, and whose sudden disappearance became a myth, under the idea that the Devil carried him away. Yet, on the whole, this wild tradition, doubtless becoming wilder in Sybil's wayward and morbid fancy, had the effect to give him a sense of the fantasticalness of his present pursuit, and that, in adopting it, he had strayed into a region long abandoned to superstition, and where the shadows of forgotten dreams go when men are done with them; where past worships are; where great Pan went when he died to the outer world; a limbo into which living men sometimes stray when they think themselves sensiblest and wisest, and whence they do not often find their way back into the real world. Visions of wealth, visions of fame, visions of philanthropy, — all visions find room here, and glide about without jostling. When Septimius came to look at the matter in his present mood, the thought occurred to him that he had perhaps got into such a limbo, and that Sybil's legend, which looked so wild, might be all of a piece with his own present life; for Sybil herself seemed an illusion, and so, most strangely, did Aunt Keziah, whom he had known all his life, with her homely and quaint characteristics; the grim doctor, with his brandy and his German pipe, impressed him in the same way; and these, altogether, made his homely cottage by the wayside seem an unsubstantial edifice, [of material] such as castles in the air are built of, and the ground he trod on unreal; and that grave, which he knew to contain the decay of a beautiful young man, but a fictitious swell formed by the fantasy of his eyes. All unreal; all illusion! Was Rose Garfield a deception too, with her daily beauty, and daily cheerfulness, and daily worth? In short, it was such a moment as I suppose all men feel (at least, I can answer for one), when the real scene and picture of life swims, jars, shakes, seems about to be broken up and dispersed, like the picture in a smooth pond,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when we disturb its tranquil mirror by throwing in a stone; and though the scene soon settles itself, and looks as real as before, a haunting doubt keeps close at hand, as long as we live, asking, "Is it stable? Am I sure of it? Am I certainly not dreaming? See; it trembles again, ready to dissolve."

Applying himself with earnest diligence to his attempt to decipher and interpret the mysterious manuscript, working with his whole mind and strength, Septimius did not fail of some flattering degree of success.

A good deal of the manuscript, as has been said, was in an ancient English script; although so uncouth and shapeless were the characters, that it was not easy to resolve them into letters, or to believe that they were anything but arbitrary and dismal blots and scrawls upon the yellow paper, without meaning, vague, like the misty and undefined germs of thought as they exist in our minds before clothing themselves in words. These, however, as he concentrated his mind upon them, took distincter shape, like cloudy stars at the power of the telescope, and became sometimes English, sometimes Latin, strangely patched together, as if, so accustomed was the writer to use that language in which all the science of that age was usually embodied, that he really mixed it unconsciously with the vernacular, or used both indiscriminately. There was some Greek, too, but not much. Then frequently came in the cipher, to the study of which Septimius had applied himself for some time back, with the aid of the books borrowed from the college library, and not without success. Indeed, it appeared to him, on close observation, that it had not been the intention of the writer really to conceal what he had written from any earnest student, but rather to lock it up for safety in a sort of coffer, of which diligence and insight should be the key, and the keen intelligence with which the meaning was sought should be the test of the seeker's being entitled to possess the secret treasure.

Amid a great deal of misty stuff, he found the document to consist chiefly, contrary to his supposition beforehand, of certain rules of life; he would have taken it, on a casual inspection, for an essay of counsel, addressed by some great and sagacious man to a youth in whom he felt an interest, — so secure and good a doctrine of life was propounded, such excellent maxims there were, such wisdom in all matters that came within the writer's purview. It was as much like a digested synopsis of some old philosopher's wise rules of conduct, as anything else. But on closer inspection, Septimius, in his unsophisticated consideration of this matter, was not so well satisfied. True, everything that was said seemed not discordant with the rules of social morality; not unwise; it was shrewd, sagacious; it did not appear to infringe upon the rights of mankind; but there was something left out, something unsatisfactory, — what was it? There was certainly a cold spell in the document; a magic, not of fire, but of ice; and Septimius the more exemplified its power, in that he soon began to be insensible of it. It affected him as if it had been written by some greatly wise and worldly experienced man, like the writer of Ecclesiastes; for it was full of truth. It was a truth that does not make men better, though perhaps calmer; and beneath which the buds of happiness curl up like tender leaves in a frost. What was the matter with this document, that the young man's youth perished out of him as he read? What icy hand had written it, so that the heart was chilled out of the reader? Not that Septimius was sensible of this character; at least, not long: for as he read, there grew upon him a mood of calm satisfaction, such as he had never felt before. His mind seemed to grow clearer; his perceptions most acute; his sense of the reality of things grew to be such, that he felt as if he could touch and handle all his thoughts, feel round about all their outline and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circumference, and know them with a certainty, as if they were material things. Not that all this was in the document itself; but by studying it so earnestly, and, as it were, creating its meaning anew for himself, out of such illegible materials, he caught the temper of the old writer's mind, after so many ages as that tract had lain in the mouldy and musty manuscript. He was magnetized with him; a powerful intellect acted powerfully upon him; perhaps, even, there was a sort of spell and mystic influence imbued into the paper, and mingled with the yellow ink, that steamed forth by the effort of this young man's earnest rubbing, as it were, and by the action of his mind, applied to it as intently as he possibly could; and even his handling the paper, his bending over it, and breathing upon it, had its effect.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

IN A CHURCH.

THE organ breathed in harmonies so sweet,
That Paradise, with sons of light and air,
And daughters of the morn, seemed floating round:
Rich modulations, vaulting fugues that bear
The heart a captive: — as when Ganymede,
Borne by Jove's eagle to the Olmypian feast,
Sees the earth fade, and all the sky becomes
Before his gaze one wide auroral east.

The sunshine, flashing through the flying cloud,
Struck on the many-tinted window-panes,
And dashed a chord of colors on the wall,
Now strong, now fading, like the dying strains; —
A prismy gush of hues that slid oblique
Down the gray columns, — like a glowing truth
Whose white light, tinted in a poet's brain,
Breaks in a thousand rhymes of love and youth.

The hour was framed for silent thought and prayer, —
Gems whose rare setting seemed of heavenly gold.
We waited for a voice that might sustain
Our spirits' flight, nor let the air grow cold
About its wings, yet bear us higher still,
Till touched by faith, and love, and wisdom pure,
We saw the powers that lifted man to God,
The central truths no dogmas can obscure.

And yet the priest, discordant 'mid accords,
With waste of words, half-truth, half-error mixed,
Thin homilies and theologic prayers,
He only jarred the music, — spread betwixt
Nature and God a cloud that dimmed the sun,
And made the inspiring church a vaulted tomb;
And not till once again we trod the street,
Vanished that shadow of imagined doom.

C. P. Cranch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FIFTH

ALL were on hand at the usual hour, fresh and eager for a continuation of the performances. The Gannett, addressing Zoïlus, opened the conversation: —

"I can guess one thing you have been thinking of since we met, — of Tennyson's place in literature?"

ZOÏLUS. You have just hit it! I did n't fully agree with the Ancient, but there was no time left for discussion. There must be some good reason for Tennyson's influence on the poetry of our day; yet, if his is a genuine flower, it could n't be made a weed by being sown everywhere. There is no doubt of the individuality of his manner, but I am not yet ready to say that it is pure, as Collins's, or Gray's, for instance, or even Wordsworth's. He is sometimes like a perfume which cloys the sense from over-richness. Now, a very slight change in the odor of the tuberose might make it unpleasant; and it seems to me that some of Tennyson's younger followers have made just such a change.

GALAHAD. Almost the same thought occurred to me the other day. I was trying to recall some lines of the Ancient's imitation, and then went over in my mind the numbers of blank-verse idyls more or less in Tennyson's manner, which have been written by others. He drew from a very far source, as I think Stedman has clearly shown in his paper on "Theocritus and Tennyson"; but they, drawing from him, cannot conceal theirs. I never before felt so keenly the difference between the poetry which rises out of a man's own nature and that which is impressed upon it, or communicated, like an infection, by another mind. I even went so far as to try my hand alone, on an imitation of this idyllic school, which I now see is itself an echo.

THE ANCIENT. Read it to us, then! Who was your immediate model?

GALAHAD (*taking a paper from his pocket*). Why, no one in particular. Now, that I look over the lines, I see that I must have been thinking of the echoes of the "Princess," rather than of those of the short idyls of modern life. It is the craziest burlesque of the mediæval themes, revived in that form: it is absurd, and nothing else.

ZOÏLUS. That will do very well, for variety.

GALAHAD. Then, as Eustace Green says, if I must, I must. (*Reads.*)

SIR EGGNOGG.

Forth from the purple battlements he fared,
Sir Eggnogg of the Rampant Lily, named
From that embrasure of his argent shield
Given by a thousand leagues of heraldry
On snuffy parchments drawn, — so forth he fared,
By bosky boles and autumn leaves he fared,
Where grew the juniper with berries black,
The sphery mansions of the future gin.
But naught of this decoyed his mind, so bent
On fair Miasma, Saxon-blooded girl,
Who laughed his loving lullabies to scorn,
And would have snatched his hero-sword to deck
Her haughty brow, or warm her hands withal,
So scornful she: and thence Sir Eggnogg cursed
Between his teeth, and chewed his iron boots
In spleen of love. But ere the morn was high
In the robustious heaven, the postern-tower
Clang to the harsh, discordant, slivering scream
Of the tire-woman, at the window bent
To dress her crispéd hair. She saw, ah woe!
The fair Miasma, overbalanced, hurled
O'er the flamboyant parapet which ridged
The muffled coping of the castle's peak,
Prone on the ivory pavement of the court,
Which caught and cleft her fairest skull, and sent
Her rosy brains to fleck the Orient floor.
This saw Sir Eggnogg, in his stirrups poised,
Saw he and cursed, with many a deep-mouthed oath,
And, finding nothing more could reunite
The splintered form of fair Miasma, rode
On his careering palfrey to the wars,
And there found death, another death than hers.

ZOÏLUS. After this, write another such idyl yourself, if you dare!

GALAHAD. I never shall; but when you have done the thing ignorantly, and a magazine wants it on account of the temporary popularity of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theme and manner, is an author much to blame for publishing?

THE GANNET. Let your conscience rest, Galahad! "Hunger and request of friends" were always valid pleas. If a poet invariably asked himself, "Is this original? Is it something that *must* be written? Is it likely to be immortal?" I suspect our stock of verse would soon be very short. At least, only the Chiverses and Tuppers and —— would still be fruitful.

THE ANCIENT. Did you ever guess at the probable permanence of the things which seem best when they appear? It is a wholesome experiment. Macaulay first suggested it to me, in speaking of the three per cent of Southey which might survive: since then, I have found that the Middle Ages are an immense graveyard of poems, but nothing to what this century will be. I doubt whether many authors would write, in the mere hope of posthumous fame.

THE GANNET. *I* would n't! My idea of literature is, the possession of a power which you can wield to some purpose while you live. It may also be wealth, another power; it may be yoked with politics, which is better still; it may —

GALAHAD (*interrupting*). Stop! don't make me feel that your gift, which I have believed in, is so entirely selfish!

ZOÏLUS (*shaking the hat*). Here would soon be a precious row between you two; draw your names and go to work!

THE GANNET. What? Henry T. Tuckerman?

ZOÏLUS. To be sure! I have — Longfellow!

GALAHAD. Mine is William D. Howells.

THE ANCIENT. I have drawn Richard Henry Stoddard. Now, no changing, remember! We are better suited than the last time, unless it be Zoïlus, of whom I have my doubts. All imitations cannot be equally fortunate, and I 'm not sure that any of us would succeed better, if he should take his own time and pains for the task, instead of trusting to the first random suggestion.

ZOÏLUS. Then, why are you doubtful about me? I have my random suggestion already.

THE ANCIENT. Work it out! I think you understand my doubt, nevertheless. The Gannet is chuckling to himself, as if he were on the track of something wicked: I foresee that I must use my authority to-night, if I have any left. (*Writes.*)

THE CHORUS (*whispering together*). They are very evenly matched. Could any inference be drawn from the manner of each, as he writes? The Gannet has the most sarcastic air, Zoïlus is evidently satisfied with his performance, Galahad seems earnest and a little perplexed, and the Ancient is cool and business-like. They have all learned something by practice; they work much more rapidly than at first.

THE GANNET (*after all have finished*). When you try to grasp anything smooth, your hand slips. In Tuckerman there is only proper smoothness which can be travestied, and you know how difficult that is. (*Reads.*)

ODE TO PROPRIETY.

Thou calm, complacent goddess of the mind,
  Look on me from thine undisturbed domain;
Thy well-adjusted leaflets let me bind,
  As once on youthful, now on manly brain.

Upon thy head there is no hair awry;
  Thy careful drapery falleth as it should:
Thy face is grave; thy scrutinizing eye
  Sees only that which hath been stamped as good.

Thou art no patron of the strenuous thought
  That speaks at will, regardless of old rule;
To thee no neôlogic lays are brought,
  But models of the strictly classic school.

Thou teachest me the proper way and sure;
  To no imaginative heights misled,
My verse moves onward with a step secure,
  Nor hastes with rapture, nor delays with dread.

I do not need to woo the fickle Muse,
  But am her master, justified by thee:
All measures must obey me as I choose,
  So long as they are thine, Propriety!

For genius is a fever of the blood,
  And lyric rage a strange, disturbing spell:
Let fools attempt the torrent and the flood,
  Beside the pensive, placid pond I dwell!

ZOÏLUS. You have too much allitera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion in the last line: that is not at all proper.

THE GANNET. Then it shows the impossibility of reproducing the tone of Pope and Gray in our day. I do not know that Tuckerman attempts this in his verse; but I suspect that his prose model is still Addison.

ZOÏLUS. That is really getting to be a sign of originality! Mix Addison and Imagination together, and sublimate in a French retort, and where could you have a finer modern style? Tuckerman has all tradition on his side; he represents a conservative element in literature, which — though I don't admire it much — I think necessary, to keep the wild modern schools in order.

GALAHAD. It is something new, to hear you take this side.

ZOÏLUS. You must not always credit me with being wholly in earnest. I think I am a natural iconoclast; but one might as well assail respectability in society as the "classic" spirit in literature. It is impervious to all our shots; every blow slides off its cold polish. But, candidly, there are times when it seems to refresh me, or, at least, to give me a new relish for something warmer and more pungent.

THE ANCIENT. I believe you, fully. We should all fare badly, were it not for the colder works which we hear so often depreciated. They make a fire-proof temple, in which we may build fires at will. Now, let us hear how you have treated an author who is already a classic, though without the *cold* polish of which you speak. Very few poets have been complimented by so many ordinary parodies.

ZOÏLUS. I am aware of that, and I have tried to get as far away as possible from the risk of resembling them. (*Reads.*)

NAUVOO.

This is the place: be still for a while, my high-pressure steamboat!
Let me survey the spot where the Mormons builded their temple.
Much have I mused on the wreck and ruin of ancient religions,
Scandinavian, Greek, Assyrian, Zend, and the Sanskrit,
Yea, and explored the mysteries hidden in Talmudic targums,
Caught the gleam of Chrysaor's sword and occulted Orion,
Backward spelled the lines of the Hebrew graveyard at Newport,
Studied Ojibwa symbols and those of the Quarry of Pipe-stone,
Also the myths of the Zulus whose questions converted Colenso,
So, methinks, it were well I should muse a little at Nauvoo.

Fair was he not, the primitive Prophet, nor he who succeeded,
Hardly for poetry fit, though using the Urim and Thummim.
Had he but borrowed Levitical trappings, the girdle and ephod,
Fine-twined linen, and ouches of gold, and bells and pomegranates,
That, indeed, might have kindled the weird necromancy of fancy.
Had he but set up mystical forms, like Astarte or Peor,
Balder, or Freya, Quetzalcoatl, Perun, Manabozho,
Verily, though to the sense theologic it might be offensive,
Great were the gain to the pictured, flashing speech of the poet.
Yet the Muse that delights in Mesopotamian numbers,
Vague and vast as the roar of the wind in a forest of pine-trees,
Now must tune her strings to the names of Joseph and Brigham.
Hebrew, the first; and a Smith before the Deluge was Tubal,
Thor of the East, who first made iron ring to the hammer;
So on the iron heads of the people about him, the latter,
Striking the sparks of belief and forging their faith in the Good Time
Coming, the Latter Day, as he called it, — the Kingdom of Zion.
Then, in the words of Philip the Eunuch unto Belshazzar,
Came to him multitudes wan, diseased and decrepit of spirit,
Came and heard and believed, and builded the temple at Nauvoo.

All is past; for Joseph was smitten with lead from a pistol,
Brigham went with the others over the prairies to Salt Lake.
Answers now to the long, disconsolate wail of the steamer,
Hoarse, inarticulate, shrill, the rolling and bounding of ten-pins, —
Answers the voice of the bar-tender, mixing the smash and the julep,
Answers, precocious, the boy, and bites a chew of tobacco.
Lone as the towers of Afrasiab now is the seat of the Prophet,
Mournful, inspiring to verse, though seeming utterly vulgar:
Also — for each thing now is expected to furnish a moral —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teaching innumerable lessons for whoso believes and is patient.
Thou, that readest, be resolute, learn to be strong and to suffer!
Let the dead Past bury its dead and act in the Present!
Bear a banner of strange devices, "Forever" and "Never"!
Build in the walls of time the fane of a permanent Nauvoo,
So that thy brethren may see it and say, "Go thou and do likewise!"

GALAHAD. Zoïlus, you are incorrigible.

ZOÏLUS (*laughing*). Just what I expected you to say! But it's no easy thing to be funny in hexameters: the Sapphic verse is much more practicable. I heaped together everything I could remember, to increase my chances. In some of Longfellow's earlier poems the theme and moral are like two sides of a medal; but I could n't well copy that peculiarity.

THE GANNET. You will only find it in "The Beleaguered City" and "Seaweed." Longfellow is too genuine an artist to fall into that or any other "peculiarity." Just his best, his most purely imaginative poems are those which have not been popular, because the reader must be half a poet to appreciate them. What do you consider his best work?

ZOÏLUS. "Evangeline," of course.

THE GANNET. No, it is the "Golden Legend"! That is the spirit of the Middle Ages, and the feeling of all ages, set to modern melodies. I think I could write an imitation of Longfellow's higher strains — not of those which are so well known and so much quoted — which would be fairer than yours.

ZOÏLUS. Do it, and good luck to you. (THE GANNET *writes.*)

THE ANCIENT. Not one of our poets has deserved better of his countrymen than Longfellow: he has advanced the front rank of our culture. His popularity has naturally brought envy and disparagement upon him; but it has carried far and wide among the people the influence of his purity, his refinement, and his constant reference to an ideal of life which so many might otherwise forget. As a nation, we are still full of crudity and confusion, and his influence, so sweet and clear and steady, has been, and is, more than a merely poetic leaven.

GALAHAD. I have felt that, without ever thinking of putting it into words. The sweetness of Longfellow's verse is its most *necessary* quality, when we consider his literary career in this light; but I never could see how exquisite finish implies any lack of power. What was that line of Goethe which you quoted to me once, Ancient?

THE ANCIENT. *Nur aus vollendeter Kraft blicket die Anmuth hervor,* — only perfected Strength discloses Grace. There are singular ideas in regard to "power" afloat in literary circles. Why, the sunbeam is more powerful than a thousand earthquakes! I judge the power of an author by the influence of his works.

ZOÏLUS. Well, for my part, I don't appreciate "power," unless it strikes me square between the eyes. What I understand by "power" is something regardless of elegance, of the conventional ideas of refinement, of what you call "laws of art," — something primitive, lawless, forcing you, with a strong hand, to recognize its existence.

THE ANCIENT. Give me a few instances!

ZOÏLUS (*after a pause*). Carlyle, — Poe, — Swinburne, — Emily Bronté's "Wuthering Heights"!

GALAHAD. Why not Artemus Ward and Joaquin Miller?

THE GANNET. There! I never quite succeed when I assume a certain ability. I had in my mind, Zoïlus, the "Prometheus and Epimetheus," the "Palingenesis," and other poems in the same key; but it was so difficult to imitate them that I came down one grade and struck into a style more easy to be recognized. It may not be better than yours, but it is not so horribly coarse. (*Reads.*)

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage window
My vagrant steps delayed,
And half abstracted, like an ancient Hindoo,
I paused beneath the shade.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is, I said, this unremitted humming,
Louder than bees in spring?
As unto prayer the murmurous answer coming,
Shed from Sandalphon's wing.

Is this the sound of unimpeded labor,
That now usurpeth play?
Our karsher substitute for pipe and tabor,
Ghittern and virelay?

Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,
By spiritual hearing heard?
Nearer I drew, to listen with precision,
Detecting not a word.

Then, peering through the pane, as men of sin do,
Myself the while unseen,
I marked a maiden seated by the window,
Sewing with a machine.

Her gentle foot propelled the tireless treadle,
Her gentle hand the seam:
My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle
Those shirts, as in a dream!

Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar
Some imperceptible taste;
The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,
By beauty is embraced.

O fairer aspect of the common mission!
Only the Poet sees
The true significance, the high position
Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Toil, a brutal Boanerges,
Deform the maiden's hand;
Her implement its soft sonata merges
In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of the unspooling cotton,
Blent with her rhythmic tread,
Shall still be heard, when virelays are forgotten,
And troubadours are dead.

ZOÏLUS. Ah, you could n't avoid the moral application!

THE ANCIENT. Neither can you, in imitating Bryant and Whittier. In Longfellow — excepting some half-dozen of his earlier poems — the moral element is so skilfully interfused with the imaginative, that one hardly suspects its presence. I should say, rather, that it is an inherent quality of his genius, and, therefore, can never offend like an assumed purpose.* I abominate as much as you, Zoïlus, possibly can, the deliberate intention to preach moral doctrines in poetry. *That* is turning the glorious guild of authors into a higher kind of Tract Society! But the purer the poetic art, the nearer it approaches the loftiest morality; this is a truth which Longfellow illustrates. I have always defended the New England spirit against your prejudices, but this I must admit, that there is a large class of second-rate writers there who insist that every wayward little brook, whose murmur and sparkle are reason enough for its existence, must be made to turn some utilitarian mill. Over and over again, I have seen how their literary estimate of our poets is gauged by the assumed relation of the latter to some variety of "Reform." The Abolition of Slavery, first, then Temperance, and now Woman Suffrage, or Spiritualism, or the Labor Question, are dragged by the head and heels into the temple, and sometimes laid upon the very altar, of Letters. The wonder is, that this practice does n't retrospectively affect their judgment, and send Dante and Shakespeare and Milton to their chaotic limbo!

ZOÏLUS. Thanks for that much support; but let us hear Galahad!

GALAHAD. Howells, at least, has escaped some of the troubles through which the older authors have been obliged to pass. His four years in Venice made a fortunate separation between his youthful period and his true sphere of activity. He did not change front, as the rest of us must do, in the press of battle. I was very much puzzled what to select, as specially distinctive, and allowed myself, at last, to be guided by two or three short poems. (*Reads.*)

PREVARICATION.

. . . . . .

THE ANCIENT. I think I know what you had in your mind. But I was expecting to hear something in hexameters: you know his — . . . .*

ZOÏLUS. Yes, but . . . .†

GALAHAD. It is true to some extent. Still, on the other hand, he . . . .‡

ZOÏLUS. Well, after all, we seem to

* All contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly" are aware that the text of accepted articles is never changed, nor is even a sentence omitted without the author's permission. The Editor regrets that he is now obliged to violate this rule, but he trusts that the propriety of doing so will require no explanation.

† This would have given a clew to the preceding passage.

‡ The intelligent reader will readily guess why this is omitted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agree tolerably well. All our younger poets are tending towards greater finish and elegance. It is about time to expect the appearance of a third generation, with all the beauties and faults of their new youth about them. Why, we have hardly any known writer much less than thirty-five years old! Our lights scarcely begin to burn until the age when Keats's, Shelley's, Byron's, and Burns's went out. Is there something in our atmosphere that hinders development? I always supposed it possessed a greater stimulus.

THE ANCIENT. If you look back a little, you will find that Bryant, Willis, Longfellow, and Lowell were known and popular authors at twenty-five. But I have noticed the lack of a younger generation of poets. It is equally true of England, France, and Germany; none of those who have made a strong impression, whether good or bad, can be called young, with the single exception of Swinburne. Rossetti, though he has appeared so recently, must be forty-five years old; and in Germany the most popular poets — Geibel, Bodenstedt, Hamerling, and Redwitz — are all in middle age. I think a careful study of the literary history of the last hundred years would show that we have had both the heroes and the *epigonoi;* and now nature requires a little rest. Of course, all theories on the subject must be merely fanciful; half a dozen young fellows of the highest promise may turn up in a month; but I rather expect to see a good many fallow years.

GALAHAD. Then I, at least, have fallen on evil times. If I live after our stars have set, and no new ones have arisen, it will be —

ZOÏLUS. Your great luck! *Parmi les aveugles*, you know; but we are forgetting the Ancient's imitation.

THE ANCIENT. Stoddard's last volume shows both variety and inequality, but the most of it has the true ring. I was delighted with his gift of poetic narration, in "The Wine-Cup" and "The King's Sentinel"; yet, even in them, there is an undertone of sadness. One can only make a recognizable echo of his verse, in the minor key. (*Reads.*)

THE CANTELOPE.

Side by side in the crowded street,
Amid its ebb and flow,
We walked together one autumn morn;
('T was many years ago!)

The markets blushed with fruits and flowers;
(Both Memory and Hope!)
You stopped and bought me at the stall
A spicy cantelope.

We drained together its honeyed wine,
We cast the seeds away;
I slipped and fell on the moony rinds,
And you took me home on a dray!

The honeyed wine of your love is drained;
I limp from the fall I had;
The snow-flakes muffle the empty stall,
And everything is sad.

The sky is an inkstand, upside down,
It splashes the world with gloom;
The earth is full of skeleton bones,
And the sea is a wobbling tomb!

ZOÏLUS. I might have written that; what do you say, Galahad?

GALAHAD. It is fully as rollicking as yours, but not quite so coarse. I always find in Stoddard a most true and delicate ear for the melody of verse, and I thoroughly enjoy his brief snatches, or "catches," of song. When I disagree with him, it is usually on account of the theme rather than the execution. His collection of "Melodies and Madrigals" gave me the key to his own taste and talent; he seems to have wandered down to us from the times of Charles I. What has the Gannet been writing all this while?

THE GANNET. Something not on our programme. After trying my hand on Tuckerman and then on Longfellow, I felt fresh for one task more; and we have had so few ladies introduced into our diversions, that I turned to Mrs. Stoddard for a new inspiration. You know how I like her poems, as the efforts of a not purely rhythmic mind to express itself rhythmically. They interest me greatly, as every embodiment of struggle does. A commonplace, conventional intellect would never dare to do the things she does, both in prose and verse; she defies the usual ways to popularity with a most indomitable perseverance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GALAHAD. Is not that the way to reach it in the end?

THE GANNET. No man knoweth; because no one can foresee how the tastes or whims of the mercurial public may turn. Some authors predict their own popularity; some secretly expect it, and never get it; and some, again, leave works which may seem dead and buried, but are dug up as if by accident, after two or three centuries, and become new and delightful to a different race of men. Shall I read you my imitation?

THE ANCIENT. We wait.

THE GANNET. (*Reads.*)

THE NETTLE.

If days were nights, I could their weight endure.
This darkness cannot hide from me the plant
I seek: I know it by the rasping touch.
The moon is wrapped in bombazine of cloud;
The capes project like crooked lobster-shears
Into the bobbery of the waves; the marsh,
At ebb, has now a miserable smell.
I will not be delayed nor hustled back,
Though every wind should muss my outspread hair.
I snatch the plant that seems my coming fate:
I pass the crinkled satin of the rose,
The violets, frightened out of all their wits,
And other flowers, to me so commonplace,
And cursed with showy mediocrity,
To cull the foliage which repels and stings.
Weak hands may bleed; but mine are tough with pride,
And I but smile where others sob and screech.
The draggled flounces of the willows lash
My neck; I tread upon the bouncing rake,
Which bangs me sorely, but I hasten on,
With teeth firm-set as biting on a wire,
And feet and fingers clenched in bitter pain.
This, few would comprehend; but, if they did,
I should despise myself and merit scorn.
We all are riddles which we cannot guess:
Each has his gimcracks and his thingumbobs,
And mine are night and nettles, mud and mist,
Since others hate them, cowardly avoid.
Things are mysterious when you make them so,
And the slow-pacing days are mighty queer;
But Fate is at the bottom of it all,
And something somehow turns up in the end.

ZOÏLUS. That is an echo with a vengeance! But the exaggeration of peculiarities is the best part of our fun; there you had the advantage. And this proves what I have said, that the "classic" style is nearly impregnable. How *could* you exaggerate it? You might as well undertake an architectural burlesque of the Parthenon. It is the Gothic, Byzantine, Moresque styles in literature which give the true material for travesty, just as they allow the greatest intellectual freedom.

THE ANCIENT. We shall have to dub you "the Pugin of Poetry." You 've been taking a hint from Clough's *Bothie*.

THE GANNET. Which Zoïlus does n't like, because of the hexameters, although there never were lighter and less encumbered lines. With all Clough's classicism, his is a thoroughly Saxon-Gothic mind. Where will you find a more remarkable combination of richness and subtlety, of scholarly finish and the frankest realism? He is the only man who has ever made English phrase flow naturally in elegiac cadence. You, certainly, must remember, Ancient?

"Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak-trees immingle,
Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,
Where under mulberry branches the diligent rivulet sparkles,
Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works ply,
Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier still repeated,
Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky, —
Ah, that I were, far away from the crowd and the streets of the city,
Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee!"

ZOÏLUS. O, if you once begin to quote, I surrender.

THE ANCIENT. Let us all part on good terms; that is, each holding to his own opinion.

[*Exeunt.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STORY OF SOME BELLS.

TOLD FOR A POET.

A LITTLE legend, dear and gracious friend,
Has strangely wrought upon my heart to-day;
Let me the story to thy heart commend,
And tell it to thee in my simple way.

Long years agone, a Southern artisan,
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime,
A dreamy-eyed, devout, and sad-voiced man,
Cast, with rare skill, a wondrous tuneful chime,
Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And, it is said, this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung
A triumph-peal the bells harmonious rung,
And made a Sabbath on the golden air,
He stood with claspéd hands, and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

Against the cliff, beneath the convent tower,
He built the rude nest of his peasant home;
Nor wandering sail nor hope of gain had power
To tempt him from the spot blest by his bells to roam.

At last there came to curse that lovely land
The woe and waste of war; the legend tells
How one wild night, a sacrilegious band
Despoiled the convent even of its bells.

The founder, seizing his rude arms, in vain
Strove that fierce tide of blood and fire to stay;
He saw his home in flames, his brave sons slain,
And then a dungeon's walls shut out the day.

Long years wore on; at last, the artisan,
A weary, bowed, gray-haired, and lonely man,
Joyless beheld again the sea, the sky,
And pined to hear his bells once more, — then die.

Somewhere, he knew, those bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of Heaven;
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer —
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

The legend telleth how, from town to town,
Where'er a minster-cross stood up to bless
God's praying souls, where'er a spire looked down,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He through strange lands and weary ways did press
His mournful pilgrimage, companionless.

The Norman carillons, so sweet and clear,
The chimes of Amsterdam and gray old Ghent,
But alien music rang they to his ear,
No faintest thrill of joy to his sad heart they sent.

Before full many an English tower he stood,
And vainly listened, then pursued his quest;
At last, a noble lady, fair and good,
The sad-eyed pilgrim pointed to the west,
And said, "At Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats, all pealing in accord."

Soft shades foretold the coming of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingered, — or as there sweet Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a boat slow held its way;
All silent bent the boatmen to their oars,
For at their feet a dying stranger lay.

In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names, and murmured words of prayer,
And yearningly his wasted arms outflung,
Grasped viewless hands, and kissed the empty air.

Sudden, upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper-bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 't would seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid its silent times, —
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes, —
Or gathered music from the summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from tributary flowers.
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime, and knew it ringing nigh;
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching towards the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear *my* bells once more!"

Nearer they drew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church tower high;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pilgrim listened, till their latest swells
Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh;
With their sweet ceasing, ceased his mortal breath.
So, like a conqueror to the better land,
Passed the worn artisan, — such music grand
Uprolled before him on the heavenly path.

From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
And Hesperus his silver lamp uphung;
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
The vesper chime that summoneth to pray:
But to that stranger, weary, lone, and old,
They pealed the matins of immortal day.

Thus thou, my poet, from thy soul hast wrought
In tuneful song sweet chimes of deep-toned thought,
To sound toward heaven, high hung on massive towers
That overlook the world; in silent hours,
Even in darkness, gathering, note by note,
God's deepest melodies, that ever float
Above the toiling or the sleeping earth;
To answer grief with grief, and mirth with mirth;
To fling sweet strains upon the path of day,
As flowers are flung upon a victor's way;
To cheerily peal out amid the storm,
Beneath the rolling of the thunder-cars;
Ring in calm eves, with sunset glories warm,
And sound before the coming of the stars.

And from *thy* bells we deem each latest time
We hear a clearer and a grander chime,
That fall their faintest notes with sweetness rare,
Like birds that sing in death, soft dropping down the air.

And when thou floatest o'er that solemn river
That for its shade the mournful cypress hath;
Along whose shores the fearful aspens shiver, —
That stream of dread, the icy flood of death,
Parting our mortal life from God's forever, —
Then from the shore thou *leavest*, ah, mayst thou
Know thy true thoughts yet chiming clear and high;
Then may the joy-light kindle in thine eye
And smile the cold death-shadow from thy brow,
Hearing that chime sound o'er the stream's sad flowing,
And echoed from the land to which thou 'rt going!

Not smiting sharply on the air above,
And not in thunderbolts of sound down-hurled;
But ringing soft God's peace and pitying love,
And pealing his redemption o'er the world.

Grace Greenwood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

X.

The Haunted Mind.

CARROL rushed forward toward the figure, under the influence of a terrible fascination. The Horror, which had oppressed him once before on that memorable night, now seemed to renew its power over him. He obeyed mechanically a blind impulse, the creature of that Horror, and sprung toward the figure that thus showed itself, without any well-defined thought or motive whatever. He had scarcely taken two or three steps, however, when his foot struck against an iron rod, that ran across the vessel about two inches above the deck. He stumbled, and fell heavily downward, and the force with which he struck was so great that he lay motionless for about half a minute.

At length he gathered himself up, slowly and painfully, and scrambled to his feet. The fascination of that figure's basilisk glance was still strong enough to influence his movements; and he glanced fearfully toward the place where it had stood.

It was no longer visible.

He looked all around with a shudder, expecting to see it in some new position; but nothing of the sort met his view. Then he drew a long breath, and without stopping to pick up his flask he hurried below. His appearance was singular enough to have excited attention in any other place than the saloon of an ocean steamer. His face was fearfully pale, his jaw was hanging down, his eyes fixed and glaring, and he walked with staggering steps. But at sea such beings as these are constantly visible at all times, and poor humanity takes on even worse forms than this as the ocean asserts its mastery over man. So the wild appearance of Carrol excited but little attention, except on the part of Grimes, who happened to be in the saloon as Carrol entered. He was still troubled in his mind by the thoughts that had arisen from Carrol's story; and now that he entered in such a way, he could not help imagining that some new event had occurred in connection with his friend's troubles. So he at once rose, and, following Carrol, came up to him just as he was entering his state-room.

"What 's up?" asked Grimes, as he stood in the doorway.

Carrol said nothing, but flung himself on a seat, and buried his head in his hands.

"Shall I light the lamp?"

Carrol made no reply.

Upon this Grimes acted on the principle that silence gives consent, and, entering the state-room, he lighted the lamp, and then closing the door he sat down and looked earnestly at his friend.

"Come, my boy," said Grimes at last, in a voice full of kindly sympathy, "you 're overdoin' it a little. Don't go on in this style. Somethin' new has happened. What is it?"

Carrol gave a heavy sigh, but said nothing.

"It 's somethin' more 'n sea-sickness anyway," said Grimes, in a tone of deep conviction. "If it had been any other chap, I 'd say it was sea-sickness, but I know you 're not given that way. Come now. Out with it. If there 's anythin' new turned up, it won't do any good to keep it to yourself. So out with it."

Upon this Carrol made a nearer approach to speaking, for he gave a groan.

"What did you remark?" asked Grimes.

Carrol raised his head and drew a long breath.

"Grimes," said he.

"Well, my son."

"I 've seen him."

"What 's that? You 've what?"

"I 've seen him," repeated Carrol, in a hollow, sepulchral voice.

"You 've seen him! — seen him! Seen who? Who 's him?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There 's only One," said Carrol, solemnly, "that I could mean, — only One, — the One that haunts me always, the One who fell beneath my hand."

"What! that infernal frog-eatin' Frenchman?" said Grimes, contemptuously. "O, come now, that 's all infernal rubbish."

"I 've seen him," moaned Carrol, going on in a way that sounded like the monotonous croon of an Irish lady at a wake, — "I 've seen him."

"Well then," said Grimes, "all that I can say is, that I 'll be darned if I can understand why the sight of a miserable frog-eatin' Frenchman should produce such an effect upon any one who calls himself a man. Come now, Carrol, shake yourself. Be a man."

"I saw him," said Carrol, once more taking up the burden of his song, — "I saw him. There was no mistake. It was by the smoke-stack."

"By the smoke-stack?"

"Yes, just now, by the smoke-stack. I saw him. It was he. There was no mistake. I could not be mistaken in that death-pale face, — the face of a corpse, — in the terrible glare of those glassy eyes —"

"It 's evident," said Grimes, after a brief observation of the state of his friend, — "it 's evident that something has become visible to you, and it 's also evident that you 've been considerably agitated."

Carrol said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and his brows contracted into a frown.

"My idee," said Grimes, after another thoughtful pause, — "my idee is this, you 've been drinkin' altogether too much. It 's more 'n flesh and blood can stand. Now I 've noticed since we 've met you 've been on one prolonged tipple; never could five minutes pass without a pull at your flask; and a man that 's got to that has simply reached a point where he is liable to be visited by all the devils in Pandemonium. If you 've been goin' on at this rate since you left your home, all I can say is, that you 're in a darned bad way, and you 're now just about inside the borders of the territory of Delirium Tremens."

"O, that 's all very well," said Carrol, rousing himself by a strong effort, — "it 's all very well, and I don't doubt that there 's something in what you say. I do take a little too much, I confess. I 've never been a drinking man, and this last week I 've done a good deal in that way I know; but at the same time the event of this night had nothing at all to do with that. And what I saw had nothing whatever to do with fancy or excitement. I was perfectly cool. I was dull and depressed, and I saw him, — I saw the Frenchman that I killed, — I saw him — not ten feet from me. It was no fancy; it was reality."

Grimes looked hard at Carrol, and his brows knit together in a frown of perplexity.

"You 'll have to tell me some more about it," said he, at last, "for I 'll be darned if I can make it out."

Carrol mechanically felt for his flask. But he could not find it, for the simple reason that he had left it behind him in his flight. On discovering this he leaned back in a resigned way, and, drawing a long breath, he began to tell his story. He narrated the story very circumstantially indeed, omitting no incident, until he reached the point where the dread figure had appeared before him. Here he began to work into his story details that belonged rather to fancy than to fact, and threw around the figure that he described all the terrible accessories that had been created by his own feverish imagination. To all this Grimes listened with profound silence.

And as Grimes listened a great change came over him.

Mention has already been made of that singular anxiety and that ill-concealed remorse which had appeared in his face as he listened to Carrol's first story. The feelings that were thus expressed had agitated him ever since, making him preoccupied, troubled, and ill at ease. He had been brooding over this at the very time when Carrol had rushed into the cabin. But now, as he listened to this new story, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect that it produced upon him was of such a nature that it led to a complete overturn of his feelings; and the change was plainly visible in his face and manner. The dark shadow of anxious care passed away from his brow. Over his face there came its natural expression, that air of broad content, of bland and philosophic calm, of infinite self-complacency and heartfelt peace, which formed the well-known characteristics of California Grimes. But there was even more than this; there came over his face a positive joyousness, — a certain hilarious glee, which seemed to show that Carrol's story conveyed to his mind a far deeper meaning than any which was perceptible to the narrator. There were indeed moments in which that hilarious glee seemed about to burst forth in a way which would be perceptible to other senses than that of sight; but Carrol did not notice it at all; he did not see the shakings of soul that communicated themselves to the vast body of his friend, nor did he mark the smile that at times deepened into a grin, and threatened to make itself known in a peal of stentorian laughter. For Carrol's eyes as he spoke were solemnly fixed upon the floor, nor was he conscious of anything else but the remembrances of that terrific visitation which he was describing to Grimes.

At length he ended his story, and then there was a long pause.

It was at last terminated by Grimes.

"Wal," said he, "you 've made up a pooty tough story, but, looking at it in a calm and rational manner, I can come to only one of two conclusions. The fust conclusion is that you had been drinkin' too much. This is confirmed by your own confession, for you were just going to take a further drop when the flask took a drop of its own accord. Think now, might n't you have been a victim to some infernal hallucination or other, brought on by *delirium tremens?*"

Carrol shook his head impatiently.

"You don't allow it? Very well then. What is the other of my conclusions? The other one is this. It was not a fancy; it was not a deception. You actilly saw him. And mind you, when I say that you *saw* him, I mean that you actilly saw *him*, that is, the Frenchman — Du Potiron — himself — and no other. And when I say himself, I mean himself in the flesh. Yes, you saw him. And what does that mean? Why, it means that he is aboard of this very boat, and hence we have one more surprise to add to the other surprises of this eventful day."

At this Carrol raised his eyes with a reproachful look, and disconsolately shook his head.

"I tell you," cried Grimes, energetically, "he ain't dead."

Carrol sighed heavily.

"O, you need n't sigh and groan in that style," said Grimes. "I tell you again, he ain't dead; and you maybe have seen him. And I dar say the miserable frog-eatin' cuss was as much frightened at the sight of you as you were at the sight of him."

"O, as to that," said Carrol, moodily, "that 's impossible. I tell you I heard him fall. He fell — at — the — first — shot."

As he said this a shudder passed over him.

"How do you know?" asked Grimes.

"Know? Why, I heard the terrible sound of his fall."

"Sound? sound?" said Grimes. "Why, that 's nothin'. No one can tell anythin' from a sound. A sound may mean anythin'. No; you did n't see him, and so you don't know anythin' about it. You 're givin' way altogether too much to your imagination. It 's my opinion that either you were a victim to your own fancy, or else that this Frenchman is aboard this here steamer. Come, now, what do you say? Let 's go for'ard, and take a look through the second cabin. Let 's hunt up the miserable devil, and ask him all about it. Come, what do you say?"

At this proposal a shudder passed through Carrol.

"I won't," said he, abruptly, "I 'll stay here. I can't go and I won't. It 's too much. Let me wait till I get over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this. I can't stand it. You 're too hard on a fellow. You don't understand."

Grimes leaned back in his chair and made no reply.

For several days the effect of this "visitation" was very strong on Carrol. Grimes went forward and inspected all the passengers carefully, but saw nothing of Du Potiron, nor could he learn anything that might lead him to suppose that he was on board. Gradually, therefore, he fell back from this belief to the other, and concluded that it was an hallucination, superinduced by a diseased brain, consequent upon excessive indulgence in liquor. He still continued, however, to spend nearly all his time forward, out of a feeling of delicacy. He feared that his presence might be embarrassing to Mrs. Lovell, and therefore determined to keep out of her way.

After a few days Carrol ventured upon deck. He had as good a reason as Grimes for avoiding the after part of the vessel; for he did not care about encountering Maud. If he thus avoided her, it was certainly out of no regard for her feelings, but simply out of the strength of his own aversion. He was still a prey to those dark and vindictive feelings which had thus far animated him; which were intensified by every new trouble, and which led him to consider her as the unprincipled author of all his woes. The time that he passed on deck he chose to spend with Grimes forward, in those parts where ladies seldom or never venture; and he concluded that these ladies would have their own reasons for not coming there.

As to the ladies they kept on the usual tenor of their way. Maud had resolved that she would not change her plans of action for the sake of avoiding Carrol; and so she went up on deck whenever she chose, generally establishing herself near the stern. Mrs. Lovell never made any objections; nor did she ever express any fear about meeting with Grimes. The ladies were very respectable sailors, and, as the weather was fine, they were able to avail themselves to an unusually large extent of the freedom and breeziness of the upper deck.

Grimes and Carrol were very early risers, and it was their habit to go up before sunrise and wait until breakfast-time. At this hour they had the freedom of the ship, and could go to the stern if they chose.

One morning it happened that Mrs. Lovell expressed a great desire to see the sun rise; and she and Maud made an arrangement to enjoy that rare spectacle on the following day. As the day broke they were ready, and left their room and ascended to the upper deck. It was a glorious morning. They stood for a moment as they first emerged, and inhaled the fresh, invigorating sea air, and looked with rapture at the deep blue sky, and the wide expanse of water, and the lurid heavens in the east all glowing with the splendor of the sun's first rays. After enjoying this sufficiently they turned and walked toward the stern.

When they had traversed about half the distance, they noticed two men standing there, the sight of whom gave a separate and distinct sensation to each of them. At that very moment the two men had turned, and appeared about to walk back toward them. The moment they turned, however, they saw the ladies. They stopped for about five seconds, in evident embarrassment. The ladies were perhaps equally embarrassed, but they walked on mechanically. Then one of the gentlemen turned abruptly, and, descending some steps at the stern, he went down to the main deck. After a moment's hesitation his companion followed him. They walked along on the larboard side of the vessel, and as they went the ladies could see the tops of their hats, and almost involuntarily they turned and watched the two fugitives. As they did so they saw a figure standing near the smoke-stack, with a heavy cloak flung around him and a felt hat on his head. His face was turned toward them, but he was watching the two men. As these latter approached him and reached a place amidships where steps led to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the upper deck, he suddenly turned, and, walking forward with swift steps, he disappeared.

"Did you see that man?" said Maud, in a low, hurried tone.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell.

"It 's Du Potiron!" said Maud, in some agitation. "How perfectly unaccountable!"

"I 'm sure I don't think it 's unaccountable at all," said Mrs. Lovell. "I don't think anything 's unaccountable now. Did n't you notice Mr. Grimes? Did n't you notice his extraordinary behavior. After such conduct on his part, I decline to be astonished at anything."

"But only think," said Maud, "of Monsieur Du Potiron being here, and the others also! Why, it seems as though what we thought to be such a great secret was known to all the world."

"I should n't at all wonder," said Mrs. Lovell, "if all our friends and acquaintances were one by one to appear and disappear before us in the course of this voyage. I have given up wondering. The thing that has exhausted all my capacity for wonder, and shown me the utter hollowness and vanity of that emotion, is the shocking behavior of Mr. Grimes. Do you know, Maudie dear, he has fallen terribly in my estimation. Such rudeness, you know! Why, it fairly takes one's breath away to think of it! Positively, he ran away from us. And yet he professes to be my great friend. Why, do you know, Maudie dear, I really begin to be ashamed of him!"

"I should think that you ought to have been ashamed of him all along," said Maud.

"I ought to have been nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell, "and it is very, very unjust in you to use such language, Maudie. For after all, when one thinks of it, his conduct is very natural and very delicate. His weak point is his utter delicacy. He is afraid that he will be intrusive if he speaks to me. That is the reason why he avoids me. Don't you see how carefully he keeps himself out of sight? The poor fellow has tracked me secretly, and is determined to follow me to the end of the world, but is afraid of showing himself. It is his utter devotion, combined with his entire self-abnegation. Now do you know, Maudie dear, I see something uncommonly pathetic in such a situation as that."

At this Maud subsided into silence, and the ladies walked slowly toward the stern.

XI.

At Sea.

After they had been out about a week they encountered a gale which was violent enough to keep most of the passengers below. On the second day it began to subside, and Mrs. Lovell determined to go on deck. Maud, however, was not in a position to make the attempt, and so Mrs. Lovell was compelled to go alone. In spite of the fear which she had expressed of the dangers that threatened her apart from Maud, she showed no hesitation on this occasion, but after declaring that any further confinement below would be her death, she ventured forth and gained the deck.

The storm was subsiding, the sky was clearer, and the wind blew less violently; but the sea was exceedingly rough, even more so, in fact, than it had been at the height of the gale. The steamer pitched and rolled excessively, and the miserable passengers who had felt the horrors of sea-sickness had no prospect of immediate relief as yet. Mrs. Lovell, however, was among the fortunate few who can defy those horrors; and if she had remained below thus far, it was more on account of the rain than the motion of the vessel.

On reaching the deck Mrs. Lovell stood for a few moments holding on to the railing, and looking around her for some place to which she might go. Having at length chosen a spot, she ventured forth, and letting go her hold of the railing, to which she had thus far clung, she endeavored to walk toward the point which she wished to reach. It needed but a few steps, however, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show her that this journey, though very short, was very difficult and very hazardous. The vessel was pitching and tossing as it moved over the heavy seas; and to walk over its decks required far more skill and experience than she possessed. She walked a few paces; then she stood still; then she crouched as a huge wave raised the vessel high in the air; then as it fell she staggered forward a few steps, and stood there looking around. She looked around helplessly for some place of refuge; and as she stood there her face assumed such an expression of refined woe, of elegant distress, and of ladylike despair, as might have touched the heart of any beholder who was not an absolute stock or stone. One beholder's heart was touched at any rate, and he was anything but a stock or stone.

As Mrs. Lovell stood in her picturesque attitude, in all the charm of her helplessness, there was suddenly revealed a stalwart form, which rushed to her assistance. It was no other than Grimes, who had taken advantage of the stormy weather to air his manly figure at the stern of the vessel, which thus far he had so carefully avoided. The sudden and unexpected appearance of Mrs. Lovell had transfixed him with astonishment; but the sight of Mrs. Lovell in distress had called forth all the more chivalrous instincts of his nature. Her helplessness, and the mute appeal of that beautiful face, had at once roused his warmest feelings, and accordingly he sprang forth from behind the mizzen-mast, where he had been standing, and rushed to her relief.

Grimes was not the man to do things by halves. As he had come to rescue her, he determined to effect that rescue thoroughly. He did not, therefore, offer his arm, or his hand, or anything of that sort, but quietly yet firmly passed his left arm around her waist, and with his right hand seized both of hers, and in this way he carried her rather than led her to what he considered the most convenient seat. But the most convenient seat in his estimation happened to be the one that was most distant from the particular spot where he had rescued her; and so it happened that he had to carry her thus in his encircling arm all the way from this place to the stern of the vessel. Arriving here, he retained her for a moment in his grasp, and seemed as though he was meditating a further journey, but Mrs. Lovell struggled away and subsided into a seat.

"O thanks, Mr. Grimes!" she said. "How very fortunate it was that you were here to help me! I 'm sure I have n't any idea what would ever have become of me, if you had n't come to my relief. I was just beginning to give up. Positively I was in actual despair —"

At this an awkward silence followed. Grimes took a seat by her side, looking perfectly radiant, but he did not appear to have anything in particular to say.

"I 'm sure," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I don't see how you ever managed to walk so very straight, and especially with — with — that is," hesitated Mrs. Lovell, "under such very peculiar circumstances. I 'm sure I could not have made any progress at all. And so, you know, I think you must have been a great sailor, Mr. Grimes."

"O no, 'm," said Grimes, "nothin' much; only I certainly have got on my sea legs, though I don't brag on my seamanship."

"O, but you know," said Mrs. Lovell, in a vivacious manner, "you really must be; and then, poor me, I 'm so horribly awkward when it is at all rough, Mr. Grimes."

"Wal," said Grimes, in a tone which was meant to be consolatory and sympathetic, and all that, "it 's a lucky thing for you that you ain't sea-sick. Why, there 's people aboard now that 'd give any amount o' money to be able to sit down as you do without feeling qualmish."

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Lovell, in a sweet voice, "what would ever have become of me if it had n't been for you, Mr. Grimes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"O, don't mention it, 'm, I beg," said Grimes, earnestly. "Just as if I did n't like to do it. Why, I — I — I enjoyed it, — I fairly gloated over it. I —"

"But, O Mr. Grimes," said Mrs. Lovell, interrupting him and looking afar out over the boisterous sea, "is n't it really delightful? I enjoy this so very much. Don't you think those waves are really quite magnificent? And that sky! why, it 's really worth coming miles to see. Those colors are perfectly astonishing. Do you notice what a very vivid red there is over there among those clouds, — very vivid, — just a trifle vulgar, you know; but then really fine, — an air of barbaric grandeur, — it is really wonderful. Don't you think so, Mr. Grimes?"

Grimes looked earnestly toward the scene which Mrs. Lovell admired so greatly, and saw a gorgeous display of brilliant sunshine contrasting with gloomy storm-clouds, forming one of those grand spectacles that often present themselves upon the ocean, where light and shade are all at war, where a flood of burning fire pours down upon the sea, and the wild waves toss and rage and chafe amid wide seas of purple foam. This was on one side of the horizon, but everywhere else there were dark waves and gloomy clouds. Grimes looked upon this with a feeling of admiration which was natural under the circumstances, and tried hard for a time to express that admiration. But whether his admiration was not up to the mark, or whether it was that language failed him, certain it is that no words were forthcoming; for Grimes contented himself at length with making the following very simple yet rather inadequate remark: —

"Yes, 'm."

"Yes, it really is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "and it 's so nice for me; for do you know, Mr. Grimes, I 'm never afraid at sea, only about the boiler? If it should burst, you know; and in that case," continued Mrs. Lovell, with an air of mild dejection, "I really don't know what I should do. Boilers are really such awful things, and I really do wish they would n't have them; don't you, Mr. Grimes?"

"Well, I don't know, 'm," said Grimes, slowly and hesitatingly, as he saw Mrs. Lovell's eyes fixed inquiringly on his, feeling also very desirous to agree with her, yet not being altogether able to do so, — "I don't know, 'm. You see we could n't very well do without them. They 're a necessary thing —"

"Now, how really nice it is," said Mrs. Lovell, in a tone of profound gratification, — "how really nice it is to know all about such things! I really envy you, and I wish you 'd begin now and tell me all about it. I 've always longed so to understand all about boilers and things, Mr. Grimes. Now what are boilers?"

"Boilers? boilers?" said Grimes, — "boilers? why, 'm, they 're — they 're boilers, you know —"

"Yes, but what makes them explode so, all the time, and kill people?"

Thus challenged, Grimes gathered up all the resources of his powerful brain, and entered upon a full, complete, and exhaustive description of the steam-engine; taking especial care to point out the important relation borne by the boiler to the rest of the machine, and also to show how it was that under certain circumstances the said boiler would explode. He gave himself up completely to his subject. He grew earnest, animated, eloquent. He explained the difference between the locomotive engine and the steamboat engine, between the fire-engine and the stationary engine. He then went off into generalities, and concluded with a series of harrowing accidents.

To all this Mrs. Lovell listened in silence and in patience. She never uttered a word, but sat with her large dark eyes fixed on his, and an earnest expression of devout attention upon her face.

At length Grimes came to a conclusion.

"O, thanks, very much!" said Mrs. Lovell. "It 's really so very kind of you, and I 'm so very stupid, you know;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but is n't it very odd that you and I should meet in this way? I 'm sure I was never so astonished in all my life."

At this most sudden and unexpected turn of the conversation, which in an instant was switched off from the line of science to that of delicate private affairs, Grimes looked fairly stunned with embarrassment.

"I — I — I," said he, stammering, — "I 'm sure I can't account for it at all."

"How very funny! Only fancy!" sighed Mrs. Lovell.

After this there was a silence, and Grimes began to murmur something about its being an accident, and about his astonishment being the same as hers. To all this Mrs. Lovell listened without any particular attention, and at length asked him abruptly, "You 're going to Paris, I suppose?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes, solemnly; and then he added in an explanatory way, "You see, 'm, Paris is a fine place, and the French are a fine people."

"How very funny!" said Mrs. Lovell again, not, of course, meaning that the character which Mr. Grimes attributed to the French was funny, but rather referring to the fact that Paris was his destination.

At this point, however, Mrs. Lovell made a motion to return to the cabin. The conversation of Mr. Grimes about the steam-engine, or rather his lecture on that subject, had taken up a good hour, and she did not feel inclined to remain longer. As she rose to go, Grimes made a movement to convey her back in the same manner in which he had brought her to this place; but this time Mrs. Lovell was more on her guard and dexterously eluded him. She declared that the vessel did not roll at all now, though the motion was quite as violent as it had been before, and that she was able to walk without any difficulty. So she clung to the railing; and though Grimes walked by her side all the way, she managed to struggle to the cabin without his assistance.

On reaching the state-room she burst forth at once.

"O Maudie dear, who do you think I saw? and I 've been with him ever since."

Maud had been lying in her berth in that quiescent and semi-torpid state which is generally affected by the average passenger in rough weather; but the remark of her sister roused her. She started up, leaning on her elbow, and looking at her with intense earnestness.

"Not — Mr. — Mr. Carrol," she said, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Mr. Carrol? No, of course not; I mean Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes? O, is that all?" said Maud; and with this she sank back to her former position.

"Is that all?" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "Well, do you know, Maudie, I call that a great deal," she continued, with some warmth; "especially when you bear in mind that he was waiting for me, — really lying in ambush, — and the moment I appeared he seized me in his arms."

"What!" cried Maud, in amazement, roused at once and completely out of her indifference and her torpor, and starting up as before upon her elbow, — "what! seized you!"

"Well, you know, Maudie, there was some excuse for it, for it was so rough that I could n't walk very well, and so he carried me to the stern."

"Carried you!" exclaimed Maud, in a tone of horror.

"O, I assure you, it was quite natural; and, what 's more, I 'm sure it was very kind of him; for really, one could no more walk than one could fly. For my part, I really felt quite grateful to him, and I told him so."

"O Georgie! how very, very silly you are about that person!"

"He is n't a person at all," said Mrs. Lovell; "and I 'm not silly, — I 'm simply capable of common gratitude."

"O dear!" sighed Maud. "And so it 's all beginning again, and we 'll have it all over and over, and — "

"It is n't doing anything of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell. "Mr. Grimes is a very different sort of a man from what you suppose him to be. He 's perfectly abominable, and I wish peo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple would n't be so high-minded and consistent."

"Abominable — high-minded — consistent? What do you mean, Georgie?" said Maud, in deep perplexity.

"Why, I mean Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes? Of course. But what do you mean by talking in this confused way?"

"Why, I mean that his treatment of me was abominable, and that he is so changed that he seems quite like a different person."

"In what way is he changed?"

"O, you know, he does n't take any notice of me at all now! I 'm nothing. I 'm no more to him than — than — than the captain of the ship."

"Why, I 'm sure," said Maud, "that 's the last thing you ought to charge against him. Seizing you in his arms seems to be taking sufficient notice of you, and something more, in my humble opinion."

"O, but that was nothing more than common civility, you know!"

"Common civility!" exclaimed Maud.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell, "I don't mean that. I allude to his general manner when we were sitting down, when, if he had a spark of friendship left, he had every chance of showing it. Now, what do you think he talked about, — after tracking me all over North America, and following me over the Atlantic Ocean, what do you think he chose to talk to me about?"

"I 'm sure I can't tell," said Maud; "I have no patience with that man."

"Why," said Mrs. Lovell, indignantly, "he talked to me about nothing but tiresome steam-engines. And O, how he did go on! I 'm sure he might as well have talked Chinese. I did n't understand one word. Steam-engines! Think of that, Maudie. And after all that has passed between us!"

"Well, I 'm sure, Georgie, I 'm very, very glad to hear it."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Lovell, in a tone of vexation, "I have no patience with people that go on the theory that everybody is like the Medes and Persians, and never change their minds."

"Change their minds!" exclaimed Maud, in strong agitation; "O Georgie! what frightful thing do you mean by that? Do you intend by that to hint that you are changing your mind, and are willing to take back your refusal of that man? O Georgie! don't, don't, O, don't be altogether insane!"

"Don't be alarmed, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell. "It 's all over. Mr. Grimes has become very, very commonplace. There used to be quite a zest in him. That is all over now. He is totally uninteresting. He has taken to lecturing on steam-engines. But then," continued she, in a doleful tone, "the worst of it is, I know it 's all unnatural, and he does n't take any real interest in boilers and things. He only talks about such things, on account of that wretched constraint he exercises on himself, you know. And all the time there is n't any need for any constraint at all, you know."

"O my poor, silly Georgie, how in the world would you wish him to be?"

"Why, I should like him to be ordinarily friendly, of course; but as he is now, he is nothing. It 's Grimes, but living Grimes no more. We start, for life is wanting there. He 's like a piano that won't play. He certainly can't expect *me* to take the initiative. I wish he would n't be so stupid; and do you know, Maudie dear, I really begin to think that his conduct is really almost immoral."

"I hate to have you talk about him so," said Maud, impatiently. "He is nothing but a coarse, vulgar, commonplace man."

"But I like vulgar men," said Mrs. Lovell. "Refined people are so dreadfully commonplace and tiresome, — just a little dash of coarseness, you know, to give a zest to character. I don't mean very vulgar, of course, but only a little. I 'm sure, everybody is refined, and I 'm sure it 's very hard if one can't occasionally take refuge in a little slight vulgarity."

At this Maud groaned, but said not a word in reply.

James DeMille.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN APRIL ARIA.

WHEN the mornings dankly fall
With a dim forethought of rain,
And the robins richly call
To their mates mercurial,
And the tree-boughs creak and strain
In the wind;
When the river 's rough with foam,
And the new-made clearings smoke,
And the clouds that go and come
Shine and darken frolicsome,
And the frogs at evening croak
Undefined
Mysteries of monotone;
And by melting beds of snow
Wind-flowers blossom all alone;
Then I know
That the bitter winter 's dead.
Over his head
The damp sod breaks so mellow, —
Its mosses tipped with points of yellow, —
I cannot but be glad;
Yet this sweet mood will borrow
Something of a sweeter sorrow,
To touch and turn me sad.

G. P. Lathrop.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

HOW it happens that I, with whom local ties are so tenacious that to move my household gods is one of the extreme miseries, and to pack my trunk for a long journey worse than sitting down to have a tooth drawn, who have neither ambition of fame or money, should, in the course of my forty-odd years, have made the passage of the Atlantic fifteen times, each time with worse weariness and *ennui*, — I am at this day, even, unable to explain to myself. It must be that the mighty new-home-seeking impulse which uprooted the insular natures of our Puritan forefathers (mine *did* n't come by the Mayflower, but followed the same law and necessity, and were of Roger Williams's band) was of such vitality and so greatly against the grain, that, like all practices against nature, it became part of nature, and perpetuated itself as a congenital habit. Did I not know my parentage as far back as it is permitted a good republican to trace his, I should believe that my blood had had a cross with that of the Wandering Jew.

At times *malaise* possesses me as the need to tell his story did the Ancient Mariner; a spirit of unrest seizes me, doing what I may be, and will not be laid without a journey. Twenty-one years ago, — it does not seem so long to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recall, — I took the first liberty of my majority, girt up my loins, and went out into the world. Nothing more naïve is in biography than that voyage. I had sold a picture for thirty dollars, and determined to go to London to spend the money, studying the landscape painters of England. I used to be ashamed to tell it; but now that I have learned to look back to the childlike faith and enthusiasms of that time as better than any which my digestion of the fruit of Eden's fatal tree will ever permit me this side Lethe, I do not fear to recount how, having had a passage given me by a ship-owner who knew my family, I took my six sovereigns in my pocket, and a little trunk which I carried on my own shoulder, and went to try the lands beyond the sea, in the tranquil faith that, when my last shilling was gone, I should find a passage home as easily as I found one away.

To me, *then*, the world was smooth and fair and true; I lived within the limits of the four rivers of which Euphrates was chief. To doubt, to suspect, to deceive, were things which had not yet come to me; I was only a full-grown child. But my own unsuspecting confidence in what I should find there, difficult now to realize if I had not the record of word and deed to make it certain by, is to me less incomprehensible than the unconcern of my friends. When I told my mother that I was going, and how, she only thought to pray for my safe return; to urge me to give up my plan never came to her. The world, the hobgoblin of her Puritan village life, protection against which she had prayed for so many years, seemed to have lost its terrors. Only while she sat darning my stockings, putting buttons to my shirts, watching and care-taking in the woman's ways, I could see her lips moving silently, and now and then she would furtively put the stocking up to her cheek, lest I might see the tear she could not quite keep back. And I, full of resultless activity, taking up and putting down again, thinking only of my air castles, — did I smile at her tears and tremulousness? Well, I was young, and had never been far from her constant care; I was even a little cruel, for I hummed as if to myself, "It may be for aye, and it may be forever"; and the poor soul could endure it no longer. She broke into tears, moaning "O, don't, don't, my boy." It was but for a moment; her bitter woman's life had taught her to hide emotion. And when she had sat alone long, and forgot that any one was near her, fragments of her prayers and thoughts would find their way into unconscious words; and I heard her saying to herself as if in answer to a doubtful suggestion, "No, he is too pure-hearted: the world will not get him." I was the youngest of nine, all gone heavenward or worldward before then. Scarce was it a wonder that she over-esteemed me, yet that unconscious expression of faith in me has stood me in stead more than once.

And that morning, after making my way out to the ship through the drifting ice of the Hudson, as we turned our bows seaward, I wished that I had not come. On another occasion of the uneasy spirit's seizing me, years before, her tears had kept me at home; and as I watched the snow-clad heights of Staten Island sink in the west, I knew that the tears kept back till I could no longer see them were flowing as I had never caused them to flow before. How in the bitter hard life of us wandering men, scornful of tears and tenderness alike, there comes back now and then a memory which undoes us, when the child is *master* of the man! That night as I lay in my uncared-for bed I wet my pillow with tears, forgotten with the sunrise at sea.

Many voyages we make, but that first has never its peer. People then travelled with leisure; they sailed, and took the chances of time and tide. To those who find the sea an enemy, the times have bettered; but to my enthusiasm of painter, the loitering of the old Garrick was a new life. I rose early to see the sunrise, and passed my days on deck, neither calm nor storm interfering in the least with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pure and perfect enjoyment of the sensations of life, the impressions of the elements. I tried to paint, but I enjoyed so much the mere existence, that no occupation could add a charm to it. I painted a sky, and left the waves to wash themselves out; if I began to draw a cloud, I watched it unrolling, piling, melting, changing, and found that it was not what I began to draw, and postponed the lesson. My curiosity and interest in the great ocean never failed me; each day was like the other in delight: if it blew, the waves were finer; if it was calm, the air was balmier. Filled with traditions and fancies of the sea, I watched, every moment expecting to see some new wonder; vigilant-eyed, as far-seeing and wide awake as any sailor of them all, I missed nothing. Sunrise and moonrise; sunsets rosy and gray; noondays white, blinding, lustrous; stormy nights, and days of dead calm; — I studied imperturbably their meanings. I was enamored of nature, and nature alone. I sought, not for ulterior ends, but in pure love, some hidden sense; all to me was mystic and illusive. My enchantments were not dead then; I was in Paradise, for everything I saw was perfect in its kind.

For days a gentle southwest wind blew, and, with all sail set and a mild air on deck, we swept along. People who have only travelled in steamers cannot know the charms which the sea may have. The profound and unbroken silence of these days when we, with a top-sail breeze and a scarcely perceptible roll, drifted on our way — no jar, no clatter, no smoke, nor settling of flakes of soot all over the deck, but with nature's own motion — through the sparkling seas, was so impressive, that all my subsequent voyages have only made the recollection of it more distinct. I climbed to the mast-head, whence the ship looked like a yawl, and the sea an immense river gliding past us; the huge yards and labyrinthine tackle seeming too much for the narrow hull to balance, and the whole mass more lost than ever in the waste of dancing white caps. All was new and wonderful to me, losing for the first time sight of mother earth; yet in one thing I was disappointed, as I have been ever since as often as I have attempted it, in realizing the immensity of the ocean, of which I have heard so much. The glimpses of a sea horizon seen from the land have always been far more potent on the imagination than this all-sided stretch of unmitigated waters. My imagination is not wholly irresponsive to the circumstance, but it has never succeeded in realizing more than the sea horizon when at sea. You see the lift of the wave to the very edge, where the evidence of all sense leaves you, and however you may know or

> "Fancy it, sloping, until
> The same multitudinous throb and thrill
> That vibrate under your dizzy eye,
> In ripples of orange and pink, are sent
> Where the poppied sails doze on the yard,
> And the clumsy junk and proa lie
> Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,
> 'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient,"

I can't comprehend. I am slow to believe that any imaginative perception of the hugeness of ocean ever came from *seeing* all that can be seen from any point. Once on a later voyage I remember to have caught a twilight impression of its immensity, steaming on a glassy sea at the rate of fourteen knots into gathering mists where no horizon was visible, realizing better the imaginative conditions than anything definite could. It was momentary, a gleam of the infinite, but so mighty and overpowering to all other conceptions of time or space, that though never repeated I have never forgotten it. But this was not the fruit of seeing, rather of not seeing, of mystery and darkness more than hugeness. Yet, though I missed the expanse, I learned in a few days to appreciate the fitness of what seem to me the finest words spoken of the open ocean, —

> "The sea's perpetual swing,
> The melancholy wash of endless waves."

This and no other is the legend of the every-day, interminable, and unchangeable (save by more or less) open sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our captain, one of the old school, a Cape Cod boy, — cabin boy once, then seaman, mate, and master, — owned a part of his ship and treated her tenderly. He did n't believe in great circle sailing, or trouble himself much about ocean currents; he could "work a lunar," reckon his latitude and longitude from the stars if necessary, sound his way into New York Harbor in the densest fog that ever lay, calculate all risks; and he woke every hour in the night to look at the telltale compass which hung over the head of his bed, with a lamp burning over it to show him the bearings. He had taken all the degrees in swearing known to sea-masonry: and the outbursts of profane violence with which I have heard him at midnight salute a helmsman who had deviated a point from the course, were fearful. But to his passengers — there were two — he was all that was gentlemanly and seamanly at once.

Sailing by Mercator, our course was that known as the southerly, and we ran into warm weather very soon and the sea wonders of the Gulf Stream. The strange illumination of the seas which sailors call "breaming," I saw then as I have never since seen it, — the sea alight wherever it broke, and, up to the top-sail yards, the spars and rigging lit by it; the foam at the bows and the waves parting at the sides all in molten silver, seething, tumbling; the vague, unlighted forms of the waves of one moment becoming the pyrotechnic marvel of the next, wreathed in luminous foam-fringes, brightening as if from some far-off reflected lightning flash, some contagious awakening to electric life, and then falling back into darkness again, — light from the dark, fire from water

And so we loitered into dead calm; wind passing to the south brought spring-time, and then left it to us. Amongst the most precious gifts of nature to myself, is a vivid recollection of the sensations of my childhood, of the delight which nature gave me; and, of these sensations, the most enrapturing was that which the returning spring brought me, — the mild balmy days on which I watched for the first hepatica, and heard the farm cock crow as if he had been voiceless all winter; and this southerly calm recalled to me in all its melting charm one of those best spring days; it seemed like the return of the best and most perfect day of my most careless year. I climbed up on the wheel-house and lay on my back, looking into the dark blue sky, against which the idle sails shone white in the sun, flapping against the masts; and the sea-gulls, circling round the stern, came to see what I might be, and nearer and nearer until I could see their dove eyes as they turned, first one and then the other, to get better knowledge of me, and, unalarmed by any motion, finally came so near that I could almost have caught them.

Trifles of sense, bubbles of sentiment, all these to sober men; but, *then* and *there* nothing was needed to make life perfect but that it should be life and leave me to myself. I felt as if the voyage were to the Fortunate Isles, and the fascination of the day was enough to justify the magical influences poetically ascribed to the sea. I wished that the voyage might last three months; but not that it might be all calm; I had a stronger desire to see a gale, — the worst possible gale that left us safe. And our calm grew to a west wind, and the wind to a hard blow; and then the gray watery clouds began to drift up and blacken the whole sky, and the tempest came down; and for seven days each day was more stormy than its predecessor. Our ship danced like a wherry, and drove under close-reefed top-sails twelve knots an hour. Standing on the quarter-deck, no one dared leave his hold of rope or rail, lest the wind should whiff him off into the sea. The great waves gathered behind us and piled slowly up, until it seemed as if they must come aboard; and finally, when the stern of the old ship caught the lift of the swell and rose to receive it, we went up until we overlooked the gray, driven tumult as from a tower.

And then from the crest of the wave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we seemed to rush like coasters on a hillside, as the waters let us down into the valley of foam and bewilderment. The complication of motions, that of the wave receding yet carrying us with it forward, and the swing-like motion of rising and falling, not as a ship rolls or plunges in an ordinary sea, but with a sweep of hundreds of feet in every motion and a descent of forty feet, — a sidelong roll and a headlong rush; motions wild, unrestrained, in which we are the most helpless of all created things, in which successive dooms chased each other past us as if we were too trivial to be destroyed; the driving, riotous billows, their summits crushed into foam by the weight of the gale, and the foam draggled along the black water till it seemed all froth and yeast; every pinnacle that sprang up where two waves met, driven away in spray, cut down, levelled as instantly as raised; no combing waves there, for no wave could rise to comb, only great hills of water, crystalline with wavelets, streaked with spun foam, rushing past us at locomotive speed, out of the mist and spray-filled space behind into the mystery as deep before; and our ship a dancing trifle on this infinitude of immensities, the wild water pouring over her bows one moment and climbing up at the stern to deluge the quarter-deck the next, — *this* was the tempest I had been longing to see, and I watched it hours together insatiate. No use to talk to me of sea painting after that! The muddy undulations of a Vandevelde, the harbor sublimities of a Stanfield, the opalescent magic of a Turner, are equally far, because infinitely far, from the power and sublimity of a gale on the wide ocean.

Our captain went anxiously up and down, all the quips and jests, with which he was wont to greet us, dead on his lips. He ordered all hands aloft to take in the maintop-sail. How men could hold on seemed to me mysterious, but none fell; spreading cautiously out on the huge yard, they tugged at the flapping and threshing sail; the captain shouted through the trumpet, and his words seemed blown away like the flame of a candle; while the reply of the mate at the weather earing floated down from a height like snow-flakes from a cloud, so faint we could hardly catch them. Twenty minutes it took them to get in the one sail, and then, under close-reefed foretop-sail and storm-sail, we ran the gale out.

Seven days! — that was learning the sea! And when it was over, the captain told his fears. His thirty years of seafaring life had seen nothing worse than that, except a tornado. I thought myself peculiarly fortunate, and hoped to see the tornado beside. It had been my only experience of the sea which realized the ideal I had formed of it. It had disappointed me in size, or rather in not being infinite as I expected to feel it; its color was heavy, save when the crest of a wave or the boiling of the wake produced momentarily the exquisite turquoise color; elsewhere it reminded me always, and does still, of ink, or oblivion, or death. Mediterranean water and that of some lakes has a delicious shade of blue-green, like the tints in the clefts of glacier ice; and in shallows, as in the straits of Messina, the white bottom makes this resplendent; but the deep sea has nothing to give back, — lethean, irresponsive.

I have been for a large portion of my life in candid search for those great emotions and impressions of the elementary forces of which poets have sung, but have, to speak in sober honesty, found that all material elements fail in producing impressions in any way *suggestive* of infinity. Impressions of sense are measured by the sense, and no calculation beyond tangible demonstration will double the reach of the measure. To multiply our utmost by infinity does not make it greater. The power of the ocean is terrific, but far more so when excited on a rocky coast than it ever can be out in the open sea, and even on shore we feel its limitations. I think that the "majesty of ocean" is better known from solid footing; its immensity can only be com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehended as a result of mathematical processes which can never be other than external in their effect. Only spiritual phenomena are capable of those mightier impressions which hint our relation to the infinite. I have been far more deeply impressed by the view of Mont Blanc from the summit of the *aiguille de Varens*, which I once got unexpectedly while chasing a chamois, than with all I ever saw of the ocean from sea or shore; the glimpse of structural law, the hint of organizing intelligence, which crops out with the central granite, appeals to the soul of man with a more faithful call than the infinity of the stars or the inappreciable waste of waters. A good deal of nonsense prevails on the subject of the mightiness of God's work and the insignificance of man's. As if a man and his work were less God's work than Mont Blanc, and as if the fact that man can work were not by far the most wonderful we know of all divine doings! I take it that St. Mark's is more wonderful than the whole chain of the Alps, and a landscape of Turner than the Bernese Oberland, by nearly as much as a baby is more admirable than a doll; that Kepler is more divine than astronomy, Agassiz than the *mer de glace*, or Columbus than the sea. For more than twenty years I have in vain searched through the world for an emotion of sublimity such as has been given me by the faith and devotion of a woman's soul.

How all the details of that first voyage come back to me so vividly, on this my fifteenth retracing of the old course, and why, I cannot divine. I remember the solemn indignation of the German professor, my fellow-passenger, with the crude theories and scientific pretensions of the American people, where every farmer insisted on cramming his ears with his notions of the mundane mechanism. He had gone to America a devoted republican, and came back a sickened monarchist, finding everybody insane from the insufficient Pierian draughts; and so we quarrelled, and he took his side the quarter-deck and I mine. I remember, too, the earthly delight which came to me as we went up the Mersey and I saw the hills green and fresh as in our spring-time. I have never recalled these things before as now. Perhaps it is to point the contrast with this clattering, rumbling, quivering steamer — in which is neither comfort nor quiet thought, a traveller's purgatory — that they come; perhaps because the number of my years has doubled since then. The ghosts of these illusions and enthusiasms are a positive pain, — the first and last pages of my manhood, brought so sharply together, are too much like coming to judgment and seeing the roll of my misdeeds spread before me. These twenty-one added years and their results seem typified in the difference between that voyage and this, in which the narrow cabin and straitened deck of the Garrick, gay with enthusiasms and fancies, gives place to sumptuous saloon and flush deck, with cosmopolitan equipment of passengerhood, worn, gray-headed men, hurrying in heaviness of business pressure, eating, drinking, and killing time as though the voyage were an uneasy waking in their sleep, in which we commend ourselves to the charity of oblivion.

A care-worn clergyman seeking health, a German banker, ardent democrat full of enthusiasm for King William, merchants, all the needful *dramatis personæ* of the little comedy we can't help taking part in; and, to keep us decorous, two Western women, — "ladies," I had like to have said, but they are of the better type who know and claim the dignity of womanhood, — not young, for the silver hairs are coming in the black, but attractive as I have rarely seen women, with the sweetness and serenity of high content and habitual worship. Sea and sky, calm and storm, have passed by unnoticed in the dull round of the days, but these women have interested me as poems. If I were to paint an ideal of serenity, I would ask no better model than the elder of these two. Tall, lithe, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graceful, one of the figures which pays our sex the unconscious compliment of needing something to lean on, her face and form are wasted by illness, and the lines of riper womanhood fall into the harmony which expresses the sweet subordination of the life and its impulses to one divinizing purpose. Her eyes, large and dark gray, are set wide apart, — a rare and inestimable beauty in woman; her lips, as red and full as her teens could have seen them, meet in clear, decided curves, which lose themselves in eddying masses, out of which come grave, earnest smiles flushing into dimpled cheeks and up to the mirth-lines under the eyes. Her face hinted her to be, what acquaintance proved, a woman of the purest type of American, such a one as no other country ever produces; Puritan without austerity, pure without being icy, upright without being uncharitable, self-reliant and sufficient to herself in case of need, without being repellant of aid and sympathy when it came. Her voice is deep, resonant, with an infinite capacity of laughter in its tone; and the bitter experiences of womanly life, while strengthening and saddening her character, have not stifled altogether the mirth in it.

I said to myself, How beautiful she must have been when young; and yet I see that no beauty of twenty could equal hers of — say, thirty-five, for I don't know. All the passengers and even the officers yield to her attraction; The German ejaculates, "Ach! bei ——; if only I was not married I would marry her." A young Englishman hovers about her in a far-off admiration; but, awed down by her sweet austerity, goes to chat and make friends with her younger sister. No one makes love to her; she has too much of what seems to me the great fault of American women, a completeness of development which deprives the man of his best power, — protection. No true man cares to *marry* a *perfect* woman, to whom he would be a useless appendage; but being himself one-sided, prays for that splendid and perfect one-sidedness which shall complete him. Our captain, who is an excellent sample of the Englishman, large, manly, with all a sailor's enthusiasms for beautiful women, said of "our lady passenger" what sums up from the *man's* side all that could be said: "I admire her more than any woman I have seen; but I would not care to love her, she can take care of herself too well."

Had Dante had a prevision of steam, what a picture we might have had of Charon's boat, — black, grimy, swallowing the earth and vomiting flame and smoke. Turner has made it almost sublime, but in his distances only; nothing can make such a steamer as ours picturesque, with her immense formality, her length of precision and straight-sidedness; or a voyage on her more than a transition, of which we earnestly desire brevity.

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,"

when a voyage at sea was a grave undertaking, there was a chance of finding interest in it; but now, with the tolerable certainty of ten days only from land to land, the charm of adventure, the fascination of the uncertain, is unknown. Steamers, packed with the discomforts of competition; infested with gormandize, wine-drinking, and card-playing; invaded by the most vulgar motives of dislocation, haste, and fret; an enforced dead level of intercourse, the banality of the hotel driven into the familiarity of the household, — this is the Atlantic voyage of to-day.

Maybe the difference of my voyages is only the difference in years. What at twenty-one was charming and full of life and enjoyment, — life itself being then the most intense enjoyment, — is at forty-two only the dull and neutral background on which ambition draws its designs, — the stage scenery to the passion or gayety of the drama we make. Is there something in the returning cycle of manhood which makes the difference only that of a twenty-one years' drift from shore to shore, —

"Tra liti si lontani"?

W. J. Stillman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO.

(Presidio de San Francisco.)

1800.

I.

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sand hills stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint, —

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away,
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye, —
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust, —
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

II.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had turned to talk apart
With the Comandante's daughter, on the questions of the heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothéd bade adieu,
And, from sally port and gateway, North the Russian eagles flew.

III.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze, —
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks, —
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted; wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, — half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message, — brought no tidings ill or meet
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze, —
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs, — wisdom gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:

"'Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he';
'Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree.'

"'He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies';
'In the end God grinds the miller'; 'In the dark the mole has eyes.'

"'He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no fear,' —
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech;

And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

IV.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;
Of bull baiting on the plaza, of love making in the court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice, — vainly as the idle wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet;

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more with patient mien
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine, —

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

V.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas.

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay;
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey.

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine
Some one spoke of Concha's lover, — heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him, I pray,
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests and hall.
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

Bret Harte.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

V.

I FEAR that I have done injustice in my conversation and my report of it to a most worthy and promising young man whom I should be very sorry to injure in any way. Dr. Benjamin Franklin got hold of my account of my visit to him, and complained that I had made too much of the expression he used. He did not mean to say that he thought I was suffering from the rare disease he mentioned, but only that the color reminded him of it. It was true that he had shown me various instruments, among them one for exploring the state of a part by means of a puncture, but he did not propose to make use of it upon my person. In short, I had colored the story so as to make him look ridiculous.

— I am afraid I did, — I said, — but was n't I colored myself so as to look ridiculous? I 've heard it said that people with the jaundice see everything yellow; perhaps I saw things looking a little queerly, with that black and blue spot I could n't account for threatening to make a colored man and brother of me. But I am sorry if I have done you any wrong. I hope you won't lose any patients by my making a little fun of your meters and scopes and contrivances. They seem so odd to us outside people. Then the idea of being bronzed all over was such an alarming suggestion. But I did not mean to damage your business, which I trust is now considerable, and I shall certainly come to you again if I have need of the services of a physician. Only don't mention the names of any diseases in English or Latin before me next time. I dreamed about *cutis ænea* half the night after I came to see you.

Dr. Benjamin took my apology very pleasantly. He did not want to be touchy about it, he said, but he had his way to make in the world, and found it a little hard at first, as most young men did. People were afraid to trust them, no matter how much they knew. One of the old doctors asked him to come in and examine a patient's heart for him the other day. He went with him accordingly, and when they stood by the bedside, he offered his stethoscope to the old doctor. The old doctor took it and put the wrong end to his ear and the other to the patient's chest, and kept it there about two minutes, looking all the time as wise as an old owl. Then he, Dr. Benjamin, took it and applied it properly, and made out where the trouble was in no time at all. But what was the use of a young man's pretending to know anything in the presence of an old owl? I saw by their looks, he said, that they all thought *I* used the stethoscope wrong end up, and was nothing but a prentice hand to the old doctor.

— I am much pleased to say that since Dr. Benjamin has had charge of a dispensary district, and been visiting forty or fifty patients a day, I have reason to think he has grown a great deal more practical than when I made my visit to his office. I think I was probably one of his first patients, and that he naturally made the most of me. But my second trial was much more satisfactory. I got an ugly cut from the carving-knife in an affair with a goose of iron constitution in which I came off second best. I at once adjourned with Dr. Benjamin to his small office, and put myself in his hands. It was astonishing to see what a little experience of miscellaneous practice had done for him. He did not ask me any more questions about my hereditary predispositions on the paternal and maternal sides. He did not examine me with the stethoscope or the laryngoscope. He only strapped up my cut, and informed me that it would speedily get well by the "first intention," — an odd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phrase enough, but sounding much less formidable than *cutis ænea*.

I am afraid I have had something of the French prejudice which embodies itself in the maxim, "young surgeon, old physician." But a young physician who has been taught by great masters of the profession, in ample hospitals, starts in his profession knowing more than some old doctors have learned in a lifetime. Give him a little time to get the use of his wits in emergencies, and to know the little arts that do so much for a patient's comfort, — just as you give a young sailor time to get his sea-legs on and teach his stomach to behave itself, — and he will do well enough.

The Old Master knows ten times more about this matter and about all the professions, as he does about everything else, than I do. My opinion is that he has studied two, if not three, of these professions in a regular course. I don't know that he has ever preached, except as Charles Lamb said Coleridge always did, for when he gets the bits in his teeth he runs away with the conversation, and if he only took a text his talk would be a sermon ; but if he has not preached, he has made a study of theology, as many laymen do. I know he has some shelves of medical books in his library, and has ideas on the subject of the healing art. He confesses to having attended law lectures and having had much intercourse with lawyers. So he has something to say on almost any subject that happens to come up. I told him my story about my visit to the young doctor, and asked him what he thought of youthful practitioners in general and of Dr. Benjamin in particular.

I 'll tell you what, — the Master said, — I know something about these young fellows that come home with their heads full of "science," as they call it, and stick up their signs to tell people they know how to cure their headaches and stomach-aches. Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground-floor. But if a man has n't got plenty of good common sense, the more science he has the worse for his patient.

— I don't know that I see exactly how it is *worse* for the patient, — I said.

— Well, I 'll tell you, and you 'll find it 's a mighty simple matter. When a person is sick, there is always something to be done for him, and done at once. If it is only to open or shut a window, if it is only to tell him to keep on doing just what he is doing already, it wants a man to bring his mind right down to the fact of the present case and its immediate needs. Now the present case, as the doctor sees it, is just exactly such a collection of paltry individual facts as never was before, — a snarl and tangle of special conditions which it is his business to wind as much thread out of as he can. It is a good deal as when a painter goes to take the portrait of any sitter who happens to send for him. He has seen just such noses and just such eyes and just such mouths, but he never saw exactly such a face before, and his business is with that and no other person's, — with the features of the worthy father of a family before him, and not with the portraits he has seen in galleries or books, or Mr. Copley's grand pictures of the fine old tories, or the Apollos and Jupiters of Greek sculpture. It is the same thing with the patient. His disease has features of its own ; there never was and never will be another case in all respects exactly like it. If a doctor has science without common sense, he treats a fever, but not this man's fever. If he has common sense without science, he treats this man's fever without knowing the general laws that govern all fevers and all vital movements. I 'll tell you what saves these last fellows. They go for weakness, whenever they see it, with stimulants and strengtheners, and they go for over-action, heat, and high pulse, and the rest, with cooling and reducing remedies. That is three quarters of medical practice. The other quarter wants science and common sense too. But the men that have science only, begin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too far back, and, before they get as far as the case in hand, the patient has very likely gone to visit his deceased relatives. You remember Thomas Prince's "Chronological History of New England," I suppose? He begins, you recollect, with Adam, and has to work down five thousand six hundred and twenty-four years before he gets to the Pilgrim fathers and the Mayflower. It was all very well, only it did n't belong there, but got in the way of something else. So it is with "science" out of place. By far the larger part of the facts of structure and function you find in the books of anatomy and physiology have no immediate application to the daily duties of the practitioner. You must learn systematically, for all that; it is the easiest way and the only way that takes hold of the memory, except mere empirical repetition, like that of the handicraftsman. Did you ever see one of those Japanese figures with the points for acupuncture marked on it?

— I had to own that my schooling had left out that piece of information.

Well, I 'll tell you about it. You see they have a way of pushing long, slender needles into you for the cure of rheumatism and other complaints, and it seems there is a choice of spots for the operation, though it is very strange how little mischief it does in a good many places one would think unsafe to meddle with. So they had a doll made, and marked the spots where they had put in needles without doing any harm. They must have had accidents from sticking the needles into the wrong places now and then, but I suppose they did n't say a great deal about those. After a time, say a few centuries of experience, they had their doll all spotted over with safe places for sticking in the needles. That is their way of registering practical knowledge. We, on the other hand, study the structure of the body as a whole, systematically, and have no difficulty at all in remembering the track of the great vessels and nerves, and knowing just what tracts will be safe and what unsafe. It is just the same thing with the geologists. Here is a man close by us boring for water through one of our ledges, because somebody else got water somewhere else in that way; and a person who knows geology or ought to know it, because he has given his life to it, tells me he might as well bore there for lager-beer as for water.

— I thought we had had enough of this particular matter, and that I should like to hear what the Master had to say about the three professions he knew something about, compared each with the others.

What is your general estimate of doctors, lawyers, and ministers? — said I.

— Wait a minute, till I have got through with your first question, — said the Master. — One thing at a time. You asked me about the young doctors, and about our young doctor. They come home *très bien chaussés*, as a Frenchman would say, mighty well shod with professional knowledge. But when they begin walking round among their poor patients, — they don't commonly start with millionnaires, — they find that their new shoes of scientific acquirements have got to be broken in just like a pair of boots or brogans. I don't know that I have put it quite strong enough. Let me try again. You 've seen those fellows at the circus that get up on horseback so big that you wonder how they could climb into the saddle. But pretty soon they throw off their outside coat, and the next minute another one, and then the one under that, and so they keep peeling off one garment after another till people begin to look queer and think they are going too far for strict propriety. Well, that is the way a fellow with a real practical turn serves a good many of his scientific wrappers, — flings 'em off for other people to pick up, and goes right at the work of curing stomach-aches and all the other little mean unscientific complaints that make up the larger part of every doctor's business. I think our Dr. Benjamin is a worthy young man, and if you are in need of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a doctor at any time I hope you will go to him; and if you come off without harm, I will — recommend some other friend to try him.

— I thought he was going to say he would try him in his own person, but the Master is not fond of committing himself.

Now, I will answer your other question, he said. — The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars" and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever *vs.* Patient, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good-natured, or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company, and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness-stand at a dinner-party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class, working downwards from knowledge to ignorance, that is, — now and then upwards, also, — that we have. The trouble is, that so many of 'em work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They too often assume principles which would cripple our instincts and reason and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of *him*, and then it must have another new skipper. The *priest* holds his own pretty well; the *minister* is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen, — no oracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; you find it very pleasant to be spoiled, no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of 'em

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goes over the dam; no wonder, they 're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weathercocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

How about the doctors? — I said.

— Theirs is the least learned of the professions, in this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to, and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are *in extremis*, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip, — tell a lie for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the custom-house; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it does n't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights does n't take long. Besides, everybody does n't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires, and find this world as good as they deserve; but everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from "a complication of diseases," and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a *Cephalalgia*, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister somewhere near to scare 'em off; but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in; and if he could come across a young imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns, a lineal descendant of one of those "dæmons" which the good people of Gloucester fired at, and were fired at by "for the best part of a month together" in the year 1692, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menagerie. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are idolaters and want something to look at and kiss and hug, or throw themselves down before; they always did, they always will; and if you don't make it of wood, you must make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a hard time of it without bell and book and holy water; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddle-girths, and you can see they are quietly taking off one piece of iron after another, until some of the best of 'em are fighting the devil (not the zoölogical Devil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offence or defence. But we could n't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatever became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for music, and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its mere presence. To see a good man and hear his voice once a week would be reason enough for building churches and pulpits. — The Master stopped all at once, and after about half a minute laughed his pleasant laugh.

What is it? — I asked him.

I was thinking of the great coach and team that is carrying us fast enough, I don't know but too fast,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhere or other. The D. D.'s used to be the leaders, but now they are the wheel-horses. It 's pretty hard to tell how much they pull, but we know they can hold back like the —

— When we 're going down hill, — I said, as neatly as if I had been a High-Church curate trained to snap at the last word of the response, so that you could n't wedge in the tail of a comma between the end of the congregation's closing syllable and the beginning of the next petition. They do it well, but it always spoils my devotion. To save my life, I can't help watching them, as I watch to see a duck dive at the flash of a gun, and that is not what I go to church for. It is a juggler's trick, and there is no more religion in it than in catching a ball on the fly.

I was looking at our Scheherazade the other day, and thinking what a pity it was that she had never had fair play in the world. I wish I knew more of her history. There is one way of learning it, — making love to her. I wonder whether she would let me and like it. It is an absurd thing, and I ought not to confess, but I tell you and you only, Beloved, my heart gave a perceptible jump when it heard the whisper of that possibility overhead! Every day has its ebb and flow, but such a thought as that is like one of those tidal waves they talk about, that rolls in like a great wall and overtops and drowns out all your landmarks, and you, too, if you don't mind what you are about and stand ready to run or climb or swim. Not quite so bad as that, though, this time. I take an interest in our Scheherazade. I am glad she did n't smile on the pipe and the Bohemian-looking fellow that finds the best part of his life in sucking at it. A fine thing, is n't it, for a young woman to marry a man who will hold her

> "Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,"

but not quite so good as his meerschaum? It is n't for me to throw stones, though, who have been a Nicotian a good deal more than half my days. Cigar-stump out now, and consequently have become very bitter on more persevering sinners. I say I take an interest in our Scheherazade, but I rather think it is more paternal than anything else, though my heart did give that jump. It has jumped a good many times without anything very remarkable coming of it.

This visit to the Observatory is going to bring us all, or most of us, together in a new way, and it would n't be very odd if some of us should become better acquainted than we ever have been. There is a chance for the elective affinities. What tremendous forces they are, if two subjects of them come within range! There lies a bit of iron. All the dynamic agencies of the universe are pledged to hold it just in that position, and there it will lie until it becomes a heap of red-brown rust. But see, I hold a magnet to it, — it looks to you like just such a bit of iron as the other, — and lo! it leaves them all, — the tugging of the mighty earth; of the ghostly moon that walks in white, trailing the snaky waves of the ocean after her; of the awful sun, twice as large as a sphere that the whole orbit of the moon would but just girdle, — it leaves the wrestling of all their forces which are at a dead lock with each other, all fighting for it, and springs straight to the magnet. What a lucky thing it is for well-conducted persons that the maddening elective affinities don't come into play in full force very often!

I suppose I am making a good deal more of our prospective visit than it deserves. It must be because I have got it into my head that we are bound to have some kind of sentimental outbreak amongst us, and that this will give a chance for advances on the part of anybody disposed in that direction. A little change of circumstance often hastens on a movement that has been long in preparation. A chemist will show you a flask containing a clear liquid; he will give it a shake or two, and the whole contents of the flask will become solid in an instant. Or you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may lay a little heap of iron-filings on a sheet of paper with a magnet beneath it, and they will be quiet enough as they are, but give the paper a slight jar and the specks of metal will suddenly find their way to the north or the south pole of the magnet and take a definite shape not unpleasing to contemplate, and curiously illustrating the laws of attraction, antagonism, and average, by which the worlds, conscious and unconscious, are alike governed. So with our little party, with any little party of persons who have got used to each other; leave them undisturbed and they might remain in a state of equilibrium forever; but let anything give them a shake or a jar, and the long-striving but hindered affinities come all at once into play and finish the work of a year in five minutes.

We were all a good deal excited by the *anticipation of this visit.* The Capitalist, who for the most part keeps entirely to himself, seemed to take an interest in it and joined the group in the parlor who were making arrangements as to the details of the eventful expedition, which was very soon to take place. The Young Girl was full of enthusiasm; she is one of those young persons, I think, who are impressible and of necessity depressible when their nervous systems are overtasked, but elastic, recovering easily from mental worries and fatigues, and only wanting a little change of their conditions to get back their bloom and cheerfulness. I could not help being pleased to see how much of the child was left in her, after all the drudgery she had been through. What is there that youth will not endure and triumph over? Here she was; her story for the week was done in good season; she had got rid of her villain by a new and original catastrophe; she had received a sum of money for an extra string of verses, — painfully small, it is true, but it would buy her a certain ribbon she wanted for the great excursion; and now her eyes sparkled so that I forgot how tired and hollow they sometimes looked when she had been sitting up half the night over her endless manuscript.

The morning of the day we had looked forward to promised as good an evening as we could wish. The Capitalist, whose courteous and bland demeanor would never have suggested the thought that he was a robber and an enemy of his race, who was to be trampled underfoot by the beneficent regenerators of the social order as preliminary to the universal reign of peace on earth and good-will to men, astonished us all with a proposal to escort the three ladies and procure a carriage for their conveyance. The Lady thanked him in a very cordial way, but said she thought nothing of the walk. The Landlady looked disappointed at this answer. For her part she was on her legs all day and should be glad enough to ride, if so be he was *going to* have a carriage at any rate. It would be a sight pleasanter than to trudge afoot, but she would n't have him go to the expense on her account. — Don't mention it, madam, — said the Capitalist, in a generous glow of enthusiasm. As for the Young Girl, she did not often get a chance for a ride, and liked the idea of it for its own sake, as children do, and she insisted that the Lady should go in the carriage with her. So it was settled that the Capitalist should take the three ladies in the carriage, and the rest of us go on foot.

The evening behaved as it was bound to do on so momentous an occasion. The Capitalist was dressed with almost suspicious nicety. We pedestrians could not help waiting to see them off, and I thought he handed the ladies into the carriage with the air of a French marquis.

I walked with Dr. Benjamin and That Boy, and we had to keep the little imp on the trot a good deal of the way in order not to be too long behind the carriage party. The Member of the Haouse walked with our two dummies, — I beg their pardon, I mean the Register of Deeds and the Salesman.

The Man of Letters, hypothetically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so called, walked by himself, smoking a short pipe which was very far from suggesting the spicy breezes that blow soft from Ceylon's isle.

I suppose everybody who reads this paper has visited one or more observatories, and of course knows all about them. But as it may hereafter be translated into some foreign tongue and circulated among barbarous, but rapidly improving people, people who have as yet no astronomers among them, it may be well to give a little notion of what kind of a place an observatory is.

To begin then: a deep and solid stone foundation is laid in the earth, and a massive pier of masonry is built up on it. A heavy block of granite forms the summit of this pier, and on this block rests the equatorial telescope. Around this structure a circular tower is built, with two or more floors which come close up to the pier, but do not touch it at any point. It is crowned with a hemispherical dome, which, I may remark, half realizes the idea of my eggshell studio. This dome is cleft from its base to its summit by a narrow, ribbon-like opening, through which is seen the naked sky. It revolves on cannon-balls, so easily that a single hand can move it, and thus the opening may be turned towards any point of the compass. As the telescope can be raised or depressed so as to be directed to any elevation from the horizon to the zenith, and turned around the entire circle like the dome, it can be pointed to any part of the heavens. But as the star or other celestial object is always apparently moving, in consequence of the real rotatory movement of the earth, the telescope is made to follow it automatically by an ingenious clock-work arrangement. No place, short of the temple of the living God, can be more solemn. The jars of the restless life around it do not disturb the serene intelligence of the half-reasoning apparatus. Nothing can stir the massive pier but the shocks that shake the solid earth itself. When an earthquake thrills the planet, the massive turret shudders with the shuddering rocks on which it rests, but it pays no heed to the wildest tempest, and while the heavens are convulsed and shut from the eye of the far-seeing instrument it waits without a tremor for the blue sky to come back. It is the type of the true and steadfast man of the Roman poet, whose soul remains unmoved while the firmament cracks and tumbles about him. It is the material image of the Christian; his heart resting on the Rock of Ages, his eye fixed on the brighter world above.

I did not say all this while we were looking round among these wonders, quite new to many of us. People don't talk in straight-off sentences like that. They stumble and stop, or get interrupted, change a word, begin again, miss connections of verbs and nouns, and so on, till they blunder out their meaning. But I did let fall a word or two, showing the impression the celestial laboratory produced upon me. I rather think I must own to the "Rock of Ages" comparison. Thereupon the "Man of Letters," so called, took his pipe from his mouth, and said that he did n't go in "for sentiment and that sort of thing. Gush was played out."

The Member of the Haouse, who, as I think, is not wanting in that homely good sense which one often finds in plain people from the huckleberry districts, but who evidently supposes the last speaker to be what he calls "a tahlented mahn," looked a little puzzled. My remark seemed natural and harmless enough to him, I suppose, but I had been distinctly snubbed, and the Member of the Haouse thought I must defend myself, as is customary in the deliberative body to which he belongs, when one gentleman accuses another gentleman of mental weakness or obliquity. I could not make up my mind to oblige him at that moment by showing fight. I suppose that would have pleased my assailant, as I don't think he has a great deal to lose, and might have made a little capital out of me if he could have got a laugh out of the Member or either of the dummies, — I beg their pardon again, I mean the two undemonstrative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boarders. But I will tell *you*, Beloved, just what I think about this matter.

We poets, you know, are much given to indulging in sentiment, which is a mode of consciousness at a discount just now with the new generation of analysts who are throwing everything into their crucibles. Now we must not claim too much for sentiment. It does not go a great way in deciding questions of arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry. Two and two will undoubtedly make four, irrespective of the emotions or other idiosyncrasies of the calculator; and the three angles of a triangle insist on being equal to two right angles, in the face of the most impassioned rhetoric or the most inspired verse. But inasmuch as religion and law and the whole social order of civilized society, to say nothing of literature and art, are so founded on and pervaded by sentiment that they would all go to pieces without it, it is a word not to be used too lightly in passing judgment, as if it were an element to be thrown out or treated with small consideration. Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on if you want to move the world. Even "sentimentality," which is sentiment overdone, is better than that affectation of superiority to human weakness which is only tolerable as one of the stage properties of full-blown dandyism, and is, at best, but half-grown cynicism; which participle and noun you can translate, if you happen to remember the derivation of the last of them, by a single familiar word. There is a great deal of false sentiment in the world, as there is of bad logic and erroneous doctrine; but it is very much less disagreeable to hear a young poet overdo his emotions, or even deceive himself about them, than to hear a caustic epithet flinger repeating such words as "sentimentality" and "entusymusy," — one of the least admirable of Lord Byron's bequests to our language, — for the purpose of ridiculing him into silence. An over-dressed woman is not so pleasing as she might be, but at any rate she is better than the oil of vitriol squirter, whose profession it is to teach young ladies to avoid vanity by spoiling their showy silks and satins.

The Lady was the first of our party who was invited to look through the equatorial. Perhaps this world had proved so hard to her that she was pained to think that other worlds existed, to be homes of suffering and sorrow. Perhaps she was thinking it would be a happy change when she should leave this dark planet for one of those brighter spheres. She sighed, at any rate, but thanked the young astronomer for the beautiful sights he had shown her, and gave way to the next comer, who was That Boy, now in a state of irrepressible enthusiasm to see the Man in the Moon. He was greatly disappointed at not making out a colossal human figure moving round among the shining summits and shadowy ravines of the "spotty globe."

The Landlady came next and wished to see the moon also, in preference to any other object. She was astonished at the revelations of the powerful telescope. Was there any live creatures to be seen on the moon? she asked. The young astronomer shook his head, smiling a little at the question. Was there any meet'n'-houses? There was no evidence, he said, that the moon was inhabited. As there did not seem to be either air or water on its surface, the inhabitants would have a rather hard time of it, and if they went to meeting the sermons would be apt to be rather dry. If there were a building on it as big as York minster, as big as the Boston Coliseum, the great telescopes like Lord Rosse's would make it out. But it seemed to be a forlorn place; those who had studied it most agreed in considering it a "cold, crude, silent, and desolate" ruin of nature, without the possibility, if life were on it, of articulate speech, of music, even of sound. Sometimes a greenish tint was seen upon its surface, which might have been taken for vegetation, but it was thought not improbably to be a reflection from the vast forests

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of South America. The ancients had a fancy, some of them, that the face of the moon was a mirror in which the seas and shores of the earth were imaged. Now we know the geography of the side toward us about as well as that of Asia, better than that of Africa. The astronomer showed them one of the common small photographs of the moon. He assured them that he had received letters inquiring in all seriousness if these alleged lunar photographs were not really taken from a *peeled orange*. People had got angry with him for laughing at them for asking such a question. Then he gave them an account of the famous moon-hoax which came out, he believed, in 1835. It was full of the most barefaced absurdities, yet people swallowed it all, and even Arago is said to have treated it seriously as a thing that could not well be true, for Mr. Herschel would have certainly notified him of these marvellous discoveries. The writer of it had not troubled himself to invent probabilities, but had borrowed his scenery from the Arabian Nights and his lunar inhabitants from Peter Wilkins.

After this lecture the Capitalist stepped forward and applied his eye to the lens. I suspect it to have been shut most of the time, for I observe a good many elderly people adjust the organ of vision to any optical instrument in that way. I suppose it is from the instinct of protection to the eye, the same instinct as that which makes the raw militia-man close it when he pulls the trigger of his musket the first time. He expressed himself highly gratified, however, with what he saw, and retired from the instrument to make room for the Young Girl.

She threw her hair back and took her position at the instrument. Saint Simeon Stylites the Younger explained the wonders of the moon to her, — Tycho and the grooves radiating from it, Kepler and Copernicus with their craters and ridges, and all the most brilliant shows of this wonderful little world. I thought he was more diffuse and more enthusiastic in his descriptions than he had been with the older members of the party. I don't doubt the old gentleman who lived so long on the top of his pillar would have kept a pretty sinner (if he could have had an elevator to hoist her up to him) longer than he would have kept her grandmother. These young people are so ignorant, you know. As for our Scheherazade, her delight was unbounded, and her curiosity insatiable. If there were any living creatures there, what odd things they must be. They could n't have any lungs, nor any hearts. What a pity! Did they ever die? How could they expire if they did n't breathe? Burn up? No air to burn in. Tumble into some of those horrid pits, perhaps, and break all to bits. She wondered how the young people there liked it, or whether there were any young people there; perhaps nobody was young and nobody was old, but they were like mummies all of them — what an idea — two mummies making love to each other! So she went on in a rattling, giddy kind of way, for she was excited by the strange scene in which she found herself, and quite astonished the young astronomer with her vivacity. All at once she turned to him.

Will you show me the double star you said I should see?

With the greatest pleasure, — he said, and proceeded to wheel the ponderous dome, and then to adjust the instrument, I think to the one in Andromeda, or that in Cygnus, but I should not know one of them from the other.

How beautiful! — she said as she looked at the wonderful object. — One is orange red and one is emerald green.

The young man made an explanation in which he said something about complementary colors.

Goodness! — exclaimed the Landlady. — What! complimentary to our party?

Her wits must have been a good deal confused by the strange sights of the evening. She had seen tickets marked *complimentary*, she remembered, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she could not for the life of her understand why our party should be particularly favored at a celestial exhibition like this. On the whole, she questioned inwardly whether it might not be some subtle pleasantry, and smiled, experimentally, with a note of interrogation in the smile, but, finding no encouragement, allowed her features to subside gradually as if nothing had happened. I saw all this as plainly as if it had all been printed in great-primer type, instead of working itself out in her features. I like to see other people muddled now and then, because my own occasional dulness is relieved by a good solid background of stupidity in my neighbors.

— And the two revolve round each other? — said the Young Girl.

— Yes, — he answered, — two suns, a greater and a less, each shining, but with a different light, for the other.

— How charming! It must be so much pleasanter than to be alone in such a great empty space! I should think one would hardly care to shine if its light wasted itself in the monstrous solitude of the sky. Does not a single star seem very lonely to you up there?

— Not more lonely than I am myself, — answered the Young Astronomer.

— I don't know what there was in those few words, but I noticed that for a minute or two after they were uttered I heard the ticking of the clock-work that moved the telescope as clearly as if we had all been holding our breath, and listening for the music of the spheres.

The Young Girl kept her eye closely applied to the eye-piece of the telescope a very long time, it seemed to me. Those double stars interested her a good deal, no doubt. When she looked off from the glass I thought both her eyes appeared very much as if they had been a little strained, for they were suffused and glistening. It may be that she pitied the lonely young man.

I know nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely. It is true that these dear creatures are all compassion for every form of human woe, and anxious to alleviate all human misfortunes. They will go to Sunday schools through storms their brothers are afraid of, to teach the most unpleasant and intractable classes of little children the age of Methuselah and the dimensions of Og the King of Bashan's bedstead. They will stand behind a table at a fair all day until they are ready to drop, dressed in their prettiest clothes and their sweetest smiles, and lay hands upon you, like so many Lady Potiphars, — perfectly correct ones, of course, — to make you buy what you do not want, at prices which you cannot afford; all this as cheerfully as if it were not martyrdom to them as well as to you. Such is their love for all good objects, such their eagerness to sympathize with all their suffering fellow-creatures! But there is nothing they pity as they pity a lonely young man.

I am sure, I sympathize with her in this instance. To see a pale student burning away, like his own midnight lamp, with only dead men's hands to hold, stretched out to him from the sepulchres of books, and dead men's souls imploring him from their tablets to warm them over again just for a little while in a human consciousness, when all this time there are soft, warm, living hands that would ask nothing better than to bring the blood back into those cold thin fingers, and gently caressing natures that would wind all their tendrils about the unawakened heart which knows so little of itself, is pitiable enough and would be sadder still if we did not have the feeling that sooner or later the pale student will be pretty sure to feel the breath of a young girl against his cheek as she looks over his shoulder; and that he will come all at once to an illuminated page in his book that never writer traced in characters, and never printer set up in type, and never binder enclosed within his covers! But our young man seems further away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from life than any student whose head is bent downwards over his books. His eyes are turned away from all human things. How cold the moonlight is that falls upon his forehead, and how white he looks in it! Will not the rays strike through to his brain at last, and send him to a narrower cell than this egg-shell dome which is his workshop and his prison?

I cannot say that the Young Astronomer seemed particularly impressed with a sense of his miserable condition. He said he was lonely, it is true, but he said it in a manly tone, and not as if he were repining at the inevitable condition of his devoting himself to that particular branch of science. Of course, he is lonely, the most lonely being that lives in the midst of our breathing world. If he would only stay a little longer with us when we get talking; but he is busy almost always either in observation or with his calculations and studies, and when the nights are fair loses so much sleep that he must make it up by day. He wants contact with human beings. I wish he would change his seat and come round and sit by our Scheherazade!

The rest of the visit went off well enough, except that the "Man of Letters," so called, rather snubbed some of the heavenly bodies as not quite up to his standard of brilliancy. I thought myself that the double-star episode was the best part of it.

I have an unexpected revelation to make to the reader. Not long after our visit to the Observatory, the Young Astronomer put a package into my hands, a manuscript, evidently, which he said he would like to have me glance over. I found something in it which interested me, and told him the next day that I should like to read it with some care. He seemed rather pleased at this, and said that he wished I would criticise it as roughly as I liked, and if I saw anything in it which might be dressed to better advantage to treat it freely, just as if it were my own production. It had often happened to him, he went on to say, to be interrupted in his observations by clouds covering the objects he was examining for a longer or shorter time. In these idle moments he had put down many thoughts, unskilfully he feared, but just as they came into his mind. His blank verse he suspected was often faulty. His thoughts he knew must be crude, many of them. It would please him to have me amuse myself by putting them into shape. He was kind enough to say that I was an artist in words, but he held himself as an unskilled apprentice.

I confess I was appalled when I cast my eye upon the title of the manuscript, "Cirri and Nebulæ."

— Oh! oh! — I said, — that will never do. People don't know what Cirri are, at least not one out of fifty readers. "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts" will do better than that.

— Anything you like, — he answered, — what difference does it make how you christen a foundling? These are not my legitimate scientific offspring, and you may consider them left on your doorstep.

— I will not attempt to say just how much of the diction of these lines belongs to him, and how much to me. He said he would never claim them, after I read them to him in my version. I, on my part, do not wish to be held responsible for some of his more daring thoughts, if I should see fit to reproduce them hereafter. At this time I shall give only the first part of the series of poetical outbreaks for which the young devotee of science must claim his share of the responsibility. I may put some more passages into shape by and by.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

Another clouded night; the stars are hid,
The orb that waits my search is hid with them.
Patience! Why grudge an hour, a month, a year,
To plant my ladder and to gain the round

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That leads my footsteps to the heaven of fame,
Where waits the wreath my sleepless midnights won?
Not the stained laurel such as heroes wear
That withers when some stronger conqueror's heel
Treads down their shrivelling trophies in the dust;
But the fair garland whose undying green
Not time can change, nor wrath of gods or men!

With quickened heart-beats I shall hear the tongues
That speak my praise; but better far the sense
That in the unshaped ages, buried deep
In the dark mines of unaccomplished time
Yet to be stamped with morning's royal die
And coined in golden days, — in those dim years
I shall be reckoned with the undying dead,
My name emblazoned on the fiery arch,
Unfading till the stars themselves shall fade.
Then, as they call the roll of shining worlds,
Sages of race unborn in accents new
Shall count me with the Olympian ones of old,
Whose glories kindle through the midnight sky:
Here glows the God of Battles; this recalls
The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere
The Sire of Him who gave his ancient name
To the dim planet with the wondrous rings;
Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver lamp,
And there the moon-girt orb of mighty Jove;
But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons past,
A youth who watched beneath the western star
Sought in the darkness, found, and shewed to men;
Linked with his name thenceforth and evermore!
So shall that name be syllabled anew
In all the tongues of all the tribes of men:
I that have been through immemorial years
Dust in the dust of my forgotten time
Shall live in accents shaped of blood-warm breath,
Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly born
In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,
And stand on high, and look serenely down
On the new race that calls the earth its own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart my soul,
Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain
Where worlds beyond the world their mingling rays
Blend in soft white, — a cloud that, born of earth,
Would cheat the soul that looks for light from heaven?
Must every coral-insect leave his sign
On each poor grain he lent to build the reef,
As Babel's builders stamped their sunburnt clay,
Or deem his patient service all in vain?
What if another sit beneath the shade
Of the broad elm I planted by the way, —
What if another heed the beacon light
I set upon the rock that wrecked my keel, —
Have I not done my task and served my kind?
Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, unknown,
And let Fame blow her trumpet through the world
With noisy wind to swell a fool's renown,
Joined with some truth he stumbled blindly o'er,
Or coupled with some single shining deed
That in the great account of all his days
Will stand alone upon the bankrupt sheet
His pitying angel shows the clerk of Heaven.
The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.
Who found the seeds of fire and made them shoot,
Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers of flame?
Who forged in roaring flames the ponderous stone,
And shaped the moulded metal to his need?
Who gave the dragging car its rolling wheel,
And tamed the steed that whirls its circling round?
All these have left their work and not their names, —
Why should I murmur at a fate like theirs?
This is the heavenly light; the pearly stain
Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the stars!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN EARLIEST SPRING.

TOSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles,
Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and thwart all the hollows and angles
Round the shuddering house, threating of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes, —
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect, — as if in the brier,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

IN completion of his Homeric labors, Mr. Bryant now gives us the translation of a work which, although composed in the very diction of the Iliad, varies widely from that poem in feeling, material, and theme. The two epics do not differ as "Paradise Regained," for instance, differs from "Paradise Lost." The Odyssey is correlative to the Iliad, and, in its own way, not inferior. The latter is all fire and action, portraying superbly barbaric manners and glorying in the right of might alone: a succession of lyrical passages, thrown together much at random, which rehearse the councils and warfare of men and gods, and are strong with passion and the noble imagery of an heroic age. The Odyssey has that unity which the Iliad lacks. Its structural purpose, to recount the wanderings of Ulysses, is evenly carried through to the appointed end. Manifestly a somewhat later work, it hints at the repose of civilization, and is almost idyllic in tone. After rising to epic fury, as in the slaying of the suitors, it hastens, regardless of anti-climax, to the scenes and dialogue of pastoral life. In it we see less of "Olympus' hierarchy" than in the Iliad, and more of the nymphs and demigods who dwell on earth and haunt the ways of men. Otherwise considered, the Odyssey is Eastern, almost arabesque; a piece of wonder-lore; a tale of enchantments; a magical journey, involving the real and ideal geography of the ancient world. It moves from island to island, and from town to town, never straying far from the ocean; delighting to visit many peoples and to cleave the hoary brine.

* *The Odyssey of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871–72.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Thief in the Night. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism. By the DUKE OF SOMERSET, K. G. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

The New View of Hell. Showing its Nature, Whereabouts, Duration, and how to escape it By B. F. BARRETT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Infinite and the Finite. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Radical Problems. By REV. C. A. BARTOL, D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

A Manual of English Literature: a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1872.

Three Centuries of English Literature. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Poems. By MRS. JULIA C. DORR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would seem natural for the poet of our own forests and waters to find himself more in sympathy with the spirit of the Odyssey; yet, in his translation of the Iliad, Mr. Bryant entered, as if endowed with new and dramatic inspiration, upon the fervid action of the martial song. He now tells us that, executing his present task, he has "certainly missed in the Odyssey the fire and vehemence of which" he "was so often sensible in the Iliad, and the effect of which was to kindle the mind of the translator." We will look for compensation to those exquisite descriptive passages, which, scattered through the Odyssey, stimulate the copyist to put forth all his powers. As Mr. Bryant's version of the Iliad was greatest where most strength and passion were required, so we observe that in the selectest portions of the Odyssey he warms up to his work, and is never finer than at a critical moment. The reader of these volumes will be charmed with the perfect grace and beauty of many scenic descriptions, where the translator's command of language seems most enlarged, and the measure flows with the rhythmic perfection of his original poems. Take, for illustration, an extract from the passage in the Fifth Book, familiar through the verse of many English minstrels, who have not essayed a complete reproduction of the Homeric songs: —

"*But when he reached that island far away,*
Forth from the dark-blue ocean-swell he stepped
Upon the sea-beach, walking till he came
To the vast cave in which the bright-haired nymph
Made her abode. He found the nymph within;
A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and far
Was wafted o'er the isle the fragrant smoke
Of cloven cedar, burning in the flame,
And cypress-wood. Meanwhile, in her recess,
She sweetly sang, as busily she threw
The golden shuttle through the web she wove.
And all about the grotto alders grew,
And poplars, and sweet-smelling cypresses.
In a green forest, high among whose boughs
Birds of broad wing, wood-owls, and falcons built
Their nests, and crows, with voices sounding far,
All haunting for their food the ocean-side,
A vine, with downy leaves and clustering grapes,
Crept over all the cavern rock. Four springs
Poured forth their glittering waters in a row,
And here and there went wandering side by side.
Around were meadows of soft green, o'ergrown
With violets and parsley. 'T was a spot
Where even an immortal might awhile
Linger, and gaze with wonder and delight."

This is far more literal than the favorite translation by Leigh Hunt, and excels all others in ease and choice of language. The following extract will show how effectively Mr. Bryant substitutes, for the Greek color and swelling harmony, the gloom and vigor of our Saxon tongue: —

"*The steady wind*
Swelled out the canvas in the midst; the ship
Moved on, the dark sea roaring round her keel,
As swiftly through the waves she cleft her way.
And when the rigging of that swift black ship
Was firmly in its place, they filled their cups
With wine, and to the ever-living gods
Poured out libations, most of all to one,
Jove's blue-eyed daughter. Thus through all that night
And all the ensuing morn they held their way."

The general characteristics of Mr. Bryant's Odyssey are those which have rendered eminent his translation of the Iliad, — fidelity to the text; genuine simplicity of thought and style; successful transfusion of the heroic spirit; above all, a purity of language which is, from first to last, a continual refreshment to the healthy-minded reader. The diction is not copious, neither — in a modern sense — was that of Homer; and there is no lack of minstrels, nowadays, who ransack their vocabularies to fill with "words, words," our jaded ears. As a presentment of English undefiled, the value of this translation is beyond cavil. Indeed, a main distinction of its author is that he belongs to the natural, abiding school. He does not consider too curiously, nor mistake suggestion for imagination; and his style is of that quality which, as vogue after vogue has its day, and the world cries out for a new departure, may often serve as a standard by which to gauge the integrity of our poetic art.

The simplicity of his manner is unaffected. It is *simplicité*, not *simplesse*, — the distinction between which has been illustrated by Professor Arnold in a comparison of Wordsworth and Tennyson. There is, it seems to us, much that is common to the genius of the Homeric poems and that of their present translator, — a broad and general way of regarding man and nature, a largeness of utterance, and an imagination always luminous and sufficient to the theme.

The office of a translator is now well understood. It is, to reproduce literally the matter of his author, and to convey the manner and movement to the utmost extent permitted by the limitations of his own tongue. Until the latter has been accomplished, there is always room and a welcome for new effort. Respecting Mr. Bryant's Odyssey we can affirm that he has gone beyond his predecessors. He has equalled, and generally excelled, the literal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of Cowper, and, so far as manner is concerned, has achieved a better general effect than Chapman, Pope, or Worsley. Yet Worsley's Spenserian version has many delightful features. In view of the romantic nature of the Odyssey, it was a happy thought to render it into the graceful mediæval stanza: a verse redolent with the sensuous enchantment of a period when half the world was yet unknown, when personal adventure and travel were the desire of youth and age, and the chosen measure of Spenser was the medium of their poetic narration. It is slow to pall upon the senses, and Worsley has handled it deliciously. But in his Odyssey the matter is constantly sacrificed to the translator's art, and the whole effect is Elizabethan rather than Homeric.

Nothing can be more clear and fascinating than Mr. Bryant's narrative, conveyed in the true epic manner with regard to directness and nobility of style. In striking passages, whose original beauty is high-sounding and polysyllabic, he most frequently obtains a corresponding English effect by reliance upon the strength of monosyllabic words: —

> "For his is the black doom of death, ordained
> By the great gods."
>
> "Hear me yet more:
> When she shall smite thee with her wand, draw forth
> Thy good sword from thy thigh and rush at her
> As if to take her life, and she will crouch
> In fear."
>
> "I hate
> To tell again a tale once fully told."

But occasionally he uses to advantage the Latinism peculiar to his reflective poems. Such lines as Shakespeare's,

> "The multitudinous seas incarnadine,"

show by what process the twin forces of our English tongue are fully brought in play. Verses of this sort, formed by the juxtaposition of the numerous Greek particles with ringing derivative and compound words, make up the body of the Homeric song. Mr. Bryant accordingly varies his translation with lines which remind us of "Thanatopsis" or "A Forest Hymn": —

> "The innumerable nations of the dead."
>
> "That strength and these unconquerable hands."
>
> "And downward plunged the unmanageable rock."

His paraphrases of the Greek idioms are noticeable for English idiomatic purity, so much so that the idea of a translation frequently absents itself from the reader's mind. While in one respect this is the perfection of such work, in another it is the loss of that indefinable charm pertaining to the sense of all rare things which are foreign to our own mode and period. His self-restraint, also, is carried to the verge of sterility by the repetition of certain adjectives as the equivalents of Greek words varying among themselves. The words "glorious" and "sagacious," for example, not uncommon in this translation, do not always represent the same, or even synonymous expressions in the original text. But most of Mr. Bryant's epithets and renderings — such as "the large-souled Ulysses," "the unfruitful sea," "passed into the Underworld," and his retention of Cowper's noble paraphrase of γέρων ἅλιος, "the Ancient of the Deep" — give an elevated and highly poetical tone to the whole work. The modern translator of Homer possesses a great advantage in the establishment of the text and the concordance of scholars upon the interpretation of obscure passages; but we find evidence that Mr. Bryant often has looked to the primitive meaning of a word, the result being some original and felicitous rendering.

The exquisitely written Preface to this volume contains a forcible argument in defence of the author's retention of those Roman names by which the deities of Grecian mythology have been popularly known. Mr. Bryant's decision is in keeping with the habit of his mind, and highly authoritative, yet we trust that our regret that it should have been thus given does not savor of pedantry. We suspect that book-lovers, of the rising generation, are more familiar than he conceives them to be with the Hellenic proper names. They could not well be otherwise, reading Grote, Tennyson, and the Brownings, not to include Swinburne and the younger host of poets at home and abroad. And if Lord Derby in England, and Mr. Bryant in America, had adopted that nomenclature which, after all, is the only truthful one, the transition would have been complete, and the existing confusion brought to a conclusive end.

We have paid homage to the excellence of this translation, and briefly endeavored to show in what its power and beauty consist. It seems eminently proper that its author should have adopted blank-verse as the measure for his use. The English reader is wonted to this verse as the metre for a sustained epic poem. Probably in no other, at this stage of our poetic art, can the text of Homer be so faithfully rendered and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner so nearly reached. It is the one, above all others, in which Mr. Bryant, its born master, was sure to achieve success. Finally, no blank-verse translation, at all commensurate with the limits of this stately measure, has hitherto been given us. There was a void which needed filling, but it exists no longer. Had Mr. Tennyson undertaken the full translation of Homer, after the manner indicated by that magnificent early production, the "Morte d'Arthur," we are sure that something very fine would have been the result. Bryant's verse is noticeably different from that of Tennyson. Only in an occasional passage, like the following, the one reminds us of the other: —

> "The formidable baldric, on whose band
> Of gold were sculptured marvels, — forms of bears,
> Wild boars, grim lions, battles, skirmishings,
> And death by wounds, and slaughter."

But Mr. Tennyson himself would be the first now to recognize the fact that a great blank-verse translation has been written, and that for another there can be no well-founded demand.

A point still remains unsettled, even by the work under review. Are we prepared to assert that all has been done which can be done to represent Homer to the English ear? The question which Mr. Bryant put to himself was, not whether the Greek epics could be adequately translated, for that can never be, but whether the resources of the language afford any better medium for their translation than that of heroic blank-verse. This he has decided in the negative, giving his reasons therefor; and the argument on that side is further extended by Mr. Lewis in a brilliant review of Bryant's Iliad and the nature of the Homeric poems.

Many, with even a superficial knowledge of the Greek text, will confess that, while delighted with the unequalled merits of this translation, they still are conscious of something yet to be achieved. What is the one thing wanting? We have intimated that its absence is least felt in those elevated passages, the fiery glow of which for a time lifts us above contemplation of the translator's art. But in the more mechanical portions blank-verse cannot of itself, by the music and flexibility of its structure, have the converse effect of holding us above the level of the theme. Here the deficiency is felt. And for this reason, amongst others, that in Greek the names of the most common objects are imposing and melodious. Hence those lines whose poverty of thought is greatest, upborne by the long roll of the hexameter, have a quality as aristocratic as the grace and dignity of a Spanish beggar. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryant has perceived the weakness of blank-verse in those intercalary lines, which are such a feature in Homer, and constitute a kind of refrain, affording rest at intervals along the torrent of the song. In the best lyric and epic poetry of all nations a disdain of minor changes is observable; but Mr. Bryant, seeing that blank-verse does little honor to a purely mechanical office, often has varied his translations of such lines, instead of following the Homeric method of recurrence to one chosen form. The very directness of his syntax, leading to the rejection, even, of such inversions as Tennyson's,

> "To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath,"

has made it almost prosaic in this respect. Such lines as

> "Telemachus, the prudent, thus rejoined,"
> "And then discreet Telemachus replied,"
> "Ulysses, the sagacious, answered her,"

are tame substitutes for the courtly and sonorous interludes,

> Τὴν δ' αὖ Τηλέμαχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
> Τὴν δ' ἀπομειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·

and lower the poetical tone of the general translation. We feel still more the indefinite shortcomings of blank-verse in the paraphrases of those resonant dactylic lines, which make up so large a portion of the Iliad and Odyssey, and give splendor to the movement of whole cantos. We might cite innumerable examples, like the following: —

> Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς.
>
> "But when the Morn,
> The rosy-fingered child of Dawn, looked forth.
>
> Μήνιος ἐξ ὀλοῆς Γλαυκώπιδος ὀβριμοπάτρης,
> Ἣτ' ἔριν Ἀτρεΐδῃσι μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν
>
> "The fatal wrath of her,
> The blue-eyed maid, who claims her birth from Jove.
> 'T was she who kindled strife between the sons
> Of Atreus."
>
> Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ποταμοῖο λίπεν ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο
> Νηῦς, ἀπὸ δ' ἴκετο κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο.
>
> "Now when our bark had left Oceanus
> And entered the great deep."

All this points to the one deficiency in a blank-verse translation, and this, unquestionably, relates to the *movement*. Can a version in our slow and stately iambics, which are perfectly adequate to represent the dialogue of the Greek dramas, approxi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mate to the rhythmic effect of a measure which originally was chanted or intoned? The rush of epic song has been partially caught by Chapman, Pope, and others, at the expense of both matter and style; and it may be owing to the pleasure afforded by this quality, that Pope's translation has held so long the regard of English readers. But only in one instance, that we now recall, has modern blank-verse attained to anything like the Homeric swiftness. A study of the tournament-scene, which closes the Fifth Book of "The Princess," will show to what we refer; yet even the splendid movement of this passage is unrestful, and like the fierce spurt of a racer that can win by a dash, but has not the bottom needed for a three-mile heat.

There are two forms of English verse in which, we think, the Homeric *rhythmus* may be more nearly approached. A good objection has been made to our rhymed heroic measure, as used by Pope (and by Dryden in his Virgil), that it disturbs the force of the original by connecting thoughts not meant to be connected; that it causes a "balancing of expression in the two lines of which it consists, which is wholly foreign to the Homeric style." Professor Hadley has suggested that this may be obviated by a return to the measure as written by Chaucer, not pausing too often at the rhymes, but frequently running the sentences over, with the cæsura varied as in blank-verse. This usage, in fact, was revived by Keats and Leigh Hunt, and is notable, of late, in William Morris's flowing poetry, to which Mr. Hadley refers for illustration. Chapman translated the Odyssey upon this plan, but in a slovenly fashion, not to be compared with his other Homeric work. There is room, perhaps, for a new translation of Homer into the rhymed Chaucerian verse.

Lastly, and at the risk of losing the regard of the reader who may have gone with us thus far, we have a word to say in behalf of that much-abused form of verse known as the "English hexameter": a measure far more out of favor with the critics than with the poets or the majority of their readers. Before its name even was known in this country to other than scholars, Mr. Longfellow's "Evangeline" appeared, and found its way to the public heart as no American poem of equal length ever had done before. Our people made no difficulty in reading it, troubling themselves very little with the strictures of classical reviewers, and it has not yet outlived its original welcome.

The fact is that, to properly estimate the so-called English hexameter, one must, to a certain extent, get the Greek and Latin quantities out of his mind. Professor Arnold and Mr. Lewis, among the rest, have contributed to the discussion on this subject, the one for, and the other against, the employment of hexameter in translation. Neither of them, it seems to us, succeeds in looking at the question from an independent point of view. Mr. Arnold would have our hexameter more spondaic and classical. Mr. Lewis sees that it cannot be written classically, but does not abuse it much on that account. He says that "it is peculiar among English metres, because it is so very like prose. It is less metrical than any form of English verse. Blank-verse," he adds, "can stoop to the simplest speech without approaching prose." True, but it does not always do so. Run together the opening lines of Mr. Bryant's Odyssey, which in Greek are made highly poetical by the structure and sound, and see if they have not a somewhat prosaic effect: —

"Tell me, O Muse, of that sagacious man who, having overthrown the sacred town of Ilium, wandered far and visited the capitals of many nations, learned the customs of their dwellers, and endured great suffering on the deep."

Now where, in Mr. Kingsley's "Andromeda," — a fair specimen of English hexameter, with exquisite cadences throughout, — can five lines be made to read like that? Mr. Bryant has made the most of his material; the barrenness is in the verse.

No master of the natural English hexameter has yet arisen who has brought it to the perfection which charms both scholars and laymen; no translation of Homer has been made which affords any assistance to our side of the argument by surpassing the excellence of Mr. Bryant's work. Asserting, then, that he has achieved a triumph in the only direction open at this period, we nevertheless venture to predict, that a resonant, swift metre will be developed, from elements now felt by our best poets to exist, which will have six accentual divisions, and hence may be called English hexameter verse; that it will partake of the quantitative nature of the intoned classical measures only through those natural dactyls not uncommon in our tongue, and through a resemblance which some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our trochees bear to the Greek spondaic feet; that it will be so much the more flexible, giving the poet liberty to shift his accents and now and then prefix redundant syllables; finally, that it often will have the billowy roll of the classical hexameter (as we moderns read the latter accentually), and by its form will be equal to the reproduction of Homer, line for line. If Mr. Taylor, who, by argument and practice, has proved the value of Form to the translator's work, can reach so near his mark in rendering the hundred metres of "Faust," surely there is encouragement for a future attempt to represent more closely the one defiant measure of heroic song. To the point made that English is too consonantal for such representation, we reply that it is no more consonantal in hexameter than in pentameter verse, and that, of the two kinds, the former is nearer to the verse of Homer. This objection would apply more forcibly to the still harsher German; yet we conceive Voss's Iliad to have given German readers a truer idea of the original than any English translation has yet conveyed to ourselves.

Such a metre, then, will be added to our standard verse-forms. It will be accepted by poets and critics, and the world will read it, arguing no more of dactyls and spondees than it now argues of iambics in blank-verse. Nor will any new English Homer tread upon the renown of Mr. Bryant's crowning work, until the English hexameter — with all its compensating qualities, by which alone we can preserve delicate shades of meaning and the epic movement — has been firmly established among us, and a great poet, imbued with the classical spirit, has become its acknowledged master.

Until then, Mr. Bryant's noble translation has filled the literary void. A host of English readers will long return to it with admiration and delight. Let us revere and cherish the fame of our eldest bard. He still remains among us, unchanged and monumental, surrounded by the unsettled, transitional art of the later generation, — as some Doric temple remains, in a land where grotesque and artificial structures have sprung up for a time, — an emblem of the strength of a more natural period, teaching the beauty of simplicity, and the endurance of that which is harmonious and true.

It would be hard to say what chiefly delights the reader of Hawthorne's Italian Note-Books, unless it is the simple charm of good writing. There is very little of that wonderful suggestiveness which the American Note-Books had, with their revelations of the inventive resource and the habitual operation of the romancer's genius, and rarely that sympathy with which the descriptions in the English journals were filled. To the last, Hawthorne confessedly remained an alien in Italy, afflicted throughout by her squalor, her shameless beggary, her climate, her early art, her grimy picture-frames, and the disheartening absence of varnish in her galleries. We suppose that his doubt whether he was not bamboozling himself when he admired an old master, is one which has occurred, more or less remotely, to most honest men under like conditions; but it is odd that his humor did not help him to be more amused by the droll rascality and mendicancy with which a foreigner's life in Italy is enveloped. His nature, however, was peculiarly New-Englandish; the moral disrepair, like the physical decay, continually offended him beyond retrieval by his sense of its absurdity. He abhorred an intrusive beggar as he did a Giotto or a Cimabue, and a vile street was as bad to him as a fresco of the thirteenth century. But even the limitations of such a man are infinitely interesting, and, as one reads, one thanks him from the bottom of his soul for his frankness. Most of us are, by the will of heaven, utterly ignorant of art, and it is vastly wholesome to have this exquisite genius proclaim his identity with us, and in our presence to look with simple liking or dislike upon the works he sees, untouched by the traditional admiration of all ages and nations. The affectation of sympathy or knowledge is far more natural to our fallen humanity, and the old masters send back to us every year hordes of tiresome hypocrites, to whom we recommend Hawthorne's healing sincerity. It is not that we think him right in all his judgments, or many of them; but that if any one finds in the varnish and bright frames of the English galleries greater pleasure than in the sacredly dingy pictures of Italian churches and palaces, or thinks Mr. Brown finer than Claude, his truth in saying so is of as good quality as in his declaration that he loves Gothic better than classic architecture.

At times Hawthorne's feeling about art seems capable of education, but he appears himself to remain nearly always in doubt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about it, and to find this misgiving a kind of refuge. It is true that in regard to sculpture he has not so much hesitation as he has about different paintings. The belief that it is an obsolete art, hinted in "The Marble Faun," is several times advanced in these journals, and he affirms again and again his horror of nudity in modern sculpture, — a matter in which, we think, he has the better of the sculptors, though it is not easy to see how the representation of the nude is to be forbid without abolishing the whole art. It is a fact, which tells in favor of such critics as believe sculpture to be properly an accessory of architecture and nothing more, that though Hawthorne's sympathies with other forms of art were slight and uncertain, he instinctively delighted in good and noble architecture. This is probably the case also with most other refined people who have no artistic training, and it is doubtful if either painting or sculpture can have any success among us except in union with architecture, — the first of the arts in appealing to the natural sense of beauty.

The reader of these Notes will not learn more of Italian life than of Italian art; it is Hawthorne's life in Italy, and often without contact with Italy, that is here painted. But it is not his most intimate life; it is his life as an author, his intellectual life; and one often fancies that the record must have been kept with a belief that it would some day be published; for with respect to his literary self, Hawthorne was always on confidential terms with the world, as his frank prefaces show. It has nothing of carelessness, though nothing of constraint in the mental attitude, while in the midst of its grace and delightfulness there is frequent self-criticism. He says after a somewhat florid passage, "I hate what I have written," and he considers and reconsiders his ideas throughout, like a man conscious of daily growth. Sometimes, but quite rarely, there is a glance of *personal* self-examination, as where, with a half-humorous air, he gives his impression that Miss Bremer thinks him unamiable: "I am sorry if it be so, because such a good, kindly, clear-sighted, and delicate person is very apt to have reason at the bottom of her harsh thoughts when, in rare cases, she allows them to harbor with her."

An amusing trait of the literary consciousness with which the journal is written is the author's habit of introducing his quaint or subtile reflections with that unnatural, characteristic "methinks" of his, which, like Mr. Emerson's prose "'t is," is almost a bit of personal property. But if Hawthorne tells little of himself, he atones for it as far as may be by so sketching ever so many other interesting people, and the queer at-odds life foreigners lead in Italy. There is a precious little picture of a tea-drinking with Miss Bremer in her lodging near the Tarpeian Rock, which precedes the passage we have just quoted, and the account of a ride with Mrs. Jameson, which we would fain transfer hither, but must leave where they are. Story, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Powers, and a host of minor celebrities are all painted with that firm, delicate touch, and that certain parsimony of color which impart their pale charm to the people of Hawthorne's romances. Most prominent is the sculptor Powers, for whom the author conceived a strong personal liking, and by whose universal inventiveness and practical many-mindedness his imagination was greatly impressed. He listened with so much respect and conviction to all the sculptor's opinions upon art, that the dismay into which he falls when Mr. Powers picks the Venus de' Medici to pieces, just after Hawthorne has taught himself to adore her, is little less than tragical, and there is something pathetically amusing in his subsequent efforts to rehabilitate her perfection. At the same time the reader's sense of Hawthorne's own modesty and sincerity is indefinitely deepened. In the whole range of art he is confident of but one or two things, — that modern nude sculptures are foolish and repulsive, and that the works of Giotto and Cimabue are hideous, and had better be burnt. Yet we think that his journals might be read with greater instruction upon art than many critical works.

The life at Florence, with its poetical and artistic neighborhood, its local delightfulness, its ease, its cheapness, is temptingly sketched; but perhaps the reader of "The Marble Faun" will not be quite content to find Donatello's Tower in the Villa Montauto on Bello-Sguardo. Not that the place is not beautiful enough for any romance, but that most will have conceived of a wilder and remoter Monte Beni. It is interesting, by the way, to note that it is not till Hawthorne's fourth or fifth visit to the Capitol that he seems to have observed the statue which suggested his romance. Then at last he says: "I looked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the Faun of Praxiteles, and was sensible of a peculiar charm in it; a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once. The lengthened, but not preposterous ears, and the little tail, which we infer, have an exquisite effect. . . . . A story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of one of their species having become intermingled with the human race. . . . . The tail might have disappeared by dint of constant intermarriages with ordinary mortals; but the pretty hairy ears should occasionally reappear, ... and the moral and intellectual characteristics of the faun might be most picturesquely brought out, without detriment to the human interest of the story. Fancy," he concludes, "this combination in the person of a young lady!" Here it is evident that he thinks merely of a short story, with no shadow of tragedy in it. Afterwards how the idea expanded and deepened and darkened! And is it not curious to reflect that Donatello *might* have been a girl?

At times, in reading these journals, the romance seems the essence not only of what was profound in Hawthorne's observation in Italy, but also his notice of external matters, such as the envy and mutual criticism of artists; all the roots of the book are here, and the contrast of them with their growth there above ground is a valuable instruction.

It belongs to criticism of "The Marble Faun," rather than these Note-Books, to remark how the strictly Italian material of Hawthorne's experience scarcely sufficed for the purposes of the romancer; but it is true that he remained Gothic and Northern to the last moment in the classicistic South, even to the misspelling of nearly all Italian words. We believe, however, that he describes not only himself in Italy when he says: "I soon grew so weary of admirable things that I could neither enjoy nor understand them. My receptive faculty is very limited; and when the utmost of its small capacity is full, I become perfectly miserable, and the more so the better worth seeing are the objects I am forced to see." This is the picture of our whole race in that land.

Among the fictions with which the press teems, Mrs. Spofford's "Thief in the Night" is not one of the least deplorable. It appears to us that her fancy is so vivid as to need always a very realistic theme to tone it down to such a pitch as the senses can bear. Loosed upon space as it is in this romance, in a story without locality or any tie to probability, there is a glare and clash in its effects which only the nerves of youth are strong enough to encounter. With maidens of seventeen and young men of twenty, it may seem admirable for Mrs. Beaudesfords of Beaudesfords to find her husband dead in a bedstead which is a mass of carved mother-of-pearl, and has white silk curtains with heavy gold fringe; but after-life would rather take out the price of this luxurious upholstery in a little truth to nature, which belongs to romance as well as to other things. Of course it *could* happen that an unfathomably opulent gentleman like Beaudesfords should marry a woman who did not love him, and then make a permanent guest of his friend whom she did love, and then kill himself (to all appearance) that they might wed; and of course it is *not* beyond the range of facts indexed in Mr. Charles Reade's scrap-books that Mrs. Beaudesfords, suddenly loathing her lover, should fling herself upon her husband's silent heart, and recall him to life, love, and lasting happiness; but after all, there seems a lack somewhere. Perhaps it is in us, who vastly prefer from our author such realities as "Knitting Sale Socks," and "Miss Moggaridge's Provider." Even in romance there must be some rest for the sole of the foot, to which the heliotrope-beds of the Villa Beaudesfords do not give sufficient support. A little character in romance is not so bad, either; and if the paint were *not* quite so fresh, and the flowers did *not* rattle so like cambric and tissue-paper! We should not be so exacting if Mrs. Spofford were not equal to much more than is asked of her.

The press teems with fictions; but it is also scarcely less fertile in theological and scientific essays. In fact we are not sure that the books discussing the problem of man's origin and destiny are not even more numerous than those dealing with the question whether this certain young man will marry that certain young woman; though it is to be confessed with regret that the theologians and scientists do not solve their problems so satisfactorily as the novelists. However, they are in earnest, and their inquiry is pursued with a toleration and good temper not consistent before our time with depth of conviction. The *savans* behave themselves like Christians, and the divines have all the tolerance of *savans*. We do not mean by this to imply

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that topics of religious thought are handled solely by the clergy. On the contrary, the laity claim their full share in the debate; and so eminent a layman as the Duke of Somerset has contributed an interesting little book on "Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism," which states the reasons of the latter against the former, in their clearest and most succinct shape. "We have this treasure," says the author, speaking of the truth of the New Testament, "in earthen vessels, and it is so deeply impressed with the imperfections of the earth, that the restoration of the actual history is now a hopeless task." It can be said, we suppose, without offence to those who give least credit to his assertions (that the various parts of the New Testament are incoherent and contradictory), that they are urged with great temperance and something like reluctance. From a church which disposes of all these troubles by the authority of a subsequent revelation specifying the inspired portions and giving a science for the supernatural interpretation of Scripture, we have Mr. Parsons's interesting essay on "The Infinite and the Finite," and Mr. Barrett's "New View of Hell," which we think will not be found more comforting by sinners than the old view, however it may commend itself to logicians. It is simply the well-known Swedenborgian doctrine that a man's life on earth leads him to heaven or hell under the infinite love that does the utmost for his happiness in either state, and could not save him against the tenor of his life and desires, any more than it could damn him, without destroying him. What Mr. Barrett does is to assemble the points of Swedenborg's teaching, and present them forcibly and briefly. To represent another phase of religious thought, almost if not quite as remote from that of Mr. Parsons and Mr. Barrett as the Duke of Somerset's is, we have the "Radical Problems" of Dr. Bartol, in which our chief spiritual concerns are treated in the light of advanced Unitarianism.

Several literary histories and compendiums and manuals have followed M. Taine's more considerable work. That of Dr. Harte is a rapid survey of the whole field of English literature, from "the simple rhyming chronicle of the semi-Saxon age down to the 'In Memoriam' of Tennyson, and the thundering periods of the 'London Times.'" It is arranged chronologically; a slight sketch of the life of each writer is given; and there is cursory criticism of his works, sometimes by Dr. Harte, sometimes by more famous critics. It must have been a great labor to compile the book, and we suppose it will be the reference if not the reliance of many beginners: all the more therefore do we lament the commonness of some of the critical opinions where fineness was much to be desired. However, this part of the work is generally as well done as could have been hoped with reason, and the student might easily find books on literary history of which he would have much more to unlearn in after life. In his "Three Centuries of English Literature," Mr. Yonge begins his feeble disquisitions with Shakespeare, and expands in watery insipidity of comment as he slowly eddies down to our own time. He gives what they call copious extracts; and perhaps this is a merit. But he really seems to have no vocation to his work. His criticisms are in the last degree trite and unimportant, and his style is involved, incoherent, and — which is worse for a Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast — incorrect. He says of Gray: "Thomas Gray is one of those to whom allusion has been made as having confined himself exclusively to lyric poetry"; and of Charles Lamb: "Very different from the profound terseness of Bacon, from the didactic solemnity of Johnson, and even from the humor of Addison and Goldsmith, were the mind and style of the playful writer of whom it is now the turn to have a few words said of him: differing also from them in that it is as an essayist alone that he is known to us." This is exactly the style in which we should like our enemy to write a book; though we wish it to be understood that we should never ask this exquisite private gratification at the expense of the public.

The poems of Mrs. Dorr have the merits of easy and pleasant verse; and if she nowhere touches very profound meanings, it is to be said in her favor that she never causes her meaning, like Mr. Tennyson's chord of self, to "pass in music out of sight." We think there is not a conundrum in the book; and we are quite sure of much earnest and some delicate feeling. The worst about it all is that there are too many words and too many morals. The greater number of the poems teach each one a lesson at a length implying forgetfulness of the fact that lessons are tedious at the best; but there are certain narrative poems, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ballads, which have greatly compensated us, being done with spirit, brevity, and dramatic form, with an emotion that passes at once to the reader's heart. The best of these is "Elsie's Child; a Legend of Switzerland," which is very simple, direct, and touching indeed, and worthy of Mrs. Dorr's continual study and emulation. "Margery Gray" is another ballad (not quite so good), that makes us think she could give us all a great deal of pleasure if she turned her skill in verse to account in such-like narrative poetry. In fact we wish that none but the greatest poets would ever write any other sort of poetry. (Of course no living poet will consider himself adjured by this.)

Relinquishing infallibility, as we do, to the Pope of Rome and the literary weeklies, we have no shame in owning in May that we did Mr. Paul H. Hayne injustice in April. We intimated that his "Daphles" and "Wife of Brittany" were the results of his study of Mr. Morris's unending, if not immortal, poems; and we have since been very credibly informed that they were both written before any of Mr. Morris's poems were published. We have the less reluctance in making this correction, because we conceive that some reasoning based upon our error is not affected by having the ground thus taken from under it. It is merely left poised in air by its own excellent qualities,— like Mahomet's coffin.

French and German.*

The latest novel of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, *L'Histoire du Plébiscite,* a translation of which into English has appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," and in this country in the "Living Age," is by no means the best that these authors have given us. It is an account of the late war, which is supposed to be told by the mayor of a village near Phalsbourg. The story begins well, with all the simplicity of construction and narration that makes these novels so lifelike, but, while there are points that deserve praise throughout the book, as a whole it grows very monotonous and tiresome. It shows a venomous hatred of the Germans, which may be natural and patriotic, but which also can only breed discontent and suffering. Besides, it is too much a dry record of the war, too like the newspaper correspondent's story. It would have been infinitely more surprising if it had escaped these almost unavoidable faults; for a novel, like a picture, demands perspective, and one written before the air is clear of powder will be sure to lack a discrimination between what is of temporary importance and what will always interest the reader. But, in spite of these faults, the little story around which are spun these patriotic outbursts is prettily told. There is the Alsatian girl with her lover at the wars, with her double hatred of the German soldiers, who are always represented as the cringing slaves of drunken officers; then the rumors that spread among the peasants, their early belief in the Emperor, — in all that these writers have already had much experience. But of all this there is not enough. What the novel reader wants is a story, not an incentive to the hatred of Germany. It is late in the day to praise the other works of these authors, but they are all admirable for their pathos, humor, and charming simplicity. There is a certain monotony about them; in time one grows somewhat tired of the honest rustic who is always sipping his beer or wine and filling his pipe, but, unless taken to excess, they are more than readable. They may serve to remove some of the opprobrium attaching to the "French novel." From Feydeau we have, we are happy to say, not another of his novels, which have certainly done good service in maintaining this not unfounded prejudice, but a little volume called *Consolation*, which contains his reveries on his sick-bed, and very different they are from

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire du Plébiscite racontée par un des 7,500,000 Oui. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris. 1872.

Consolation. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris. 1872.

Moralistes et Philosophes. Par Ad. Franck de l'Institut. Paris. 1872.

Aspasie de Milet. Par M. L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris. 1872.

L'Instruction publique aux États-Unis. Par C. Hippeau Paris. 1872.

Handbuch der Æsthetik und Geschichte der bildenden Künste. Von Joseph Dippel. Regensburg. 1871.

Goethe in seinem Verhältnisse zur Musik. Von W. von Bock. Berlin. 1871.

Aus den Tagen der Occupation. Von Theodor Fontane. 2 Bände. Berlin. 1872.

Die Darwin'sche Theorie. Elf Vorlesungen von Dr. Georg Seidlitz. Dorpat. 1871.

Das Norddeutsche Theater. Von Henrich Laube. Leipzig. 1872.

Gesammelte Philosophische Abhandlungen zur Philosophie des Unbewussten. Von E. V. Hartmann. Berlin. 1872.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his reveries when he strolled upon the boulevards and wrote those stories which were printed "on gray paper with blunt type." From its nature the book is egotistic; it has not the merit of any great profundity, but it does not lack a pathetic interest from its very contrast with the author's previous work or play. M. Franck of the Institute has published a volume of essays entitled *Moralistes et Philosophes*, and it is a book that may be read with pleasure and profit. He writes about Petrarch, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Goethe, Victor Cousin, and many other later men in a fascinating style, and with remarkable discrimination. Not that any one of the essays pretends to be exhaustive, but each one takes up some point in the life, character, or work of the person who is discussed, and examines it with great intelligence and delicacy. Thus, of Goethe he speaks for but a few pages of his Spinozism, about Spinoza he writes more at length, and with much warmth defending him against the rather shallow attacks of M. Nourrisson in his work on that author; he writes about Petrarch's claims to be considered a Platonic lover, — but yet, though often briefly, always without scrappiness. *Aspasie de Milet* is the title of a book by M. Becq de Fouquières. It is a defence of the character and good name of Aspasia against the prejudices which began to exist more than two thousand years ago, when she was regarded very much as certain well-known women reformers are nowadays regarded by the majority of people. In English, Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," a book that is now a classic and experiencing the usual fate of a classic in being more admired than read, has already done her full justice, and exalted her into the place she owns as one of the few great women of the world.

We do not know any American book that in the same compass contains so full and accurate an account of the schools and colleges of this country as that of M. Hippeau entitled *L'Instruction publique aux États-Unis*. It is in the form of a report addressed to the minister of public instruction, and is an excellent, if somewhat enthusiastic, manual of the state of education in this country.

Of German books we have Dippel's *Handbuch der Æsthetik* remaining over from last month. It is too ponderous a work to be discussed in a quarter of a column; but we can say that, although it goes over well-worn ground, it is a serious book and one of value. The style is good and clear. *Goethe in seinem Verhältnisse zur Musik* is the title of a book that, without committing ourselves, we recommend to those who know something of this art to make their own minds about it. At any rate, whatever opinion one may come to about Goethe's musical knowledge, we find here apparently all the material there is for forming a decision. Whether it will be found with music as with other art that Goethe's interest was greater than his comprehension we do not know, but it seems highly probable. From the title of this book, which is but an humble contribution to the immense Goethe literature, one is reminded of Fontenelle's remark about Leibnitz, quoted by M. Franck in the essay on Goethe to which we have alluded above: "De plusieurs Hercules l'antiquité n'en a fait qu'un, et du seul M. Leibniz nous ferons plusieurs savans."

We shall but mention the names of some other books on music: *Bunte Blätter* by A. W. Ambros, a series of essays principally of different composers, a letter of Wagner's to the *Deutsche Wagner-Verein*, and *Das Musikalische Urtheil und seine Ausbildung durch die Erziehung*. There is the usual number of histories of the war. Fontane's *Aus den Tagen der Occupation* is perhaps as interesting as any. He will be remembered as the writer of a very accurate and entertaining account of the war of 1866. Seidlitz's *Darwin'sche Theorie* is an excellent, clearly written discussion of Darwinism, in the form of lectures, and so brought down to a clearer comprehension by the public mind. *Das Norddeutsche Theater*, by Heinrich Laube, is an account of the author's struggles as manager of the theatre at Leipsic, together with a brief sketch of the German stage since the time of Goethe. The author is an intelligent man and is known as the author of many good plays.

Dr. Hartmann, the author of the *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, a work of which we have briefly spoken before, has published a thin volume of additions to his greater work. The subjects are not certainly of general interest; they treat of Hegel's and Schopenhauer's philosophy, of Dynamism and Atomism, etc.; but there is one chapter in answer to the question, "Is the pessimistic monism comfortless?" in which he endeavors to show that it does not necessarily demand black despair. Whatever may be said against this author, he certainly de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serves credit for the scientific ground that he takes in all the subjects that he treats, not carrying science over where it does not belong, but using it as an aid where most people rely merely on their own impressions, hopes, and yearnings. Although he might be called a follower of Schopenhauer, he by no means avoids sharp criticism of his master, and especially for the sourness of his pessimism. He says, "Schopenhauer's pessimism is as false and one-sided as Leibnitz's and Hegel's optimism." In this essay he tries to redeem annihilation from some of the odium that clings to it, — a thankless task.

Norwegian.*

Jonas Lie, the author of "The Man of Second-Sight," or "The Seer," has for several years been known to the literary world of Norway as a poet, in the more restricted sense of a writer of verse; and this is, as far as we know, his first prose publication. His poems, at the time of their first publication, excited considerable interest, no less for their own intrinsic value than for close adherence to the national poetic school newly founded by Björnstjerne Björnson, whose first works, *Synnöve Solbakken* and *Arne*, had just then come before the public, and had been hailed throughout the Scandinavian kingdoms as the promise of a brighter era in the national literature. The growth and development of Lie's genius is, indeed, so closely connected with that of Björnson's, that we could hardly understand the one without knowing the other. In Lie's earlier productions, the influence of Björnson is so clearly perceptible as to suggest direct imitation; and there are those who insist that Lie has "out-Björnsoned" Björnson himself. But, whatever may have been the merits or demerits of previous productions, in the present work we can trace no borrowed inspiration. The style, purged of mannerism and eccentricities, moves gracefully onward in an almost rhythmic sympathy with the sentiment, and swells with a strong inherent life into an emotional tide, which bears the reader onward with irresistible fascination.

The scene of the story is laid far up toward the Pole, in the northern fishing-districts of Norway, the natural aspects of which are painted with a wonderful and loving truthfulness. The plot, if indeed its succession of scenes and incidents can lay claim to such a title, is single and unpretending, dealing only with the commonest occurrences of every-day life, and that in its primitive Northern simplicity. The hero, whose birthplace is one of those innumerable little trading-posts which lie scattered along the western shore of Norway, has inherited the unfortunate gift of second-sight. His childish associations are of the saddest and most depressing character, his father being a stern, gloomy, and unhappy man, and his mother hopelessly insane. The influence of a host of fantastic legends contributes to make him morbidly dreamy and superstitious. The sunshine amid all this gloom is the pastor's daughter Susanna, between whom and the hero a strong attachment springs up. After two years of absence, at college, in which they have had no communication, he again returns to his native place; all his hopes, his fears, his longings, his life, are in and for Susanna. In the mean time he has had many plain forewarnings of his hapless inheritance, and at length, not without a grievous struggle, determines upon the heroic course of abandoning his dream of earthly love and happiness. Susanna, however, with touching simplicity, assures him of her strength to share his misfortune, and they again resolve to brave fate together. But the sphere of the book is tragic from the beginning; the very first chord struck is in a minor key, and the occasional transitions into major are but brief and unessential. We are therefore not even at this point lured to hope for any lasting happiness for David; and Susanna's sudden death in the storm is neither wholly unlooked for nor in any way discordant with the prevailing tone of the story. His life was all in her; hers was the stronger nature; and when he at length follows her, we have no other reason for regret, than that it necessarily brings the book to its close.

Such are the leading features of this charming Norse tale. The material is rich in itself; but the reader will own that it is skilfully managed and turned to good account. The author's genius is eminently picturesque, but numerous little touches throughout the book, indicate deep poetic feeling and dramatic powers of no ordinary scope.

* *Den Fremsyute, eller Billeder fra Nordland.* (*The Man of Second-Sight, or Pictures from Northland.*) By Jonas Lie. Copenhagen. 1871.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART.

DR. LODGE has so far made good his word, given more than twenty years ago, that we have now three volumes of his translation of Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art,"* with the promise of the fourth and final volume next year. The second volume, which was published as long ago as 1849, will probably remain with general readers the favorite of the series, owing to its dealing exclusively with the comparatively familiar works of Greek art; but we imagine that few who are conversant with its pages will deny themselves the teaching of the entire work, which involves a fair education in the plastic art of at least three great nations, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, (Winckelmann does not, however, divide the art of the two latter,) and a partial acquaintance with the Etruscan and Persian, though more recent discoveries have added greatly to our knowledge of these, particularly the first.

The Life of Winckelmann, by the German editor, which is included in the first volume, not only gives a history of the work before us, his masterpiece, but is in itself an interesting piece of reading. It seems to be a real labor of love, — though set down in a very matter-of-fact way, — by one who could fully appreciate Winckelmann's genius, and who has added greatly to the value of the History by his own researches, given in the form of explanatory notes. The biography does not read at all like a fairy tale, bu it is nevertheless the record of a great transformation. Winckelmann's father was a cobbler (the author insists that he was not even a shoemaker) in an obscure German town, and had no thought that cobbling was not good enough trade for his son; but in this case the bending of the twig had little effect on the growth of the tree. The life is a picture of extraordinary devotion to an ideal. The desire of comprehending the spirit of ancient art and literature was early fixed in Winckelmann's mind, and never left him after he was fairly launched in the world. In whatever situation he was placed, as student, teacher, or librarian, his work was made preparatory to this grand design. Even his country and his religious liberty he held second to this. Such devotion produced its adequate result. It lifted the poor cobbler's son to the level of the world's highest learning; it gave him princes and cardinals for friends; it made him, as his biographer says, "the greatest connoisseur and teacher of the beautiful in plastic art." The biography is brief, and gives little detail, excepting such as refers to Winckelmann's dominant purpose; but we cannot help being deeply interested in the struggle ending in his formal adoption of the Papal religion, and it is curious to see how bigoted a Romanist he finally became through his love of art, insomuch that he seems to regard Rome as the only abiding-place of liberty in modern times, "where the people under priestly rule enjoy unrestrained freedom," and where he thinks it would be easy to collect a band of "most intrepid and valiant warriors, who would face death like their forefathers." Once established in Rome, among the monuments which are the object of his life's effort, he can never be weaned from the city; and once only does he return to Germany, — his final journey, — on which occasion, though he receives marked attention from rank and learning, and the ties of friendship press him to remain a reasonable time, he is wretched until his face is set Romeward again. He is so homesick that he is down with fever. Even the magnificent mountains of his native land disgust him, and he cannot abide the steep roofs of the houses. There is something childlike and extremely touching in his eagerness to go back, unconscious of the terrible fate awaiting him on the journey which is never to be finished. The particulars of his tragic end at Trieste — where he was murdered for a few dollars' worth of medallions, which he had incautiously exposed — are given with simplicity and feeling; and the whole work of the Life is done, it seems to us, with good taste and directness: it is neither too much nor too little.

Winckelmann's labors in the museum of Baron Stosch at Florence undoubtedly gave him an excellent foundation of knowledge whereon to base his great work, and to the facts acquired there he makes constant reference in the "Ancient Art." In this ex-

* *The History of Ancient Art.* By J. J. WINCKELMANN. Translated from the German by G. Henry Lodge, A. M., M. D. With numerous illustrations. 3 vols. Boston: J. R. Osgood. 1872.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traordinary collection there were no less than twenty-eight thousand impressions from engraved gems, chiefly antique, and of these he made a critical catalogue. Some of the results of his investigations here are quite curious: as that all engraved gems representing Roman incidents are modern; that the ancient lapidaries wrought with wheels in the modern manner; and that the ancient artists never designed any merely ideal pictures, excepting those of Bacchanalia, dances, or the like, "but that all are referable to the mythology of the gods or of the heroes."

A brief dissertation on the origin of art opens the work, and in this the author describes carefully the earliest forms of sculpture, or rather formative art, concerning which there is any reliable evidence. Very nearly all that is known regarding work in clay, in wood, in ivory, and in bronze, the curious combinations of materials, the customs of painting and gilding statues, and even of clothing them with real cloth, etc., is here given, with such dates as can be verified. The remarks upon ancient glass will be surprising to those who have not studied the subject: it is Winckelmann's opinion that glass manufacture was much more widely applied by the ancients than the moderns. From this overture, if it may be so called, he passes to the art of the Egyptians; and here, being surrounded by abundant examples, he is entirely at home, and his facts and reflections are of the highest importance to the antiquarian and the artist. The observations upon the inflexibility of Egyptian art, — tracing it to the political and religious institutions of the country, — are, without doubt, just; but those who have been fully impressed by the noble conventionality of this art, its grand architectonic character, never in the least swerving towards triviality or prettiness, will hardly be satisfied with what he has to say on this point. We cannot here avoid the suspicion that he is so permeated with the love of the Greek, that what appears to him in that system as a noble severity takes form in the Egpytian as the result of ignorance or of tyranny. He is, however, not above expressing his admiration of their beautiful treatment, in sculpture, of animals, and refers with enthusiasm to the grand Egyptian lions, still to be seen at Rome, at the Campidoglio and the Fontana Felice. When in conclusion he comes to speak of dress, of materials, and of mechanical execution, in Egyptian art, it is impossible to admire too highly the patient research he has here expended, and the careful detail with which it is presented; and though it is certain that modern discovery has revealed new facts concerning these matters, we imagine that they controvert Winckelmann's judgment in very few essential points, while on questions incapable of settlement by such discoveries his opinions remain of the highest value.

The chapters on Etruscan art which follow the few remarks on that of Phœnicia and Persia, and conclude the first volume, will be found of less interest probably than those preceding, inasmuch as the author treats all Etruscan art as infused and modified with the Greek spirit. Thus whatever the achievement of this wonderful people, the glory, as in Roman art, must be given to the Greeks; therefore all that is said on the subject, however learned, lacks that enthusiastic reverence and confidence which is so delightful in other portions of the work. Modern discovery has in this case somewhat abated the weight of our author's observations; not indeed that they were incorrect, but that in Winckelmann's time little was known of Etruscan art in comparison with what has since been discovered. And it is not incredible that even so great a connoisseur should fail to appreciate at that time an art which was largely of a decorative character. It is probable that the finest specimen of Japanese work might have been quite abhorrent to him. Though any system of art may be profitably considered from the decorative standpoint, Winckelmann would have been the last man to do it. He judged all systems by the loftiest isolated works of a single people, and he derived his standard almost exclusively from their sculpture. It seems impossible that under such circumstances full justice can be done to any art developed under totally different conditions. He is, however, willing to admit that the art of Etruria takes precedence, in point of antiquity, to that of Greece; but he is much inclined to pass over all that part of it not referable to Greek influence. Herein we think it will be found that many good critics are unable to sympathize with him, as, however little doubt there may be of community between the two nations, there is certainly much that is beautiful and original in native Etruscan art.

Of the second volume, it is almost unnecessary to speak distinctively, it has been so long familiar to the American public. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devoted wholly to Greek art, principally to the drawing of the nude figure; and it is in the chapters given to the consideration of the "Essential of Art" that Winckelmann's genius rises to its highest flight. Though few will be able to agree with all his notions concerning beauty, no one can read these chapters without wishing that our own art were already guided, so far as is possible under such different conditions, by the principles here elucidated. The teaching of this volume should be familiar to every artist who strives for the highest, and to every individual who would embelish life with good taste. What he says of *decorum*, and of repose or stillness (Book V. Chap. III.), is to our thinking worthy of the very first consideration by the artists, especially our sculptors, whose productions, we humbly suggest, savor too much of the instantaneous photograph. The figures of modern statuaries are often given such unnecessary and trivial action, that it seems the study of an art dealing so constantly with the immutable gods, must act as a happy antidote. An undignified sculpture is detestable. Wherever the least action is exhibited in marble or bronze, there must also be shown a worthy and sufficient cause. In this matter of decorum or the fitness of things, the best Greek artists were never at fault, and Winckelmann does not fail to enforce this point strongly. It has become so common to see trivial ideas represented in marble and bronze, that the dignity of materials is almost forgotten; and unity in modern work of respectable and even beautiful details is among things hoped for but rarely seen. Under this head it is worth while to note also what Winckelmann says of accessories at the close of the volume. One might wish that he had more fully elaborated this point, as also a certain *naïveté* or boldness which the Greeks showed during the best period of art, in relation to the support of detached portions of figures and groups, not hesitating to introduce an undisguised prop of marble between the trunk and the arm, or wherever else it was necessary, — an aid of which modern art in its pride and feebleness is ashamed. But this second volume remains to this day almost a complete guide to Greek plastic art, and its masterly analysis of principles is yet the quarry of modern commentators. The reader will find here minute description of many of the best known figures and heads: he cannot fail to be delighted with what is said of the Ludovisan Juno, and the Capitoline Ariadne (now in Paris), albeit the author insists that this is a head of Bacchus. (See the very able discussion of the matter by the German editor in the notes.) His comments upon the Pallas of the Albani villa, in the grand style, are enthusiastic and inspiring, and lead us to connect it with the glorious Minerva Medica of the Vatican. Reading these noble criticisms upon the noblest statuary, we can hardly help regretting that Winckelmann lived too soon to see some of the very finest relics of Greek art, as, for instance, the Venus of Melos, and the wonderful Athlete (with the strigil) in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican. But he has established his claim to them all, and they fall at once into the classification which he invented. Apart from the value of this classification as an indispensable aid to the study of remaining antique work, there is equally important good to be obtained by the students of plastic art from this volume; the teaching of unremitting study of nature, and the formation of a style which, by the unity of various beauties in a single figure or countenance, shall be superior to simple imitation, or in other words the passage from mere natural beauty to a grand conventionality.

This "grand style" is more elaborately discussed in Book VIII., which forms the conclusion of Vol. III., and is given to the exposition of the "Rise and Fall of Greek Art." Winckelmann places it relatively to the growth of the nation "at the time when Greece attained its highest degree of refinement and freedom." The principal artists mentioned are Phidias, Polycletus, Scopas, Alcamanes, Myron. This style is followed by and merges in that which he calls the "Beautiful," of which Praxiteles was the first great apostle. The knowledge and union of the two, it seems to us, has produced the most glorious work which remains of antique plastic art. For, to cite familiar examples, it cannot be denied that the element of grace enters largely into the sculptures of the Parthenon, heroic as they are; and it is obvious that the simple and somewhat formal treatment observed in the celebrated half-figure Cupid in the Vatican belongs to an earlier period than that which Praxiteles, to whom the work is attributed, is supposed to represent. The wonderful beauty and nobleness of these works, partaking of both styles, and showing that conventionality which *follows* the most intimate knowledge of nature, instead of being the result of ignorance, is beyond

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representation in words; but, so far as possible, Winckelmann analyzes and illustrates it. It is to be regretted that so many of our artists have not sufficiently studied this grandest phase of Greek art to learn that temperance in finishing which knows just when to *stop* the chisel, as well as how to guide it. The brows and nose of the lovely "Genius of the Vatican" are left with firm, sharp edges; a modern artist could not have held his hand here, — he would rather have polished off the nose finely, and very likely would have modelled the hair of the brows. We can hardly imagine a greater disfigurement of this head, or that of the inimitable Ariadne before mentioned. This simple, or, if one chooses to call it so, "severe" style of treatment introduced into our plastic art, might detract something from its prettiness, but would add infinitely to its purity and dignity. It is founded upon a most just principle, — that of the recognition of materials in all good art; a simple acknowledgment of the fact that marble is not flesh, and cannot with impunity be treated as if it were.

The remainder of the third volume is given to a learned and exhaustive description of Greek drapery (as shown in the relics of sculpture and painting), and a treatise on the mechanical part of Greek art. The latter will be exceedingly interesting to both artist and connoisseur. Nearly all the modes of working marble and bronze now known appear to have been in use among the ancients; and indeed it is not unlikely that they possessed means of cutting the harder stones, such as basalt and porphyry, with which we are unacquainted. The manner of finishing marble does not seem to have greatly changed, unless it be in the use of files, now so common; and no artists in these days venture to give the finishing touches with chisels, as, according to our author, did a few of the ancients. In Winckelmann's time the ancient practice of rubbing the surface with wax was universal; that barbarism, at least, has now disappeared. The remarks on various kinds of stone are interesting, and show how indefinite a term "Parian" had become even in Winckelmann's time. We think our modern sculptors will hardly agree with him that the finest quarried and whitest marble is the best for statuary purposes. A certain degree of visible crystallic organization, and a slight tinge of warmth in the color, adds much, in our opinion, to the beauty of any fine work in marble. This crystallic lustre of a coarser grain more than compensates for the possible finer finish, which is in itself of a doubtful advantage. The author mentions the expediency of finishing the hair and mane of the lion with the chisel solely: we think the experiment may be successful with *all* hair in marble, and we have already seen it treated beautifully in this way in several modern statues.

With many of Winckelmann's notions on aside topics the modern reader will be unable to agree; it is only in Greek art that the great connoisseur is infallible. Nobody in these days will think of subscribing to the dictum, that we are to thank the Romans for all we possess of Greek art, or that three is the magic number in the proportions of the human figure, or that an excess of attention to portraiture indicates the decline of art, or that Raphael Mengs was the greatest artist of all time, or that the heads of Madonnas should be copied from the Amazons of the Greeks, or that the Carracci are specially to be lauded for representing Christ as a beardless youthful hero of the Greek type. Unacceptable statements of this sort are alien to the form and purpose of the History, and are easily explained by circumstances belonging to the author's time and location. Such defects, in a work which is, and will probably ever remain, the most admirable guide to Greek art and exponent of its laws, are hardly worth mentioning.

With regard to the form in which the book is presented by the publishers, it should be said that it is in accordance with the character of the work. The letter-press is elegant; and the engravings of the second volume, including an exquisite frontispiece, the Capitoline Ariadne, are very carefully and admirably done. We fancy — perhaps it is only a fancy — that the illustrations of the third volume are hardly so satisfactory, the lines representing the shaded parts being "strengthened" in that way which so surely weakens pure outline drawing. And we think our fancy may be confirmed by observing the delicate double line which Andrews uses in the engraving of the head of Zeus, or the firm, temperate outline of the beautiful head of Mercury, both in the second volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC.

SINCE Gounod's *Faust* was first brought out in America with Miss Kellogg and Signori Mazzoleni, Biachi, and Bellini in the leading parts, no operatic novelty has created such general enthusiasm as has Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*,* with Miss Nilsson, Mademoiselle Duval, and M. Capoul. We mention thus particularly the most prominent features in the casts of both operas, as their almost immediate popularity was probably in a great degree due to the singers themselves. Without Miss Kellogg as Marguerite, and Signor Biachi as Mephistopheles, an opera in a then so unaccustomed style as Gounod's *Faust*, with such a marked tendency to embrace the *arioso* and recitative forms, and to discard the set forms of *cavatina*, *caballetta*, and *aria*, could hardly have sprung so rapidly into popular favor as it actually did. With the exception of the March, the Waltz, and Siebel's "Flower-song," there was little, if anything, in *Faust* immediately to catch the popular ear; and the real great beauties in the opera were probably only appreciated some time after it had already become firmly established as a general favorite. What of poetical and dramatic beauty remained in Goethe's story after its distortion by the operatic prism of MM. Barbier and Carré, helped greatly, no doubt, to make the opera popular; but the story of Faust, well known as it was to our public, had not become so interwoven with our daily intellectual life as it had in Germany, and the characters of Margaret and Mephisto were too vague in our minds to have appealed so directly to our sympathies, unless presented to us with the vivid dramatic force that they were by Miss Kellogg and Signor Biachi.

What Miss Kellogg and Signor Biachi did for *Faust*, Miss Nilsson and M. Capoul have done for *Mignon*. MM. Barbier and Carré have treated Goethe's story this time with even less respect than before. As the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* said when *Mignon* was brought out there: "Wilhelm Meister went not long ago to Paris, and there he met two Frenchmen by the name of Barbier and Carré who put him into such a state that on his return even his most intimate friends did not know him." Indeed the French librettists have succeeded in turning out nothing better than quite a good *libretto*, "*as libretti go.*" Better than most *libretti*, inasmuch as the scenes follow each other in a natural, unforced way, and have some connection with each other instead of being merely a series of disconnected tableaux, such as we see in "Scenes from the life of St. A——," in old German and Italian compartment pictures. *No* better than the generality of *libretti*, inasmuch as the characters, with the exception of Mignon herself, are no characters at all, merely dressed-up puppets that serve as convenient vehicles for a given amount of music and quasi-dramatic action.

As for the music, the prevailing impression that we received from hearing the opera was that of having heard it all before. Without perhaps laying himself open to the charge of direct plagiarism, M. Thomas has so benefited by the example of Meyerbeer and Gounod, that one finds it difficult to see any individuality in his music. Every number of the opera bears marks of the most careful elaboration, and throughout the work we find passages which prove the composer to be a contrapuntist who has, to say the least, studied carefully and conscientiously. His themes, although rarely distinctly original, are generally very pleasing, especially many of those little strains in the minor which have a quaint, piquant, gypsy air, if not quite free from a certain French artificiality and stagy refinement that rather lead us to mistrust their spontaneity and genuineness, and make us feel much as the old lady from the country did about Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle in the last act, when she exclaimed, "My! how clean he *hev* kep' his linen all this time!" The one stroke of originality in the opera is the first theme of Philine's *Polonaise* "*Je suis Titania la blonde*," which is thoroughly charming, the opening phrase alighting on an inversion of the chord of the ninth being particularly bewitching. The second theme of the same number is very pretty, light, and taking, though it somewhat lacks the *cachet* of the first; but it is treated with great skill, and

* *Mignon*, Opéra comique en trois actes et cinq tableaux, paroles de MM. MICHEL CARRÉ et JULES BARBIER, musique de AMBROISE THOMAS. Paris: au Ménestrel, Heugel, & Cie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the little accent upon the last note of the bar saves it from being entirely commonplace. The *allegro* of the overture is principally built upon these two motives. The opening *polonaise* theme is skilfully, although perhaps too heavily, instrumented for its light character, and is quite effectively worked up, though without any pretension to contrapuntal display or particularly elaborate treatment. In the treatment of the second theme M. Thomas has come to grief on that rock which has shattered the respectability of so many modern French and Italian composers, namely, the abuse of the *cornet à pistons*. The nature of the figure itself, composed as it is of the notes of the common triad, seemed to invite the crackling little instrument to try its voice upon it, and the fatal ease which modern mechanism has given the cornet of lending itself indiscriminately to melodic passages in any key made the temptation too strong for the composer to resist, and the lively little theme which on the violins or some of the lighter wind instruments might have been thoroughly fascinating even if trivial, on the cornet becomes vulgarized to a mere quadrille tune, worthy of nothing better than a circus or a dance-hall. The last eighteen or twenty bars of the overture seem hardly in keeping with anything else in the opera, and must be regarded rather as a gratuitous display of fireworks to give *éclat* to the performance and astonish the audience.

The most perfect number in the opera, though not the most original, is the little *entr'acte* before the second act, which is in every respect worthy of old Father Haydn himself. But after all there is something unsatisfactory in most of the music. We feel too often the want of an internal necessity in the musical development, and there is hardly a passage in the opera that seems to have sprung spontaneously either from a dramatic or purely musical necessity, hardly a progression that seems to hold its place by the divine right of fitness, and because it and nothing else could satisfy the demands of the situation. The counterpoint has rather the air of having been thrown upon the themes than of being the natural outgrowth of the themes themselves, and we find ourselves often inwardly groaning over the amount of work the composer has lavished upon merely ornamental details, instead of being carried away by the beauty of an elaborately perfected whole. The sextet in the first act, which is perhaps the most pretentious number in the opera, is little more than an agglomeration of musical phrases of the sort that contrapuntists call "passage-work," — a series of modulations, sometimes of great beauty, it is true, but only beautiful *as modulations*, gathering nothing from their mutual relations as parts of an organic structure. It is rather like one of those pages of "Studies from the Antique" in drawing-books, where arms, legs, and other disjointed members of the human body are thrown together in artless confusion, interesting to the student and connoisseur from their intrinsic beauty, but wanting the master-hand to combine them into a living organism.

As for the character of Mignon herself, both librettists and composer have mercifully done as little about her as possible. The part is both musically and dramatically very like those blank patches in the half-worked specimens of worsted-work that we see exhibited in the shop windows, and which the purchaser can fill out as her fancy dictates. That the part as performed here is so irresistibly charming is wholly due to Goethe and Miss Nilsson. Composer and librettists sink into utter insignificance in comparison. The most important part musically is that of Philine. With the exception of the duet with Lothario, *Légères hirondelles*, which is charming in melody and skilfully worked out, the music assigned to Mignon is as uninteresting as may be. The song, *Connais tu le pays?* and almost all the music of the third act, that is, almost all the music that is written in any other than the light *opéra-comique* vein, is but a weak dilution of Gounod and Meyerbeer, that is, at times, almost painful from its want of either musical or dramatic force and interest. The music of Lothario is so hopelessly dismal, that the otherwise inoffensive old man becomes a perfect incubus before the opera ends. In the *Berceuse*, "*De son cœur j'ai calmé la fièvre*," M. Thomas has made one of those dreary attempts at so-called "classical" purism that one meets with sometimes in modern French composers. Here he has imitated Meyerbeer in one of his most questionable tendencies. After having half crazed his audience by setting off at once all the musical pyrotechnics at his command, Meyerbeer would sometimes do penance in some bit of musical crust and water of most ascetic simplicity, and hurl it at the heads of his bewildered critics as if in proof of his own artistic respectability. As an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accomplished contrapuntist, M. Thomas no doubt also wanted to show what he could do *dans le style sévère*, and write something after the manner of "the old masters," with a sop to Cerberus, to be sure, in the shape of a lazily persistent drone-bass, in order that an audience accustomed to float languidly down the tide of Gounod's sensuous, dreamy sentimentality might not be frightened away by this display of ungarnished erudition. But in imitating "the old masters" M. Thomas, like his predecessor Meyerbeer, has fallen into the error of the man who thought he could become a painter by working with one of Albert Dürer's brushes. He has worked with their tools instead of reproducing their workmanship, and in place of a composition has given us a carefully written exercise. The music allotted to Wilhelm is easily fascinating throughout, and quite in keeping with the small amount of individuality that the *libretto* has allowed him. The *Romance* in the third act, *Elle ne croyait pas*, is beautiful in its opening phrase, and, although it may somewhat lack vital decision of outline, is the most successful piece of sentimental writing in the opera.

One of the most valuable additions to the musical literature of the day is Dr. Hans v. Bülow's edition of Beethoven's Pianoforte works,* beginning with Opus 53. This edition deserves a high place among the many contributions to art and science which the world owes to German industry and perseverance. The first part, which now lies before us, contains all the sonatas from Op. 53 to Op. 111, inclusive; two sets of *Bagatelles*, Op. 119 and Op. 126; thirty-three variations upon a waltz by Diabelli, Op. 120; and the posthumous *Rondo a Capriccio* in G, Op. 129. All these works are accompanied by the most copious and exhaustive explanatory foot-notes, by the editor. Explanatory, not in the quasi-transcendental Berlioz fashion of finding various poetical, *extra* musical suggestions in the music, but from the more purely musical point of view of one who has, after a long course of faithful study, grown to understand and to reverence the great master for what he really was, rather than for what he possibly might have been. For where Berlioz, in his perfectly sincere, though superficial subjectivity, found in Beethoven's compositions only a strong magnifying mirror wherein he saw reflected with hundred-fold intensity his own poetical fancy, Von Bülow has found a transparent glass through which he looks objectively at the vivifying musical germ beneath. As a pupil of Liszt, and a musician who has lived and studied under influences in a great degree opposed to the tendencies of the Leipzig and Western German schools of to-day, Von Bülow might well have been expected to approach his subject in a spirit more congenial to that of Beethoven's later works, than any of the disciples of what has, with a certain grim irony, been called the "Modern-Romantic" school. But in keeping clear of the Scylla of antiquarian pedantry, he has taken good care not to be drawn into the Charybdis of sentimentalism, which latter extreme might have been feared for one of the followers of Franz Liszt. Unfortunately for those students who do not read German with great ease, Von Bülow has clothed his thoughts in that curiously involved diction in which German science delights to find expression; but in defence of this may be said that, however much the German *Katheder-styl* lacks perspicuity, it is certainly unrivalled in exactness of expression. The sentences have the definiteness of algebraic *formulæ*, though like them they often have to be carefully worked out before the meaning is clearly intelligible. The constant use of French and Italian words and expressions might be called affected by some, but the author has never used a foreign word where a German one would have been equally expressive, and, far from quarrelling with what at first might seem a blemish in style, we are often compelled to admire the wonderful appropriateness of the terms he uses.

Besides explanations of the musical significance of the compositions, the author has given most minute directions for the technical part of performance, which, coming from a pianist of his vast executive ability and experience as a teacher, cannot be estimated too highly. We would heartily recommend this edition to all Beethoven lovers and students.

* *Beethovens Werke für Pianoforte solo von Op.* 53 *an* in kritischer und instructiver Ausgabe, mit erläuternden Anmerkungen für Lehrende und Lernende, von Dr. Hans v. Bülow. Erster Theil. Stuttgart: Verlag bei der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1871.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE.

READERS who were interested some years ago in Dr. Forbes Winslow's little book on the "Physiological Influence of Light," would do well to read General Pleasonton's accounts of his experiments on "The Influence of the Blue Color of the Sky in developing Animal and Vegetable Life." For more than ten years, General Pleasonton has been engaged in experiments which have consisted in subjecting growing plants and animals to an artificially increased intensity of the violet rays of the spectrum, or those rays which lie nearest to the invisible actinic rays. Cuttings of grape-vines, for example, one year old, were placed under a roof in which every eighth row of panes was violet-colored; and under these circumstances the growth of the vines went on with astonishing rapidity. At the end of five months many vines had attained a length of more than forty-five feet. In the second season, not only was the growth even more rapid than this, but in addition the vines were heavily loaded with enormous bunches of very large-sized and healthy grapes. Now, after ten years, the vines are still growing luxuriantly, and though they have borne immense crops, sometimes estimated at more than two tons, without intermission since their first crop, they as yet show no signs of old age. Of especial interest is the fact that the incessant production of such large crops has not interfered with the regular formation of woody fibre or with the growth of a dense foliage. It is a general law, in the vegetable as well as in in the animal kingdom, that the exercise of the reproductive function is a serious hindrance to the growth or development of the individual; and the fact that, under an increased supply of violet light, a plant will continue to grow rapidly even while it is incessantly producing large numbers of seeds, shows most strikingly to what an extent its vital energy has been increased.

In 1869, General Pleasonton proceeded to experiment upon the effects of the violet ray in stimulating animal life. Out of a litter of eight young pigs he placed four in a piggery containing violet glass in three sides and in the roof, while the other four were placed in a piggery exactly similar in construction but containing ordinary white glass instead of the violet. At the end of six months, during which both sets of pigs had been supplied with exactly the same quantities of food, and subjected in general to the same kind of treatment, the superior growth of the pigs kept under the violet glass had become very remarkable. In similar wise, by furnishing an extra supply of violet rays, General Pleasonton has caused a sickly and puny bull-calf to develop into an animal of magnificent size and strength. It is to be hoped that these interesting experiments will be continued on a still larger scale.

IN a recent address before the Entomological Society of London, Mr. Wallace calls attention to the very ingenious and plausible hypothesis propounded some time ago by Mr. Herbert Spencer, to account for the origin of the annulose or articulated sub-kingdom of animals. According to this hypothesis any annulose animal is in reality a compound organism, each of its segments representing what was originally a distinct individual. In other words, an annulose animal is a colony or community of animals which have become integrated into an individual animal. Strong *prima facie* evidence of such a linear joining of individuals primevally separate is furnished by the structure of the lowest annelids. Between the successive segments there is almost complete identity, both internal and external. Each segment is physiologically an entire creature, possessing all the organs necessary for individual completeness of life; not only legs and branchiæ of its own, but also its own nerve-centres, its own reproductive organs, and frequently its own pair of eyes. In many of the intestinal worms each segment has an entire reproductive apparatus, and being hermaphrodite, constitutes a complete animal. Moreover in the development of the embryo the segments grow from one another by fission or gemmation, precisely as colonies of compound animals grow. At the outset the embryo annelid is composed of only one segment. The undifferentiated cells contained in this segment, instead of being all employed in the formation of a heterogeneous and coherent structure within the segment, as would be the case in an animal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of higher type, proceed very soon to form a second segment, which, instead of separating as a new individual, remains partially attached to the first. This process may go on until hundreds of segments have been formed. Not only, moreover, does spontaneous fission occur in nearly all the orders of the annulose sub-kingdom, but it is a familiar fact that artificial fission often results in the formation of two or more independent animals. So self-sufficing are the parts, that when the common earthworm is cut in two, each half continues its life as a perfect worm. Very significant is the fact that in some genera, as in chætogaster, where the perfect individual consists of three segments, there is formed a fourth segment, which breaks off from the rest and becomes a new animal.

All these facts, together with many others of like implication, point unmistakably to the conclusion that the type of annulosa has arisen from the coalescence, in a linear series, of little spheroidal animals primevally distinct from one another. How, now, are we to explain, or to classify, such a coalescence? Obviously, the coalescence is to be classified as *a case of arrested reproduction by spontaneous fission.* In other words, whereas the aboriginal annaloid had been in the habit of producing by gemmation a second individual which separated itself at a certain stage of growth, there came a time when such separation became arrested before completion; so that, instead of a series of independent organisms, the result was a colony of organisms, linked together in a linear chain. Let us observe that by this brilliant explanation the origin of the annulose type is completely assimilated to the origin of the lowest animal and vegetable types. The primordial type alike of the vegetable and of the animal, is a single spherical or spheroidal cell, which reproduces itself by spontaneous fission. That is, it elongates until room is made for a second nucleus, after which a notch appears in the cell-wall between the nuclei; and this notch deepens until the old and new cells are quite separated from each other. Now when many such primordial cells are enclosed in a common membrane, so that, instead of achieving a complete separation, they multiply into a jelly-like or mulberry-like mass, there is formed — whether the case be taken in the animal or in the vegetable kingdom — an organism of a type considerably higher than the simple cell. There is an opportunity for differently conditioned cells comprised in the same mass to become differently modified, and thus to subserve various functions in the economy of the organism. There is a chance for division and combination of labor among the parts. Now the progress achieved when the spheroidal members of an annaloid compound remain partly connected, instead of separating, is precisely similar to this. Among the indubitably compound animals of cœleuterate or molluscoid type, in which the fission is not arrested, it is but seldom that the individuals stand related to one another in such a way that there can be any need of their severally performing diverse and specialized functions. For instance, among the hydrozoa, each member of the compound can get food for itself, can expand or contract its tentacles in any way without affecting the general welfare of the compound. But now, if the members of such a compound as the hypothetical primitive annaloid are grouped in a linear series, there must arise a difference between the conditions which affect the extreme members of the series and the conditions which affect the intermediate members. And consequently there will ensue an advantage to the compound in the struggle for life, if the members, instead of continuing to perform identical functions separately, become sufficiently united to allow of their performing different functions in concert. Hence we obtain the lowest actual type of annaloid, in which the segments are mere repetitions of each other, with the exception of the extreme front and rear segments, which subserve different functions related to the well-being of the aggregate.

Viewed in this light, the various great classes of the annulose sub-kingdom beautifully illustrate that progressive co-ordination of parts becoming more and more unlike one another, which is the chief characteristic of progress in the organic world. In very low annelids, such as the intestinal worms, we see hardly any specialization among the parts; and as we proceed upwards through the lower types, ending with the myriapoda, of which the centipede is the most familiar representative, we meet with a great but varying number of segments, which show but little specialization, save in the head and tail. The same is, in general, true of the larvæ and caterpillars of the higher types. But as we rise to the adult forms of the insect group, — comprising crustaceans, arachnoids, and true insects,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— we find the number of segments reduced to just twenty. And while this number remains unvarying, the modifications undergone by different segments in conformity to the requirements of the aggregate are almost endless in variety, the extremes, both of concentration and of specialization, being seen in the ant, the spider, and the crab. In many of the details of this gradual fusion of distinct individuals into a coherent whole, we see the hypothesis interestingly illustrated and justified. In the annelids of low type, each segment has its own spiracles which have no internal communication with one another. On the other hand, in the insect group there is a complete system of vessels connecting the respiratory systems. While in the intermediate myriapoda we find, as might be expected, a partial communication.

For fuller information on this subject the reader may consult Mr. Wallace's Address, or the second volume of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Biology." We are glad that attention has again been directed to this very suggestive hypothesis, which, whether it prove adequate or not to explain all the facts of morphology in the annulose sub-kingdom, cannot fail to be of great service in the study of this branch of biology. Now that the origin of the order of insects has become such a conspicuous subject of discussion, it is time that this line of explanation should be further pursued and more thoroughly tested.

In this connection we may remark upon an apparent fallacy which occurs in M. Joachim Barraude's recent work on "Trilobites." In this laborious and well-elaborated monograph, the learned author regards it as a difficulty in the way of the derivation-theory of organic forms, that many of the oldest known trilobites possess a great number of segments, while, at the same time, the embryonic forms of trilobites in general possess but few segments. And so, argues M. Barraude, there is a violation of the rule that animals, in the course of their embryonic development, should repeat the forms of their ancestors. We had supposed it to be generally understood that such repetition is hardly ever, if ever, strictly literal, but is always, or nearly always, merely approximative. Until it has been shown that all caterpillars must possess segments at least as numerous as those of the lowest known annelids, it is difficult to see what new weight can be accorded to M. Barraude's objection.

For the rest, in spite of its rather antiquated zoölogical theorizing, we may cordially recommend M. Barraude's monograph, which contains an excellent summary of the development of trilobites, and especially a comparative view of the occurrence of cephalopods and trilobites in the Silurian system of Bohemia.

POLITICS.

As the time for the Presidential conventions draws near, newspaper readers are beginning to be reminded of their political duties; and it becomes obligatory upon the great editorial body to issue a series of manifestoes, urging their subscribers to stand by or rally round some one; to nail the colors to the masthead, and fight the ship to the last; to keep their fire until they see the whites of the enemies' eyes, and so on.

One of the most singular of these bugle-calls (to use the term by which they are commonly known in the profession) with which we have ever met was lately issued by the late collector of the port of Philadelphia, in his Washington newspaper. We ought perhaps to say that the design of this bugle-call is to assist the administration party. According to Colonel Forney, it seems that at the time of the nomination of General Grant in 1867, by himself, Mr. Justice Cartter, and Senator Thayer, General Grant's chief of staff, who conducted the negotiations with the nominee, wished to know what was to become of General Grant "after his second Presidential term, what indeed during his administration? He is receiving from seventeen to twenty thousand dollars a year as general of the armies of the Republic, — a life salary. To go into the Presidency at twenty-five

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousand dollars a year for eight years is, perhaps, to gain more fame; but what is to become of him at the end of his Presidency? He is not a politician. He does not aspire to the place. Eight years from the 4th of March, 1869, he will be about fifty-six years old. Of course, he must spend his salary as President. England, with her Wellington, her Nelson, and her other heroes on land and sea, has never hesitated to enrich and ennoble them through all their posterity. Such a policy is in accordance with the character of the English government; but in our country the man who fights for and saves the Republic would be a beggar if he depended upon political office; and, mark it, if Grant takes anything from the rich, whose vast fortunes he has saved, after he is President, he will be accused as the willing recipient of gifts."

The moral of this story is, that when we elect a man to office we at the same time unconsciously encourage others to tear him to pieces. What public character can escape calumny? Our best candidates for office are not saints, our best representatives and senators in Congress are not divinities. President Washington, when he closed his second term, was regarded as a usurper, and the end of his administration declared a great national relief. If we establish an angelic standard for our public men, we are not only sure to fail, but perhaps to end in making an hereditary monarchy necessary to govern and subdue a dissatisfied people.

The bugle-call, managed in this manner, is not likely to prove a success. It may satisfy the intellect, but it cannot be expected to fire the heart. The bugle-call in times past has always taken the form of a stirring appeal. The citizen has been adjured by his altars and fires, by the memories of his ancestors, by his hatred of tyranny and oppression, by his love of liberty and right. His sentiments of honor, of patriotism, of justice, have been appealed to. Colonel Forney is, we believe, the first American statesman who has discarded these traditions, and urged the American people to re-elect a President on purely economical grounds. In this he seems to us to make a mistake. We certainly are a commercial people, and have a keen sympathy with the love of money; but we doubt whether even in America a President can secure a re-election by showing that he went into the Presidency at a loss, and needs a term of eight years in order to enable him to "cover."

The replies of the friends of the administration to the charges made against the President have been from the first, considered merely as replies, singularly ineffective. The official reply to the charge of nepotism was that, instead of having appointed twenty-four relatives to office, the President had only appointed twelve. But the difficulty with this method of meeting the accusation was that it did not go far enough. Obviously the question was not whether the number of these appointments had been exaggerated, but what the proportion was between the whole number of appointments actually made and the whole number of relatives. If the President has two thousand relatives clamorous for office, the appointment of twelve (it may possibly have been eleven) was not very large. On the other hand, if he has only thirteen relatives who seek offices, and are eligible under the Constitution, the appointment of twelve shows a different spirit. To have made its reply complete, the official organ in New York ought to publish not only a complete list of all the relatives of the President and Mrs. Grant, but at the same time furnish full information on the other points we have indicated. To the most serious charge of all, that of these family appointees, several were incompetent to discharge the duties of their offices in a fit and honest manner, one of them being the notorious Casey of New Orleans, no reply has been made. The country has as yet been spared hearing by way of official answer that these indecent appointments were not in reality four in number, as had been reported, but only three. In the second place, the charge that, in the face of repeated remonstrances, the President has allowed an obscure and impudent adventurer to amass a fortune by a systematic system of plunder, under the protection of the authorities of the government, it was replied that the general-order system would soon be modified. And it has been modified, and no one knows to-day whether Leet retains the control of it or not. To the charge that the President took no interest in the most important political question of the day, that of civil-service reform, it was replied that a board of eminent men had been appointed to consider the subject, and that the President would be guided by their conclusions. Their report was made, and adopted by the President, and a great flourish of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trumpets was made over this reform, which might quite as easily have been introduced three years before; and it had hardly been adopted when it was announced that the rules would be temporarily suspended whenever the administration thought proper. And lastly, to the charge of present-taking, the reply made is, that the whole matter was talked over in 1867 by Colonel Forney, Mr. Justice Cartter, and Senator Thayer and General Grant's chief of staff, and it was decided that, as General Grant has saved the rich a great deal during the war, it was only fair that he should get some of it himself.

All these accusations, however, are merely matters of detail. Those who distrust the administration have an underlying ground of complaint, which it would require a great deal to remove. It has often been repeated, but repetition does not weaken its force. It is, that when General Grant was elected, four years ago, it was the popular belief and understanding that he would bend all his energies to the work of purifying the government, — of redeeming it from the corruption into which it has fallen, of assisting those whose object it is to make politcal life in America once more respectable and honorable. Instead of doing this, he has allied himself with the very men whose names are by-words throughout the country for those vices which he professed his desire to root out; he has lent his warm assistance to petty factions warring, not for any political objects, but for the control of plunder, and he now demands his re-election on the strength of these services to the country.

If Mr. Thomas Nast could have died when the Tammany Ring did, he would have ended his career with a reputation unequalled in the history of political caricature. In the opinion of many people, the author of the vigorous cartoons in Harper's Weekly divided with the New York Times the honor of the overthrow of Tweed and his confederates. His fame, too, unlike that of most caricaturists, was not confined to his own country; spreading at once to England, it outshone itself, and the name of Nast was coupled in admiring comparisons with those of "H. B.," of Gilray, and even of Hogarth. Mr. Nast, however, survived the Ring, and in his new character as caricaturist of the anti-administration senators seems likely to ruin the reputation which Tammany brought him. There are many indications that he has not now the hold he had six months since either on the popular sense of humor or the popular indignation. Doubts are beginning to be expressed of his artistic power. He is criticised for the want of what might be called parabolic significance in his cartoons. He is taken to task for their want of delicacy, and worst of all for their want of point. In one of his recent cartoons he has represented the members of the "Senatorial Cabal" in the character of Roman statesmen conspiring the murder of Cæsar, and he has been much criticised for the absurdity of a comparison between what was by common consent a patriotic act of self-devotion and what he wishes to have considered a low intrigue for place. In short Mr. Nast, having tasted the sweets of popularity in art, is now probably doomed to know the bitterness of the opposite.

The merits of his pictures, however, remain the same, whichever side he draws for, and their great cleverness and effectiveness we have no desire to dispute. But Mr. Nast, judged from any point of view, is by no means a great caricaturist. From the time of his first caricatures he has always had one great defect, which is perhaps most observable in the picture we have just alluded to, but which may be seen in dozens of others. With all his ability, his draughtsmanship, and his grasp of character, he continually fails in expressing in his caricatures the precise idea he wishes to convey, or rather, to speak more correctly, fails adequately to conceive his idea himself. In one of his cartoons published during the war upon Tammany, called, if we remember right, "The Tammany Tiger loose," this is quite apparent. The scene represents an amphitheatre with Tweed as imperator, and Sweeny and the rest of the gang near him as spectators, looking down upon the arena, in the middle of which is the Tammany tiger glaring over the prostrate figure of Liberty. Now this picture either means nothing at all, or it means that there is no hope for New York, — certainly not the feeling which Mr. Nast wished to excite. Tweed and his fellow-spectators are calmly enjoying the scene, while the tiger has nothing in the world to do but to finish what remains of the life of Liberty, if any of it is left, and as to this the candid observer cannot help entertaining the gravest doubts. It was a picture which, except for the carica-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tured faces, might almost have better been published for private circulation among the members of the Ring themselves. It was no doubt effective. But it was effective in spite of itself. The mental associations connected with the Roman amphiteatre are those of irresistible power, irresistible cruelty. The victim in the arena never survived, the bloodthirsty spectators always took their fill of the cruel spectacle. The Roman games were simple slaughter for the amusement of the Roman people. But the people of New York and the Ring were not, at the time this cartoon was drawn, in any such relation to each other. They were in a state of open war, and it was not the business of caricature to represent them in the relation of master and slave, or, to speak more correctly, of master and murdered slave. Not that Mr. Nast ought to have introduced any suggestion of hope or escape into this picture; that would have been ridiculous. But the picture itself ought never to have been drawn. It may be urged in reply to this criticism that the people of New York are not classical enough to be affected by such considerations. But this does not really meet the question. An artist is governed quite as much by the laws of his subject as by the ignorance of his audience.

It is however rather of the caricature as a political weapon than of Mr. Nast's merits as an artist that we have to speak. The future of political caricature, in view of its recent successes in this country, is a subject of not a little interest. Are we not on the eve of a great extension and development of this method of political warfare? Hitherto in modern communities caricature has been confined to the pages of illustrated journals. There are many indications that it will soon leave those narrow limits and take a wider range. In ancient times, before the existence of types, the spirit of caricature had other means of finding expression; in Greece it took possession of the theatre. "Political events, such as those of the Peloponnesian War, and magnificent projects of universal empire, like that which drove the Athenians out of their senses at the time of the Sicilian expedition, were brought upon the stage in the most amusing manner, and often with more effect than followed the political discussions in the Ecclesia. Grand schemes of revolution and reform, of annexation and re-annexation, and wild speculation of any and every kind, which were constantly coming to the surface of the seething caldron of Athenian life, were dramatized with infinite wit and unsparing ridicule. Public men were brought upon the stage by name; and the actors, by the aid of portrait masks and costumes imitated from the dresses actually worn, represented in the most minute particulars the personages themselves. Socrates, whose strange person and grotesque manners offered irresistible temptations to the wits of the comic stage, is said to have been present when he was brought out in the play of 'The Clouds,' and to have stood up before the audience with imperturbable good-humor, that they might compare the original with the mimic semblance on the stage. . . . . A large part of the function of the comic theatre consisted in discussing dramatically, and with all the liveliness that art and sarcasm could lend, and all the force that party passion inspired, the measures and men that occupied the public attention for the moment." It is proverbially dangerous to draw parallels between ancient and modern societies. Three months since who would have dared to suggest the reappearance in any modern city of the *Vetus Comœdia?* And yet it has reappeared on the French stage. Lest we should be suspected of over-subtlety in the comparison, we give the account as it is given by a native of the country: "The fashion now in Paris is against the men of the 4th September, consequently Sardou has promptly made a new piece against them, under the name of 'Rabagas.' This personage is a type composed half of Emile Ollivier and half of Gambetta: he is the lawyer, the politician *par excellence*, who flatters the passions of the multitude, but only wants to get into power and to find himself in the gilded drawing-rooms of royalty, — in what the English call the cold shade of aristocracy. The scene is in Monaco, and the present Duke of Valentinois, the Prince of Monaco, is actually brought on the stage in a truly Aristophanic manner. I hear that the Duke wrote a letter to Sardou, which is much to his credit, in which he simply objects to his being called familiarly Florestan on the stage." The play contains, among other political hits, a "transparent allusion to the scenes in the Hôtel de Ville on the 4th September, the 31st October, and the 18th March," which was cheered with fury. The Duke, the representative of royalty, appears as a dissolute old man, who keeps a mistress in his own palace, and makes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her the companion of his daughters, who receives secretly in her apartments one of the officers of the guards. Every liberal appears as a charlatan; the Bonapartists have taken the theatre of the Vaudeville for their head-quarters, where they cheer telling phrases for ten minutes at a time. In short the play is a great political success.

If we were a dramatic people, if we had any stage or theatre, it would be difficult to imagine a better field than America offers for the reintroduction of this old form of comedy. Nowhere in the world are the vices of public men greater, nor the contempt in which they are held more genuine; nowhere in the world is the law of libel more completely a dead letter, or political life more extraordinary. What an admirable character for the comic drama is offered by General Butler, with his military campaign before Richmond, his powdership, his descent upon Gloucester, his entrance into political life on the credit of his military failures, his management of the Impeachment, his barrel full of telegrams, his reconciliation with Grant, his repudiation campaign in the fifth district, under the banners of an anti-repudiation party, and last but not least his domestic campaign for the governorship, and his final acquiescence in the will of the majority, and the announcement of his determination to "carry on the war against sin and corruption inside the ranks" of his party. When we think, too, of his admirable make-up on the stage, it is impossible not to regret that he cannot go down to posterity immortalized by ridicule. The career of General Sickles, beginning in the very dregs of society, and working his way up by the processes we all know to the position of a distinguished reformer, — the ministerial and commercial adventures of General Schenck, — to say nothing of such delightful incidents as the occupation of Chicago by the satrap Sheridan, or such magnificent opportunities as that afforded by the management of the Alabama claims, in which last case the eminent men of two nations might be brought on to the stage, — all these are subjects which lend themselves so easily to dramatic caricature, that we cannot surrender them without a sigh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED